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WILLIAM WYCHERLEY







THE COMPLETE WORKS OF  
WILLIAM  
WYCHERLEY

*Edited by*

MONTAGUE SUMMERS

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THE FIRST VOLUME

containing ¶ INTRODUCTION      ¶ LOVE IN A WOOD  
¶ THE GENTLEMAN DANCING-MASTER

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SOHO

THE NONESUCH PRESS

30 Gerrard Street, W.

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*This edition was printed and made in England  
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hundred sets of four volumes on antique paper  
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five), and seventy-five sets of four volumes on  
English hand-made paper (numbered one to seventy-  
five); of which this is number 934*



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The Dedication

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TO

G. THORN-DRURY, ESQ., K.C.

THIS THE FIRST COLLECTED EDITION

OF

THE WORKS OF

WILLIAM WYCHERLEY

*Sic uos non uobis mellificatis apes.*

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## PREFATORY NOTE

**A**LTHOUGH the four Comedies of William Wycherley, whose name ranks among the greatest of English dramatists, were several times reprinted during the earlier decades of the eighteenth century, the remaining works of our author can only be found in the original editions, all of which are of the utmost rarity. So scarce, indeed, have they become that of one collection, at least, the very existence has more than once been questioned, even by authoritative bibliographers. In 1729 was published "*The Posthumous Works of William Wycherley, Esq.; In Prose and Verse. Vol. II. Consisting of Letters and Poems Publish'd from Original Manuscripts. London: Printed for J. Roberts in Warwick-lane, 1729. Price 1s. 6d. or to be had Bound together, Price 5s.*" Pope was largely concerned with the issue of this book, which seems to have been almost immediately withdrawn from circulation. Here we first have a sample of the Wycherley-Pope correspondence, dressed for the public by the latter. It would appear that at present only two copies of the book can be traced. Of these one is in the Bodleian Library, the second in the library of a French scholar in France.

The reproach that there has never been any attempt to collect the *Miscellaneous Verse and Prose of William Wycherley*, scattered throughout several rare volumes, is now at last removed.

In his comedies Wycherley painted with masterly strokes and minutest detail town life in the heyday of the reign of Charles II. It so happens that he takes up his tale just after the close of Pepys' Diary, and his last piece for the theatre was produced wellnigh a couple of years before the unhappy land was shaken and convulsed by that dark storm of political terror, that horror of hate and outpouring of martyrs' blood, induced by the unspeakable villainies of the perjured Oates and fomented with devilish craft by the murderous ambition of the accursed Shaftesbury.

Since Wycherley so meticulously reproduced the men and manners of his time there are few plays even of that period, not the least difficult in English literature, which require such particular and copious annotation. Nor do the many allusions in the Poems and the Letters demand less careful elucidation.

It is once again my pleasure and my privilege gratefully to acknowledge the generous and unwearied help given me throughout the whole of my work by my friend Mr. G. Thorn-Drury, K.C., our eminent and acknowledged authority upon Restoration literature. I am only too conscious that I must often have made no small demands upon his patience and often have selfishly taken up much of his valuable and scanty leisure, but I am also fully aware that any writer who undertakes highly specialized work upon this period without the benefit of his aid and profound scholarship merely courts disaster and almost inevitably retails



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innumerable inaccuracies which probably his encyclopædic knowledge alone could detect and amend. In particular do I owe him thanks for the loan of many a rare contemporary piece from the treasures of his library. These he has entrusted in my hands for months together. Among the number were no less than three books of the last rarity, the titles of which—since no other copies seem known—it will not be impertinent here to record. *Poems | On | Affairs of State : | From | Oliver Cromwell | To this present time. Written by the | greatest Wits of the Age, | . . . | (rule). With other Miscellany Poems ; | And a new. Session of the present | POETS. The whole never before | Printed. | (rule) Printed in the Year, 1698. (rule).* Although the title-page of this book would suggest that it belongs to the *State Poems* series, in fact it does not, and of the very curious and interesting Contents only eleven pieces in all are to be found in the *Collected Edition of Poems on Affairs of State* in Vols. II and III.

*Letters | Of | Wit, Politicks, and Morality | . . . To which is added a large Collection of | Original Letters | Of | Love and Friendship. | . . . (rule). London, Printed for J. Hartley, next door to the King's-head | Tavern in Holborn: W. Turner in Lincolns-Inn-Fields: and Tho. | Hodgson over against Grays-Inn-Gate, in Holborn. 1701. | (rule). Octavo. The Epistle Dedicatory to Lord Halifax, dated July 5th, 1701, is signed A. Boyer. It is here we first find Letter XII (p. 254), Containing a Character of Mr. Wicherley, by the Honourable Mr. Granville. The text of this differs considerably from the text as reprinted in Lansdowne's collected Works. Letter V (p. 215), "Containing an account of Will's Coffee-house, and of the Toasting and Kit-Cat Clubs," is very detailed and valuable. The book gives many letters by Mrs. Centlivre, then Mrs. C—ll or Carroll. Knight in his D.N.B. notice of Mrs. Centlivre says it has not been discovered.*

*THE | Idleness of Business : | A | SATYR. | Address'd to One who said, | A Man shew'd his Spirit, Industry, | and Parts, by his Love of Business. | (rule). By WILLIAM WYCHERLEY, Esq. ; | Author of The Plain Dealer, A Comedy. | (rule). The Second Edition. | (rule). LONDON: | Printed for Benj. Bragg in Ave-Mary-Lane. | MDCCV. (folio).*

Mr. Edmund Gosse, C.B., has not only taken the liveliest interest in my work from its inception and afforded me very real help by his unfailing encouragement, but with his wonted kindness he lent me his fine copies of the four rare original quartos of the *Wycherley* comedies, whereby the arduous work of collation was considerably enlightened.

Professor Bensly has spared himself neither time nor trouble in tracking the obscurer quotations of which *Wycherley* is so free. Both he and myself are agreed that *Wycherley*, fine scholar though he undoubtedly was, must have used a *Florilegium* or some similar collection of commonplaces. One can hardly suppose (much as I should like to think it) that our great dramatist read, nay more was intimate with, the *Epistles* of S. Jerome and the works of Denys the Carthusian.

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## THE TEXT

**T**HE text of the pieces included in these four volumes is in every case exactly given from the original editions, with which have been collated all reprints that were issued during Wycherley's lifetime, the variants being marked in the Textual Notes.

With regard to the plays the first quartos are scrupulously followed. Changes and corruptions due, it would seem, to carelessness and a too hasty revision of proofs almost immediately crept in and were reproduced without notice or correction. The Errata which are listed in the original editions of *Love in a Wood*, 4to, 1672, and *The Gentleman Dancing-Master*, 4to, 1673, have been duly amended in the several texts of those comedies. It should be remarked that the later editions of the four plays, such as Leigh Hunt's reprint of 1840, and the *Mermaid* edition, are very unreliable, inasmuch as not only have the original stage directions been tinkered at and even expunged, but a later method and design are recklessly employed, a change entirely destructive of the theatrical technique of the plays.

For those of the Poems which were printed in 1704, that Text (which, with the exception of one piece, is indeed the only copy) has been used; the seventeen Errata are corrected in the body of the verse.

For *The Idleness of Business* I have collated the Second Edition, folio, 1705, which almost certainly consists only of the sheets of the first issue with a new title. Of this, the sole copy at present known is in the library of Mr. G. Thorn-Drury. The separate first issue cannot now be traced.

*Hero and Leander* is given from the excessively rare first edition of 1669, which is far fuller than and differs in many important respects from the garbled reprint of 1729.

The Epistles to the King and Duke are printed from the quarto, 1682-3, an uncommonly scarce book.

At the cost, perhaps, of some slight repetition it has seemed advisable to reproduce in their entirety "The Posthumous Works of William Wycherley, Esq.; In Prose and Verse. . . . In Two Parts. . . . Printed for A. Bettesworth, J. Osborn, W. Mears, W. and J. Innys, J. Peele, T. Woodward, and F. Clay. 1728." and "The Posthumous Works of William Wycherley, Esq.; In Prose and Verse. Vol. II. Consisting of Letters and Poems. Publish'd from Original Manuscripts. London. Printed or J. Roberts in Warwick-lane, 1729."

Other poems not included in any of the above are now for the first time reprinted from the originals, of which some copies would appear to be almost unknown and, perhaps, unique.

Of the letters, two which do not seem to have been printed before, are from



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*the MSS. in the British Museum, in the one case a transcript, in the other a holograph.*

*For the Dennis letters I have in the main relied upon the text of 1696.*

*The Pope letters were included in the edition of 1735, with the exception of one which was first printed in Cooper's edition of 1737. I have, however, also given the earlier text of 1729, as this seems to be completely unknown. I have further thought it necessary to add the transcripts from the MSS. in the possession of the Marquis of Bath at Longleat, as given by Courthope in Volume V of his Works of Alexander Pope. A comparison of the texts will serve to show how assiduously Pope tampered with the correspondence before publication.*

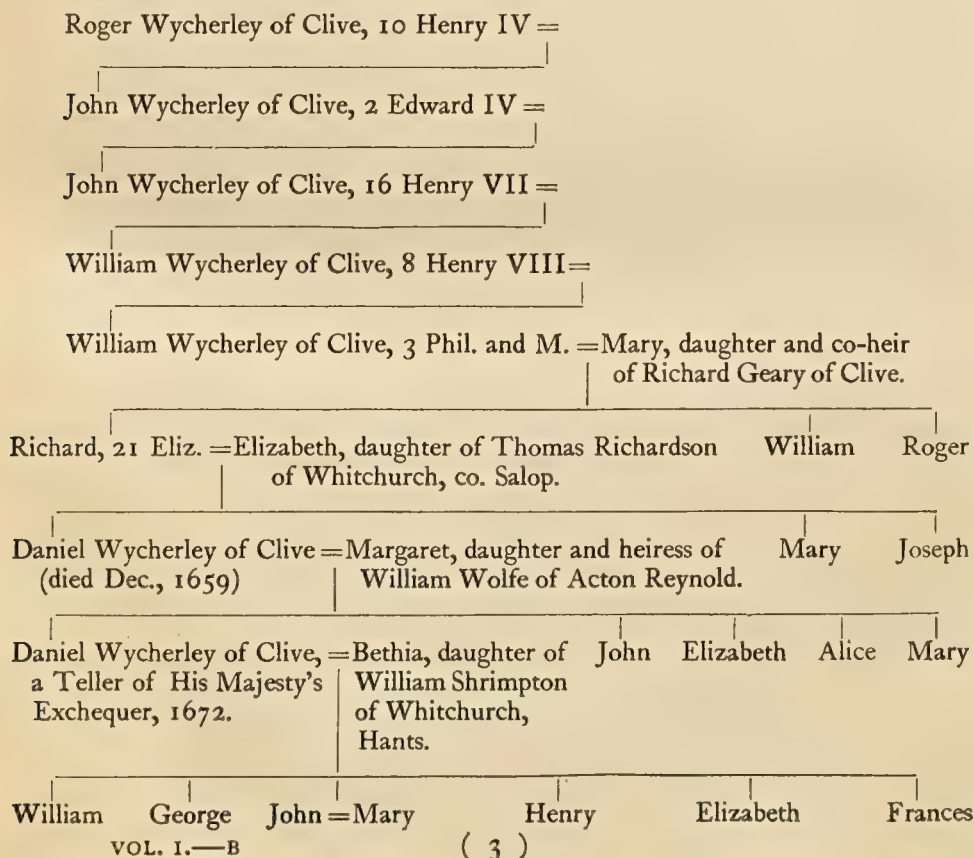
## INTRODUCTION





# INTRODUCTION

**W**ILLIAM WYCHERLEY, the eldest son of Daniel Wycherley, Esq., and Bethia, his wife, *née* Shrimpton, was born in the winter of 1640, at Clive Hall, *comitatu* Salop. Clive is a township, parish and village lying one mile east of the road from Shrewsbury to Wem and Chester, one mile north-east from Yorton Station, which is actually in the parish, about eight miles north from Shrewsbury, and three miles south from Wem. It was anciently a chapelry, in the parish of S. Mary's, Shrewsbury, consisting of the townships of Clive and Sansaw. Both these were from an early period in the Liberties of Shrewsbury. The Wycherleys were Lords of the Manor, having been settled there and flourishing, according to local tradition, at least as early as the reign of Edward III. Their genealogy can at any rate be definitely traced from the year 1410, and runs as follows: —



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"The first five descents in this pedigree do appear in the ancient text of the Visitation books of Shropshire, remaining in the Heralds Office; and the rest, viz. from Roger Wycherley, who lived in the 10 H. IV, is drawne out of divers original deeds produced to me by Daniel Wycherley of Clive, in the Visitation of the County of Salop, 22 August anno 1663, made by me Will. Dugdale, Esq., Norroy King of Arms, Deputy and Marshall for Clarencieux, King of Arms for the same County. —William Dugdale, Norroy."<sup>1</sup> The Wycherley arms were: "Quarterly of six: 1 and 6, Per pale argent and sable, three eagles displayed countercharged, Wycherley; 2, Argent, a band between six bees volant sable, Beeston; 3, Argent two pallets sable, on each three cross-crosslets (fitché) or, Bitton [Betton]; 4, Gules two bars argent, each charged with three mascles of field, on a canton or a leopard's face azure, Gerey; 5, Argent, a chevron between three wolves heads erased sable, Wolfe.—Crest, an eagle displayed sable ducally gorged argent."<sup>2</sup>

Daniel Wycherley, the father of the dramatist, was born in 1617. On 20 February, 1640, he married, at S. Martin's-in-the-Fields, Bethia, daughter of William Shrimpton of S. Andrew's, Holborn.<sup>3</sup> This lady was then twenty-two years old, but of her long life few details are preserved. It is only known that she was born in 1618, coming of a loyal stock. She seems to have been a woman of considerable parts and a wit improved by a liberal education. For some time she was the favourite attendant and confidante of Lady Honora de Burgh (1611–1662), daughter of Richard, first Earl of St. Albans and Clanricarde, and second wife of John Paulet, fifth Marquis of Winchester, and it was in the household of this peer that she met her future husband. She died in 1700, and was buried at Clive on 10 May of that year. Of her six children, George, the second son, who was born in 1651, matriculated at Queen's College, Oxford, 6 March, 1668, and proceeded B.A. 1671, M.A. 1674. Having taken Holy Orders in the Church of England, he obtained the living of Wem,<sup>4</sup> Salop, in 1672, a comfortable country rectory enough, even if not carrying considerable emoluments and glebe. For some reason, however, he became involved in debt, and finally found himself in the Fleet, where, unhappy and unfortunate, he was carried off by sickness during the last days of December, 1688, being buried 3 January, 1689. By Dorothy his wife he had a daughter, Letitia Isabella, who was born 28 November, and baptised at Wem, 17 December, 1680, and died in 1685. John, the third son, married Mary, the daughter of a neighbour, by whom he had four children: William, of Wem; baptised at Wem, 2 February, 1684; buried there 12 July, 1745; married Anne, daughter of Thomas Hill, of Saulton, near Wem. She predeceased her husband,

<sup>1</sup> Wycherley of Clive. *Harleian Society*, 1396, fol. 328. . . . The same genealogy is given by a correspondent in *The Gentleman's Magazine*, Supplement to Volume LXXXII, Part I: January–June, 1812; p. 609. Here, by an error, John, the third son of Daniel Wycherley and brother to the poet, is omitted. The table is again printed in *The Shropshire Archaeological and Natural History Society Transactions*, 2nd Series, II, p. 356 . . . where it is far more complete, and many interesting details concerning various members of the family are collected.

<sup>2</sup> *Harleian Society*, 1396, fol. 328.

<sup>3</sup> From his epitaph. His marriage license also (1640) states that he is then twenty-three years old. The name Daniel Wycherley occurs in the register of admittances to the Free Schools of Shrewsbury, 1616, but this must have been Daniel Wycherley, B.D., Fellow of Queens', Cambridge, and Rector of Hemingstone, Suffolk. He was deprived for his loyalty. See Walker's *Sufferings of the Clergy*.

<sup>4</sup> This living had been sequestered in 1654.



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dying 22 February, 1731, and was buried at Wem. Their family consisted of a son and a daughter: Hill, who was baptized at Wem, 8 August, 1729, died of small-pox in London, 29 February, at the early age of twenty-two, and the body was brought down to Wem for interment, which was performed by candlelight, on 17 March following; and Ann, who married Thomas Jervis, from the neighbourhood of Drayton, a man of low origin. They were childless, and she died at Whitchurch. John Wycherley's second child was a son, Daniel, and his third child a daughter, Frances. His youngest child, Mary, born in 1678, died 10 November, 1735, at the age of fifty-seven, at Clive. She married Joseph Cadman of Clive, and had an only daughter, Elizabeth, co-heir to her cousin Hill Wycherley. Elizabeth Wycherley was born 1707, and died at the age of sixty-six, 9 July, 1773, leaving her estate to Robert Embrey. Frances Wycherley, the elder sister, married Peter Huffa of Clun, by whom she had two sons, Peter Huffa, baptized at Clive Church, 8 July, 1705, and Nehemiah Huffa of the Clive, co-heir to his cousin Hill Wycherley. He was baptized at the Clive, 12 March, 1707, and was buried there 11 November, 1765. On 1 February, 1761, he married at Broughton, Margaret, widow of Robert Embrey, of Wellington, and daughter of John Kilvert and Elizabeth (who was daughter of William and Elizabeth Russell, of Clive, where she was baptized 6 January, 1707), his wife. Margaret Huffa, widow of Nehemiah, died at the age of forty, 10 May, 1771. By her first husband, Robert Embrey, of Wellington (who was born in 1723, and married at Grinshill, 4 March, 1751), she had a son, Robert Embrey, of Grinshill, who became seised of the whole estate by devise from Nehemiah Huffa and Elizabeth Cadman; he was born in 1755, and died 8 July, 1786. In 1801 the trustees of his Will sold his estate to Charles Harding. He married — Boodle, and had an only daughter, Margaret, who became the wife of the Rev. J. Pitchford. Robert Embrey at his death in 1786 is styled Lord of the Manor of Clive.

After a quiet country life, spent in retirement, John Wycherley died *in uita patris* 20 June, 1691, and was buried at Clive, the following epitaph being inscribed upon his plain tomb in the churchyard: "Here lyeth the body of John Wycherley, Gent. 3rd sonne of Daniel Wycherley, Esq. Who deceased the 20th day of june Anno Dom. 1691." Henry, the youngest son, was born in 1662, and matriculated at Christ Church, 18 November, 1680. Elizabeth, the elder daughter, was of a passionate and highly romantic nature. Cloistered in the remote family manor, she fed her day-dreams and fancies with the embroidered and exotic fictions of Madeleine de Scudéry and la Calprenède until the Princess Baselina, the beautiful Cleodora, the disguised Euridice, and Mandane herself, heroine of heroines, seemed to step from the printed pages to sit with her and hold converse of honour, gallantry, and love, whilst on her walks abroad amid the lanes and fields at any moment Alcamène or amorous Artaban might step from the shade of the trees to kneel and salute her beauty; nay, that whistling plough-boy might be some Illustrious Unknown in goffered smock, for did not the Prince of Thessaly, Musidorus, become the shepherd Dorus, and serve rustic Dametas? But as the days went by and no ardent admirer, neither knight nor noble, appeared, Elizabeth Wycherley fixed her affections upon a Mr. Pyke in lieu of Oroondate, and when her family would not permit the match she incontinently went mad and not long after passed away, still crazed and love-lorn to her latest breath. Her sister, Frances, a housewife rather than a heroine, died at Clive in 1678, and was buried there 17 October.

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Daniel Wycherley was a man of imposing physique, great strength of character, polished and urbane manners, iron resolve, and indomitable will. A thorough and exact classical scholar, a critic of no mean judgement with the particular gift of being able to impart information and instruct, he was also well read in modern polite literature, especially philosophy and the poets, and his attainments in various branches of exact knowledge were far more than respectable or merely ornamental. A sound legal training was to make him an acute and perhaps rather too active a lawyer. He was admitted to the Inner Temple, 23 November, 1658. Here he soon made his mark, and on the Vigil of S. Thomas the Apostle (20 December), 1662, he was appointed by that Body "controller for the present Christmas."<sup>1</sup> He was called to the Bar, 27 November, 1670. "Acts of Parliament. Parliament held on 27 November, 22 Charles II, A.D. 1670, before Sir John Heath, Sir Edward Thurland, and Sir Thomas Foster. Sir H. Finch, treasurer . . . John Peachy, etc. and Daniel Wycherley (who is to be sworn at this time) called to the Bar."

Even whilst he was yet a young man and still pursuing his preliminary legal studies, Daniel Wycherley's logical mind, keen perception, meticulous method, and intelligent grasp of precise business detail and office routine had already made him a notable personality. He attracted the favourable attention of John Paulet, fifth Marquis of Winchester (1598-1675), who in order to pay off the debts incurred by his father's lavish hospitality was passing several years in great seclusion, chiefly residing at his country seat, Basing House, Hampshire, a mansion on every pane of glass in which he had written with a diamond his motto: "Ayez Loyauté." This noble appointed Daniel Wycherley his High Steward, and entrusted all his affairs to his keeping. Upon the outbreak of the rebellion the Marquis of Winchester, who was hateful to the sectarians both as an ardent royalist and a staunch Catholic, fortified and garrisoned Basing House, the siege of which forms one of the most heroic and romantic episodes of the Civil War. After tremendous efforts the Puritan rabble took it by storm, and its master was captured 16 October, 1645, whilst the very walls and roof flamed about him. He was committed to the Tower two days later on a charge of High Treason, and it was in this emergency that the talents of Daniel Wycherley proved eminently serviceable to the prisoner. Gough<sup>2</sup> says that the steward at once procured the sum requisite to pay the composition for the Marquis. This must be an error, since the estates were declared to be forfeited, and in the propositions impudently sent to the King at the Isle of Wight, 13 October, 1648, it was expressly stipulated that Winchester's name be excepted from pardon. Finally, although the Commons resolved on 14 March, 1649, not to proceed against the Marquis for High Treason, they ordered him to be detained in prison and excluded from any composition for his lands, the

<sup>1</sup> *Calendar of the Inner Temple Records*. Edited by F. A. Inderwick, K.C., 1901, III, p. 17.

<sup>2</sup> What we know of Daniel Wycherley is chiefly derived from two sources: Richard Gough of Newton, in the parish of Middle, who during the reign of George I composed an account of that parish. He was a respectable farmer, who beguiled the leisure of his declining years by writing down every particular he could collect concerning the history of his neighbours, none of whom were too high or too low for his notice. He is simple, garrulous, and by no means scrupulously reliable in his details. The second authority, although not so amusing, is a serious and superior chronicler. The Rev. Samuel Garbet, M.A., second master of Wern School, about 1740 commenced the history of that parish. His pages show research, judgement, and certainly carry more weight than Gough's more human tattle.



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sale of which was actually not discontinued until 15 March, 1660. As might have been expected, vast sums of money passed through Daniel Wycherley's hands in the course of these disorders, and he obtained the uncontrolled management of much valuable property. It would have been surprising if he had not well feathered his own nest, although there seems no reason to suspect him of speculation or any more than ordinary business dishonesty. He was enabled, however, in July, 1665, to purchase the Barony of Wem, the Manors of Wem and Loppington and Clive, and he was now a J.P. for the county of Salop. "So," says Gough, "Mr. Wycherley became lord of the Manor, and was by some persons called Lord Wycherley; he was afterwards put into the commission of the peace for this county, and wrote himself *Esquire*. And now I have brought this Esq. to his zenith or vertical point."

The greater part of Daniel Wycherley's life, after the Restoration, was spent in endless litigation. There were quarrels between the Marquis of Winchester and Charles, Lord St. John, his eldest son, in which Wycherley was involved. We find recorded: "7 June, 1660, Petition of John, Marquess of Winchester, and Daniel Wycherley. Pray for the reversal of a decree pronounced by Mr. Fountain, one of the commissioners for the Great Seal, in a suit brought against petitioners by Lord St. John, son and heir of the Marquess. . . ." "6 March, 1661-2. Draft of an act for confirming the award made by the King's Majesty for composing the differences between John, Lord Marquess of Winchester, and his eldest son Charles, Lord St. John."<sup>1</sup> Wycherley also had to defend himself, for his position was seriously attacked, and to maintain it he was obliged to present the following petition<sup>2</sup> to Parliament: "6 March, 1661-2. 13. Petition of Daniel Wicherley of the Inner Temple. In July, 1651, the Estate of the Marquis of Winchester being exposed for sale by the late power, petitioner, at the importunity of the Marquess, Earl Rivers (uncle to Lord St. John), and divers friends of that noble family, and upon large promises of reward, took upon himself the management of their affairs and left all other employments, and by himself and friends borrowed above thirty thousand pounds, for all of which he was personally bound, to repurchase the Marquess' estate, and got allowance of reprisal to above twelve thousand pounds, and other great advantages for the family, without which they would not have had wherewith to subsist. The Marquess and Lord St. John wrote a letter to petitioner, wherein they acknowledged his services, and in part of recompense thereof by deed granted to him the office of Chief Steward of all their Courts, Manors, and Lands during his life, with all the fees and profits thereto belonging, and petitioner accordingly officiated. Nevertheless, he has lately by chance understood that a Bill has been presented to Parliament (among other things) to make void his patent and grant, without any choice being given to him, although he yet stands engaged for over twenty thousand pounds and has not forfeited his patent, which is good in law. He prays that he may have a copy of the award and deed mentioned in the Bill, and that he may be heard by counsel in order that he may not be divested of his right and freehold."

1 June, 1663, is recorded:<sup>3</sup> "1 June. List of Committee on the Marquess of Winchester's Bill. L.J., XI. 531. Annexed:—1. Petition of Daniel Wycherley that his interest in the office of steward of the Marquess' estates may be protected in

<sup>1</sup> *Historical Manuscript Commission*. Seventh Report, pp. 94, 161, etc.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.* Seventh Report, p. 161. No. 13. House of Lords, Calendar, 1661-2.

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.* Seventh Report, p. 172. House of Lords, Calendar, 1663.



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the Bill. [This petition is almost identical with that of 6 March, 1661-2.] 2-5. Papers relating to Wycherley's claim." It was ordered that the petition should be referred to the consideration of the aforesaid Committee.<sup>1</sup>

In 1672 Daniel Wycherley was appointed one of the Tellers of His Majesty's Exchequer.<sup>2</sup> He seems to have been bitten by a mania for legal proceedings, and was never happy unless involved in some intricate and interminable law tangle. He was continually fighting with a certain George Tyler, against whom he appealed to the House of Lords on Saturday, 27 November,<sup>3</sup> 1680: "Wycherley *versus* Tyler: Complaint against Payment of Double Costs by Order of the Court of Exchequer." "Upon reading the Petition of *Daniell Wicherley, of Clyve, in the County of Salop, Esquire*, being an Appeal from an Order of the Court of Exchequer, whereby he is taxed to pay Ninety-five Pounds Costs on the last Day of this Term, or be committed to *The Fleete*; whereas he hath already paid the said Ninety-five Pounds, and Ninety-five Pounds more for Costs, upon Two Trials had in that Court concerning the Customs of the Manor of *Wem*, whereof he is Lord; and praying, That he may be relieved against a Double Payment thereof: It is ORDERED, by the Lords Spiritual and Temporal in Parliament assembled, That *George Tyler*, and the other Persons who have prosecuted the Petitioner for the said Costs (as in his Petition is suggested) be, and are hereby, required to put in their Answer, or several Answers, to the said Appeal, in Writing, on *Saturday* the fourth Day of *December* next, by Nine of the Clock in the Forenoon; whereof the said *Daniell Wicherley* is to cause timely Notice to be given to the said *George Tyler*, and other Persons concerned for that Purpose; and that all Proceedings against the said *Daniell Wicherley* in the Court of Exchequer be staid in the mean Time." On Monday, 13 December following, Wycherley's appeal was dismissed, and he was further mulcted in the sum of Ten Pounds, Costs.

In 1690 the Mayor and Corporation of Shrewsbury commenced an action in the Common Pleas against Daniel Wycherley, for non-payment of tithes, on the ground that the same should go towards paying the minister of Clive chapel. The matter was ultimately submitted to the arbitration of the High Sheriff, John Tayleur, Esq., whose Award is dated 19 October, 1691. Mr. Wycherley dying, the arrears were paid by his son William in 1700.<sup>4</sup> Gough, in his *History of the Parish of Middle*, writes: Mr. Wycherley "had a great suite with the towne and schooles of Shrewsbury, about maintenance for the Minister of Clive Chappell. The case was faire, if his designes had been soe: but to endeavour to prove it a donative, and himselfe patron was such an idle thing that his own children laft att it. . . . Mr. Wicherley began his suite by English Bill in the Exchequer, in London, but hee had soe bombasted his matter with the title of donative, and his claim of Patronage, that he could doe nothing but spend money."<sup>5</sup>

On Friday, 4 November, 1692, Wycherley petitioned the House of Lords "on the Behalf of himself and others the Inhabitants of *Clyve* and *Sansaue* in the County

<sup>1</sup> *Journals of the House of Lords*, Vol. XI, p. 531.

<sup>2</sup> Gough says: "Having the prospect of obtaining a teller's place in the King's Exchequer, his aunt in Acton furnished him with £100, which procured the place." A doubtful piece of gossip.

<sup>3</sup> *Journals of the House of Lords*, Vol. XIII, pp. 692, 703, 714.

<sup>4</sup> Shrewsbury Corporation Muniments, No. 2000.

<sup>5</sup> Gough's *History of Middle*, pp. 86, 87.

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of *Salop*, and of *John Hughes*, *William Turner*, *Samuell Orppe*, and *Thomas Anchors*, late Curates of the Chapel of *Clyve*, in the County of *Salop*, against an Order of Dismission, made the One and Twentieth Day of *November* last past, in Chancery, upon an Information, there prosecuted, in the Name of the Attorney General, at the Relation of the Petitioner, against the Mayor, Aldermen, and Burgesses of *Shrewsbury*, and against *Andrew Tayler* and *Robert Forster*, since deceased; and praying the Reversal of the said Order.”<sup>1</sup> The case was heard on Friday, 16 December, following, and the Order of Dismission was reversed.

For nine years, 1673 to 1682, he was engaged in continuous litigation with the copyholders of Wem, from whom he demanded an augmentation of their fines, and in this he was ultimately victorious. But the expenses of these various suits compelled him to sell his estates,<sup>2</sup> and in 1684 he conveyed the Barony of Wem, together with the Manors of Wem and Loppington, to Lord Chief Justice Jeffreys, who when created a Peer by James II in May, 1685, selected as his title Baron Jeffreys of Wem.<sup>3</sup>

“The person of Mr. Wycherley was prepossessing. He was of a large stature and a comely countenance, his hair white with age. His behaviour was genteel and courteous. ‘I have heard him much commended,’ says Gough, ‘that he never contended with persons unable to deal with him, but with great persons.’”<sup>4</sup>

Daniel Wycherley was by no means on the best of terms with his eldest son. A lover of the country and a stern martinet, not to say a dour domestic tyrant, he conceived that every member of his family also was bound to love and endure the routine of a country life, for what greater interests and excitement could they possibly desire than the imbrolios of his eternal law-suits, what other literature than his petitions, cases, declarations, letters of attorney, breviate, and the pages of Dalton, Hughes, Shepherd, Wingate? The old gentleman accordingly looked with anything but an approving eye upon the chequered carnival of town pleasures in the merry days of Charles II, and the fact that his son had shown himself the most brilliant dramatist of the age, second only to Dryden, that he was applauded in the theatre and caressed at Court, nay, particularly honoured by the Monarch and the highest nobles of the land, proved nevertheless no passport to paternal favour. Supplies were curtailed, and considerable coolness ensued. Especially were relations strained almost to breaking point upon the appearance of *The Plain-Dealer*, in which comedy Wycherley so brilliantly exhibits his father’s mania for the law, a feature it was impossible should not be immediately recognized and keenly resented, masqued though it was under the draggled mantle and ample petticoats of bustling Widow Blackacre. There are a thousand smart hits, and the ancestral manor of Clive must have been anything but an unruffled homestead for many a week after that day in the spring-time of 1677 when the London coach brought down to Shropshire the packet which contained a quarto play, the latest London success, *The Plain-Dealer*, hot from the press.

It is to Daniel Wycherley that Dryden alludes when in the Dedication, addressed to the Earl of Dorset, to his translation of Juvenal, *A Discourse Concerning the Origin*

<sup>1</sup> *Journals of the House of Lords*, Vol. XV, p. 104; also pp. 127, 138, 143, 150.

<sup>2</sup> However, the Manor of Clive of itself was a property worth six hundred pounds a year.

<sup>3</sup> The same Gazette that contained the announcement of Jeffrey’s peerage also published the conferment of similar honours on two of the King’s intimate friends, Henry Jermy and John Churchill, afterwards Duke of Marlborough.

<sup>4</sup> *Shropshire Archaeological and Natural History Society Transactions*, 2nd Series, II, p. 340.



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and *Progress of Satyr* (folio, 1693), he writes: "'Tis granted that the Father of *Horace* was *Libertinus*, that is, one degree remov'd from his Grandfather, who had been once a Slave: But *Horace*, speaking of him, gives him the best Character of a Father,<sup>1</sup> which I ever read in History; and I wish a witty Friend of mine now living had such another." The Rev. John Brickdale, who published in *The Shropshire Archaeologist* a history of Clive, says: "The old ballad of 'My Father was born before me,' which appeared in 1672, agrees in so many respects with the personal history of Wycherley, that I cannot but conjecture that it was intended for him, though in this case we must suppose a few circumstances have been altered to prevent the resemblance from being too glaring." There is no confirmation to be found of this somewhat too fanciful suggestion.

Daniel Wycherley died 5 May, 1697, and two days later he was buried in the chancel of Clive Church, near the altar, and on the plain stone which covered his remains was engraved: "Here Lyeth The Body Of Daniel Wycherley, Esq. Who Deceased The Fifth Day Of May Anno Dom. 1697 In The 81st Yeare Of His Age." All Saints, Clive, which has some Norman portions, was restored in 1849 and again in 1885. At the latter date the tombstone of Daniel Wycherley was moved and placed in the churchyard wall.

In *The Gentleman's Magazine*, Vol. LXXXI, Part 2, July to December, 1811, there is given (p. 505) an engraving of The Clive Hall, a goodly manor, to which the following description is appended: "Figure 2 is the remains of a mansion at the Clive, about seven miles from Shrewsbury, in which William Wycherley, Esq., the Thalian Bard, was born in 1640. The house was a handsome structure, but much has been let go to decay, and the remainder repaired in a clumsy incongruous manner for a farm house. One large walnut tree,<sup>2</sup> shown in the view, is said to have been planted by the poet; but I cannot vouch for its authenticity. The late Mr. Gardner, of Sansaw, whose beautiful grounds reach near Wycherley's mansion, intended to have erected an urn and to have placed it in a rocky recess in his grounds, the walk to which was called Wycherley's Walk. I believe it was not erected through the negligence of the statuary in Shrewsbury, who deferred it from time to time, till it was finally given up. The following inscription was to have been placed on the pedestal:—

To  
William Wycherley, Esq.,  
the celebrated dramatic poet,  
This Urn is  
dedicated."

Until 1885, when All Saints, Clive, was altered and enlarged, there could still be seen in the north wall of the churchyard a little door, close fastened and out of memory disused, which once opened on to a path long since overgrown. This path, formerly known as "Wycherley's Walk," led to the house, and the family in olden time made use of it to pass to and from the church. A precisely similar path leading from the manor to the church may still be observed in very many country villages, and such are often conveniently used by those from the Hall who wish to attend divine service. Whether this path at Clive—to-day much changed, as a piece has since been actually

<sup>1</sup> *Sermonum*, I, vi, 71-92.

<sup>2</sup> Very prominent and graceful in the picture.



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taken into the churchyard—is the same as that mentioned in *The Gentleman's Magazine* seems uncertain.

Upon the death of Hill Wycherley, 29 February, 1752, the property went to his cousins, Nehemiah Huffa, son of Peter Huffa and Frances Wycherley, and Elizabeth Cadman, daughter of Joseph Cadman and Mary Wycherley. Nehemiah Huffa married Margaret, widow of Robert Embrey of Wellington and daughter of John Kilvert and Elizabeth Russell, but he died in November, 1765,<sup>1</sup> without leaving any children, when his heir was his step-son, Robert Embrey of Grinshill, who was his wife's son by her first husband. Robert Embrey was also devisee of Elizabeth Cadman, who died 9 July, 1773,<sup>2</sup> and thus he came into full possession of the whole estate. He died 8 July, 1786, and his trustees in 1801 sold Clive Hall to Charles Harding, a local resident. Charles Harding was married twice. By his first wife Elizabeth he had five daughters, Susannah, Margaret, Elizabeth, Judith, Catherine; by his second wife Abigail, one son, George, baptized at All Saints, 25 June, 1809, and it was to this son that upon his death the estate descended. The trustees of George Harding sold Clive Hall to his nephew, Thomas Meares, Esq., who died in 1916. The executors sold Clive Hall in the following year to Clive Harding Meares, a son of Thomas, and from him it was purchased in 1919 by William Malcolm Watson, Esq., the present owner. Most of the land which formerly went with the Hall was disposed of by Thomas Meares during his lifetime.

It was at Clive Hall that William Wycherley commenced his education under the personal supervision of his father, who although skilful and erudite, proved himself no lenient and long-suffering master. Daniel Wycherley's mind was singularly apt and quick, and he would tolerate no slowness and hesitation in others. For him incapacity spelled indolence. Fortunately his eldest son was eager to learn, appreciative and interested, already giving unmistakable indications of no ordinary genius and understanding. Such application and enthusiasm stirred up the father to exceptional efforts, and his utmost care was devoted to the development of the boy's mind. No doubt it was at this time that Wycherley laid the foundation of his classical training. He was an excellent Greek and Latin scholar, and he seems to have been intimately acquainted with most of the authors of antiquity, often easily quoting from those who are little read and who would assuredly find no place in any usual school curriculum.

At this time education in England was at the lowest ebb. The civil war had ended with the complete ascendancy of the rebels, who immediately wreaked their bitter vengeance on every town and person distinguished by loyalty to the murdered king. These fanatics, whose rancour knew neither bounds nor decency, were determined to stamp out all learning, all culture, all the amenities and decorum of a gentle society. Greek letters were an abomination; Latin was the language of the Beast. Not only was the tongue of Cicero and Vergil the vehicle of a thousand pagan fables and obscenities, worse yet, it was the spoken word of the Scarlet Whore, Babylon of the Seven Hills. And so the Saints, whose sole literary excursions were the more obscure prophetic denunciations of Amos and the son of Cush, endless genealogies in *Chronicles* and *Nehemiah*, or the red-hot pamphlets of ranters such as Case, John Ball, and the godly Kidderminster divine, struck mightily at the high places of Baal, laying heavy hands upon the two English universities. Oxford had long been the head-

<sup>1</sup> Nov. 11. Mr. Nehemiah Huffa. bur. *Clive Register*.

<sup>2</sup> July 12. Elizabeth Cadman. bur. *Clive Register*.

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quarters of the Royalists and must be made a hissing and a reproach; Cambridge had not lacked the will to be every whit as bad. Heads of houses and Fellows, men of reverence, green age, and a European reputation for scholarship, were violently ejected. Gracious old customs and Christian ceremonies vanished like phantoms before the sour and implacable intruder, who stabled his horses in S. Frideswide's Cathedral and wantonly smashed the stained-glass windows as savouring of prelacy. So the house of God was delivered over to Moloch and Belial. In place of lectures upon Horace or Tacitus his Histories, the undergraduate was required to listen to hour-long sermons bellowed from Mary's pulpit by some leathern-lunged bigot, Genevan hell-broth foaming over with reprobation, assurance, absolute predestination, and damnation. No office, shorn and sadly mutilated as it may have been since bluff Harry's day, yet sung to stately music and in the fair Oxford chapels retaining some vestige of its pristine beauty, but instead extempore prayer and exercise, a nasal drone, lamenting, whining, directing, and hectoring the Deity to whom it was blasphemously addressed. Upon his matriculation the tyro was not questioned upon his syntax and bidden neatly english some passage from Sallust or a Terentian comedy, but sourly catechized by a board of grim Genevan divines ready to snare and send another Servetus to the stake, finding the devil, horns and hoofs and all, in the mince-meat of a Nativity pie.

When William Wycherley was a lad some fifteen or sixteen years old, England saw what must be—if we except the so-called Reformation—as yet almost her darkest days. She was groaning under the iron heel of Cromwell and the Saints, who, in the excess of their power, were now completely unmasked and had set up a military and magisterial inquisition, the abominable Major-Generals, red-hot ruthless tyrants; and had instituted, as was their wont, wholesale legalized pillaging under the name “decimations,” a special tax collected with violence from all cavaliers possessing even the remnants of their former lands and tenures. It was obvious that his son was ripe for further education, more than could be conveniently provided at home, and Daniel Wycherley showed his eminently sound common-sense in sending the boy to complete his studies in France. Here he remained for several years, residing in the vicinity of the Charente, as Dennis informs us in his *Original Letters, Familiar, Moral, and Critical* (1721): “About the age of Fifteen he was sent for Education to the Western parts of France, either to *Saintonge* or the *Angoumois*. His abode there was upon the banks of the *Charente* or very little remov'd from it. And he had there the happiness to be in the neighbourhood of one of the most accomplish'd Ladies of the Court of *France*, *Madame de Montausier*, whom *Voiture* has made famous by several very ingenious letters.”<sup>1</sup>

Julie-Lucine d'Angennes, one of the brightest stars of the French *salons* at the zenith of their brilliance, was the eldest and fairest of the seven children of that peerless *précieuse*, Catherine de Vivonne, Marquise de Rambouillet.<sup>2</sup> Born in 1607, her dark

<sup>1</sup> Spence in his *Anecdotes* writes: “Wycherley was fifteen or sixteen when he went into France, and was acquainted there with Madame de Rambouillet, a little after Balzac's death.” Jean-Louis Guez, seigneur de Balzac (Charente), died in 1654. He led a retired life, devoted to letters, upon his estate, only coming to Paris at rare intervals to visit the Hôtel de Rambouillet.

<sup>2</sup> The courtesy and good taste of this *salon* was universally recognized. Fléchier in his *Oraison funèbre de Mme de Montausier* has: “Souvenez-vous de ces cabinets que l'on regarde encore avec tant de vénération, où l'esprit se purifiait, où la vertu était vénérée sous le nom de



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and majestic beauty, which won her the name of "la Princesse,"—as Mademoiselle Paulet from her wealth of Titian hair was "la lionne" and Voiture "l'âme du rond"—had not faded a jot at forty, but seemed even more voluptuous and superb. "Après Hélène il n'y a guère eu de personne dont la beauté ait été plus généralement chantée," wrote Tallemant des Réaux in 1654. All Paris applauded her art when in 1629 she played the daughter of Hasdrubal in Jean Mairet's *Sophonisbé*—all polite Paris, that is to say, privileged to assist at the private performance in the Rue Saint-Thomas-du-Louvre. All Paris admired her as a heroine, for in 1642 she had braved death, nay more, disfigurement, when devotedly nursing the Duchess de Longueville, who had been attacked by virulent small-pox. All Paris worshipped at the shrine of her wit and beauty, and Mademoiselle de Scudéry set the seal of intellectual immortality upon her fame by celebrating her in *Le Grand Cyrus* as Philonide. Not the least devoted of the lovely Julie's admirers was the gallant Charles de Saint-Maure, Marquis de Montausier,<sup>1</sup> a notable figure on Tuesdays at the Hôtel de Rambouillet and on Saturdays in the *salon* of the Rue de Beauce, presided over by l'illustre Sapho in person. The marquis sighed long for the hand of his mistress, but only after modesties, hesitations, demurs, and delays which would have delighted Mandane and Clélie themselves, did she consent to become his bride, and 15 July, 1645, they were married amid every circumstance of pomp and lavish ceremony. Paris, however, was no longer to be graced by the presence of its idol, for de Montausier was Governor of Saintonge and Angoumois, and hither he retired bearing his wife with him. In 1646 he was residing at Angoulême, where the marquise made her exile tolerable by welcoming such guests as Balzac, Menage, Chapelain, Godeau "le nain de Julie," Racan, Gombaud, and the whole mob of local celebrities and minor poets who clustered in her train. Entertainments of every kind, concerts of music, balls, promenades, receptions, masques, comedies, operas, succeeded each other in rapid and dazzling variety. It was whispered, indeed, that these fêtes sometimes had a political purpose, and that the smiles and charming complaisance of the marquise<sup>2</sup> went far to soothe the wounded vanity and vexation of those who had been repelled and hurt by the starched reserve and untimely frankness of her husband. In after-years Molière was to draw him in *Le Misanthrope*,<sup>3</sup> and theatrical tradition has it that the marquis, having attentively and without change of countenance sat through the play, left the house openly declaring that he desired nothing better than to resemble so noble a figure as Alceste.

Visits of great personages, also, were not rare in the provinces, and ample preparation must be made to receive them right royally with costly cheer. In the summer of 1659 Mazarin passed on a journey about five leagues from Angoulême, and, complains the marquise in a letter (dated 13 July) to the Marquise de Villars: "Il a fallu assembler toute la noblesse pour sa reception, et se tourmenter furieusement par le plus grand chaud du monde." In the following May the whole French court debouched

l'incomparable Arthénice, où se rendaient tant de personnes de qualité et de mérite qui composaient une cour choisie, nombreuse sans confusion, modeste sans contrainte, savante sans orgueil, polie sans affectation." Arthénice is Malherbe's anagram for Catherine.

<sup>1</sup> 6 October, 1610–17 May, 1690. He was created a duke and a peer of the realm in 1665.

<sup>2</sup> Tallemant des Réaux, writing of the marquis, says: "Sa femme lui sert furieusement dans la province."

<sup>3</sup> Produced at the Palais-Royal, 4 June, 1666.



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on the quiet little town. Louis XIV was on his way to San Jean de Luz, in whose humble parish church, transformed by the "richest hangings and adornments necessary for the greatest wedding that ever was seen in the world," he was to marry the Infanta Maria Teresa, a timid and shrinking girl of nineteen.

It was, no doubt, at some splendid diversion that the handsome English boy attracted the eyes of the marquise, to whom he was presently introduced. The lady found his wit corresponded with his looks, and he in his turn "was equally pleased with the beauty of her Mind, and with the graces of her Person." Before long, indeed, they were frequently together, and it may safely be asserted that Wycherley could have received no better education than in the society of this fascinating and intellectual woman.

The most important happening during Wycherley's sojourn in France was that fundamental change of opinion which, in whomsoever it may occur, is perpetually misunderstood and perversely misrepresented by those whose prejudices will not suffer them to inquire, and whose ignorance cannot tolerate that they should learn. No details have come down to us of his reception into the Catholic Church; we know neither year nor place, nor the name of the priest who received him. That he was in the first instance happily influenced by Julie de Montausier, who at the beginning of their friendship jestingly nicknamed him "le petit Huguenot," seems obvious, and no doubt also the contrast between the elegant and intelligent society of polished Angoulême and the dour ferocity of the rude English puritans he had left swayed him not a little in his choice. He must have felt, too, a little ridiculous with his *solécisme*, as still to-day a Protestant must feel out of place in any Catholic country. There is no reason to suppose that his conversion was not absolutely sincere. The word conversion is a wide and all-embracing term which may imply a process, either brief or long drawn out, raised to the utmost degree of intensity, or on the other hand the quiet development and practical application of existing speculative beliefs rather than the formation of an entirely new system of faith. William James would call conversion the passage slow or rapid which takes place when a soul finds happiness and harmony in the intuition of religious reality after an inward struggle dominated by the sense of its own weakness and misery. This with a slight difference is also the view of the great psychologist Ribot. For James, the religious phenomenon consists, above all, in an affective attitude.<sup>1</sup> This is altogether too narrow and an unsatisfactory definition, for he excludes from his consideration those who arrive at religious facts by intellectual discourse. And by this means was effected the conversion of Wycherley, an intellectual assent to certain demonstrable truths. There was none of the romantic and mystical conviction of Crashaw, burning with rapturous love and adoration; nor yet the clear-cut inevitably logical reasoning of Dryden, eminently practical and assured; nor again the fiery enthusiasm of William George Ward. Wycherley would not have understood the spiritual experiences and agonies of Newman, nor the yearning of Faber, the beloved rector of Elton, who cried to his friend at Littlemore: "I seem to grow more Roman daily, and almost to write from out the bosom of the Roman Church, instead of from where I am." It is useless to demand from a man more than his personality can give, and it were absurd to doubt Wycherley's sincerity or to blame him for lacking the passionate ardours of Bernard Dalgairns and the tireless zeal of Ambrose Saint-John.

<sup>1</sup> See de la Vaissière, *Eléments de psychologie expérimentale*. Paris. Beauchesne, 1912, p. 310.

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In England events were moving fast. The death of Oliver Cromwell on 3 September, 1658, the seventh anniversary of the "crowning mercy" of Worcester, and itself for England the supreme "crowning mercy," shattered the revolutionary government into a thousand pieces. The power fell completely into the hands of the soldiery, a dangerous if futile instrument not over skilfully directed by scheming and unscrupulous generals. Cromwell's eldest surviving son, a mere ninny, "Tumbledown Dick," as he was called, was soon disposed of, for after eight months of the feeblest vacillation and indecision he was unceremoniously kicked out by the military autocrats. Chaos seemed imminent: skirmishes between the cavalry and infantry, between rival regiments, between veterans and recruits, had already begun. Even worse than all this, a general civil war between the militia and civilians on the one hand, and the regular troops on the other was on the point of breaking out with fearful violence. The country seethed in a state of general corruption. The complete lack of authority in religious matters had produced the most corrosive effects on domestic life, and the chief effect of keeping a standing army of thirty thousand men in London was to crowd the suburbs of the city with innumerable boozing-kens and bawdy-houses of the vilest description.<sup>1</sup> Lambert, a foolishly arrogant and impotently malicious underling, who had been Cromwell's cuckold, was presently deserted by his troops, and the situation was only saved from utter disaster by the prompt action of General Monk, an unselfish, strong, and honourable leader of men, who, having occupied the metropolis, in March, 1660, summoned a free Parliament, which incontinently resolved to call back their lawful sovereign. The Restoration was accomplished, and on Friday, 25 May, 1660, King Charles II landed shortly after midday at Dover, where "infinite the crowd of people and the horsemen, citizens, and noblemen of all sorts," whilst "the shouting and the joy expressed by all" seemed "past imagination."

Early in 1660 Daniel Wycherley, a shrewd observer of political currents, had sent his son word to return to England, as now he might proceed to Oxford, where accordingly he was entered at Queen's College. Anthony à Wood thus sums up his university career: "William Wycherley, the eldest son of Daniel Wycherley of Clive, in Shropshire, became a fellow commoner of Queen's College a little before the Restoration of King Charles II, but wore not a gown, only lived in the Provost's lodgings, was entered in the Public Library under the title of *Philosophiæ Studiosus* in Jul. 1660 being then about 20 years of age, departed without being matriculated or a degree confer'd upon him, having been by Dr. Barlow reconcil'd to the protestant religion, which he had a little before left in his travels beyond the seas. Afterwards he retired to the Inner Temple."<sup>2</sup>

Oxford, no doubt, had not entirely recovered itself after the dark days of the Puritan ascendancy, and it would seem that Wycherley quitted it in some disgust. The contrast between the University and the agreeable society he had been forced to leave must have been very great, the more so as he was under the watchful charge of Thomas Barlow, a most pestiferous and truculent divine of narrowest views and meanest

<sup>1</sup> See *passim* *Mercurius Democritus*; or, *A True and Perfect Nocturnall*, commenced 8 April, 1652, and continued as the *Laughing Mercury*, and again as *Democritus* until the end of February, 1654. It should be remembered that these periodicals were regularly licensed from week to week by the authorities.

<sup>2</sup> *Fasti Oxonienses, sub anno 1660*: "In the month of July this year Will. Wicherley became sojourner in Oxon for the sake of the Public Library."



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manners. Born in 1607, Barlow in 1633 was elected a Fellow of Queen's, of which college by underhand practice and long tortuous intrigue he became Provost in 1657. That he contrived to retain his position throughout the rebellion is not surprising, for the fellow was, in truth, a red-hot Calvinist, although upon the King's return he had sufficient cunning to gloze over his Gomarist theology with a veneer of Anglican orthodoxy, and so he kept his place. Daniel Wycherley entrusted his unwilling son to the particular care of Barlow, because the doctor was a prolific, if empty, controversialist, who had won a great reputation for pelting the Catholics with pamphlets and weightier tomes, none of which, however, seemed to have the smallest effect. In daily contact with such a dour fanatic the young Wycherley could but have been most unhappy. That Barlow brought him back to protestantism I do not for a moment believe; that for the sake of peace and quietness he weakly, and even culpably, pretended to conform to his tutor's ideas and so took part in exercise and slept through supralapsarian sermons I am very willing to suppose. He was but a boy, by no means of the stuff whence martyrs are made, and he feigned assent until such time as a means for escape should offer. This he obtained by means of the law, an irresistible argument with his father, who at his son's first tentative suggestion of such a career gladly allowed him to abandon Oxford for the Inner Temple, where William Wycherley was in fact entered 10 November, 1660.

Upon the death of Fuller, Bishop of Lincoln, 22 April, 1675, Barlow managed to obtain that see, the possession of which he enjoyed for sixteen years, leaving behind him, when he died in 1691, the reputation of an able but thoroughly despicable and unworthy character.

Wycherley was now fully embarked upon London life, and although it is obvious that he did not entirely neglect the study of the law—in fact, he seems to have made no small progress in Coke upon Littleton, Plowden, Dalton and the rest,—yet it was equally obvious that he would never wholly give himself up to the intricacies of the legal profession. With his handsome face, gay heart, and witty tongue it was impossible that he should not be drawn into the merry carnival of town pleasures whose votaries blithely circled about their monarch mystagogue. Those were the days also when every man of fashion, every courtier and coxcomb aspired to the title of author.

Years after Pope, nothing if not positive, asserted that Wycherley had given him ample details, which in truth the old man himself must have forgotten long before, concerning the composition of his comedies. "The chronology of Wycherley's plays I am well acquainted with," was the poet's confident and complaisant remark, "for he told it me over and over. *Love in a Wood* he wrote when he was but nineteen; *The Gentleman Dancing-Master* at twenty-one; *The Plain-Dealer* at twenty-five; and *The Country-Wife* at two-and-thirty."<sup>1</sup> From every detail which we know of the plays' production, not to mention the internal evidence, this is so obviously incorrect as scarcely to require refutation. I do not maintain that we can argue absolutely from the critique of *The Country-Wife*, which occurs in Act II of *The Plain-Dealer*, for it may be perversely objected that this dialogue was written some time after the completion of the piece and inserted where it now stands. If so, one can only say that there are no indications whatsoever of any addition, that the conversation flows easily and naturally from point to point, and it seems incredible that so important a passage should have been boldly introduced without showing some signs of disruption

<sup>1</sup> Spence, *Anecdotes*.



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somewhere, however well polished and refurbished the scene, for the critique of *The Country-Wife* leads up to and prepares Eliza's exit, a very effectively managed piece of business. In *Love in a Wood* we have allusions to the Great Fire of 1666 ("Has not my Husband's Scutcheon walk'd as much Ground as the Citizens Signs since the Fire?" I, 1); to Perukes, which became fashionable in 1662-3 ("A Lodging is an unnecessary a thing to a Widow that has a Coach, as a Hat to a Man that has a good Peruke," I, 1); to the Vest introduced and first worn by the King in October, 1666<sup>1</sup> ("This counter-fashion Brother of mine, who hates a Vest as much as a Surplice," I, 1); to Guineas, first struck in 1663 ("Your hundred Guineas are As good as in your Lap," I, 1). It is possible that Wycherley who, according to Pope, wrote this comedy in 1659, may have inserted one of the references later, but it is more than improbable that he should have introduced six post-Restoration references—for the vest and guineas are each mentioned twice—in the first scene of his first act. The second scene is the French house, and there are allusions to ombre, a vizard-mask (i.e. a prostitute frequenting the theatres), lace cravats, Court-wits, Lincoln's-Inn-Fields theatre,—but further details were superfluous. To pass from particulars, the whole spirit and action of the play is post-Restoration; Ranger, Vincent, Dapperwit, Sir Simon Addleplot, would have been impossible figures in Cromwell's London. It is safe to say *Love in a Wood* could not have been composed until just before its production at the Theatre Royal; there was no reason why Wycherley should have kept his comedy hidden away in his desk, and every reason on the other hand why he should not. The old man's desultory gossip, repeated, and I doubt not elaborated, by Pope, comes to no more than this—when quite a youngster, perhaps even whilst he was yet in France, Wycherley had drafted a few detached suggestions for scenes, a few fragments of dialogue, maybe, and a decade later when he was composing his first play he remembered these earliest efforts and, reading them over, was able to utilize thence an idea or two, a speech, a quip, an epigram, in his finished and maturer work.

It is probable that in 1665 Wycherley took part in the Dutch War; such an adventure would have delighted the light-hearted dashing young Inner Temple student, and he was seemingly engaged in the famous naval victory when that great and brave commander the Duke of York defeated Admiral Opdam off Harwich on 3 June of that year. Eighteen large Dutch ships were taken and fourteen others were destroyed; Opdam, who engaged the Duke, was blown up and he and all his crew perished. This memorable day has been immortalized by Dryden in *Annus Mirabilis* and in the magnificent opening passages, unsurpassed amongst English prose, of the *Essay of Dramatick Poesie*. It also gave occasion to Dorset's charming song "To all you Ladies now at land," and is, no doubt, the subject of Wycherley's own lines "On a sea fight which the author was in betwixt the English and Dutch." It should, perhaps, be remarked that one or two inferior writers<sup>2</sup> are of opinion these verses may refer to the third Dutch War of 1672-3 when Prince Rupert encountered de Ruyter. Their reason for this seems to be based upon a reference in the Epilogue to *The Gentle-*

<sup>1</sup> Pepys, Monday, 8 October, 1666: "The King hath yesterday in Council declared his resolution of setting a fashion for clothes, which he will never alter. It will be a vest, I know not well how; but it is to teach the nobility thrift, and will do good." Pepys saw the Duke of York put on the vest, 13 October, and he says that Charles himself wore it on the 15 October. 4 November Pepys dressed himself in the new fashion.

<sup>2</sup> Macaulay; and the egregious Klette, *William Wycherley's Leben und dramatische Werke*.

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*man Dancing-Master*, "all Gentlemen must pack to Sea." But the topical allusions herein are perfectly general, and it is something more than temerarious to argue from such slender premises.

It was not as a dramatist that Wycherley first came before the town. In 1669 he published anonymously a quarto poem, *Hero and Leander in Burlesque*, "Printed for H. Herringman at the Blew Anchor in the New Exchange," exemplars of which are now of the last rarity. Wycherley's title to this pasquinade has been disputed. But the whole tenour of the lines is remarkably like his acknowledged work in this kind, and I would especially draw attention to the dissonance of the rhymes, many of which faulty metrical correspondences can be exactly paralleled in his more seriously-intended efforts. In a burlesque an unharmonious rhyme can be forgiven, nay, if cleverly introduced it may even by its very awkwardness add to the spirit of the jest, but Wycherley unfortunately betrays the same dull lack of ear throughout his folio miscellanies of verse. It is extraordinary that a writer whose mastery of vigorous and balanced prose was complete and entire should often succeed so ill in the province of poetry. In any case *Hero and Leander* is reprinted in *The Posthumous Works of William Wycherley, Esq.*; *In Prose and Verse*, Vol. II, 1729, in the Contents to which volume it appears as "*Hero and Leander, in Burlesque. Written by Mr. Wycherley under 20 Years of Age.*" There is also a short prefatory note before the actual text (p. 2): "We take the Liberty to add to the former the following small Piece, which we have undoubted Assurance was written by Mr. Wycherley under Twenty Years of Age. The first Production, however imperfect, of such a genius, will not be displeasing to the Curious. It was printed in the Year 1669, from a very faulty Copy, even with Blanks and Omissions of half Couplets in many Places, and Interpolations of strange Lines in others, without the name of Author, Bookseller, or Printer."<sup>1</sup> Robert Watt, again, in his *Bibliotheca Britannica* (Vol. II), definitely assigns the Poem to Wycherley.

The first allusion to the love of Hero and Leander, a simple story, and for that very reason one of the tales which never grow old, would seem to be that exquisite passage in the third Georgic:<sup>2</sup>

Quid iuuenis, magnum cui uersat in ossibus ignem  
durus amor? Nempe abruptis turbata procellis  
nocte natat caeca serus freta; quem super ingens  
porta tonat caeli, et scopulis illisa reclamant  
aequora; nec miseri possunt reuocare parentes  
nec moritura super crudeli funere uirgo.

The mere mention of the tale without names in Vergil's poem shows that already it must have been familiar in song or carved in famous sculpture or not infrequently painted upon temple-wall. Ovid, next, wrote an epistle in elegiac verse from Leander to Hero, and added thereto the answer of the maid of Sestos. Lucan also names the Hellespont as the straits to which love has given an immortal name:<sup>3</sup>

amore notatum  
aequor, et Eroas lacrimoso littore turres.

In the Sixth Book of his epic *Thebaidos*<sup>4</sup> Statius makes King Adrastus bestow upon

<sup>1</sup> Notwithstanding this assertion the text of 1669 is by far the completer. See the Textual Notes upon *Hero and Leander* in the present edition.

<sup>2</sup> ll. 258-63.

<sup>3</sup> *Pharsalia*, IX, 954-5.

<sup>4</sup> ll. 540-7.



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Admetus a fair garment, a mantle thrice dipped in Tyrian purple and embroidered with the legend of Leander; his white limbs are shining in the moonlit waters, and so deft was the weaver's craft that he seemed to raise his arms for the stroke as he swam, the briny drops glistened in his hair:

contra autem frustra sedet anxia turre suprema  
Sestias in speculis. moritur prope conscius ignis.

Even Strabo the geographer refers with acceptance to the old tradition, and Pomponius Mela in his *De situ Orbis* precisely remarks:<sup>1</sup> "Est et Abydo obiacens Sestos, Leandri amore pernobilis."

But it remained for a Greek grammarian of the fifth century, Musæus, of whom nothing save his name is known, to give the final form to this perfect idyll. The little poem of three hundred and forty hexameters is a masterpiece of fragrant beauty. It is true that it is already touched with a peculiar undertone of sweet pathos which tells us the twilight is nigh. Those echoes of outmoded phraseology that blend so curiously with new forms of language, the artificial subtleties of rhythm and pause, the ornate metaphors, the brilliant conceits, the strangely compounded epithets often so daringly decorative in their rich fancy, the thrill of the emotions of the lovers who yield quite simply to the attraction of physical comeliness, the almost cloying grace and mellifluous phrase, all these show an age of literature behind. Yet the scholars of the Renaissance unhesitatingly pronounced Musæus the Alexandrian to be the semi-mythical disciple of Orpheus, the morning star of Hellenic song. And so when Aldus Manutius conceived his noble plan of issuing the entire body of Greek literature from his Venetian press, he first put forth in 1493, or earlier, *Hero and Leander* with a preface, which said: "I was desirous that Musæus, the most ancient poet, should form a prelude to Aristotle and the other sages who will shortly be imprinted at my hands."<sup>2</sup> For a long while this opinion almost universally prevailed, and even the elder Scaliger saw no reason to suspect that the poem was not the work of Homer's shadowy predecessor.

The story of Hero and Leander made an intimate appeal to the romantic Renaissance spirit. In 1537 Bernardo Tasso published at Venice, the very city which had seen the first issue of the original poem and than which no more appropriate birthplace could surely have been found, his Italian paraphrase from Musæus. Four years later in France appeared the version by Clement Marot, pleasing lines "en rithme française," which charm us to-day by the savour of the old French and by such quaint turns as "gentilhomme" for stranger and "nonnain" for priestess. In 1585 Bernardino Baldi gave the world a translation which even yet more faithfully followed the fluent Greek.

In England we have Marlowe's poetic masterpiece, a lyric pæan of adolescent beauty. The first and second Sestiad are so informed with the worship of ideal loveliness poured forth from a young man's passionate soul drunk with the sense of those ineffable

<sup>1</sup> Liber II, 2, *Thracia*.

<sup>2</sup> Μουσαῖον τὸν παλαιότατον ποιητὴν ἠθέλησα προοιμιάζειν τῷ τε Ἀριστοτέλει καὶ τῶν σοφῶν τοῖς ἑτέροις αὐτίκα δι' ἐμοῦ ἐντυπησομένους. The Musæus appeared without a date. But in 1495 the first volume of Aristotle, accompanied by numerous Greek epigrams and a Greek letter of Scipione Fortiguerra, saw the light, and accordingly the Musæus cannot be later than 1493.



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emotions his ardent imagination can scarce clothe in words, so wrought in complex and exquisite cadences of a verse which seems to chime into a pure melody of immortal song, that it were as superfluous to praise as it is impertinent here to discuss this divine poem. Fine as is Chapman's continuation, discoursed in brave and noble measure, I cannot but think it fades from the memory and is almost insensibly forgotten.

Henry Petowe's *The Second Part of Hero and Leander, conteyning their further Fortunes*, published in 1598, seems to call for few remarks. It is imitative, it is not without a certain facility, it is spasmodically vigorous. But I fear that for all the author's protest "To the quicke-sighted Reader" Petowe's "poore harmles *Muse*" has been banished "into the vast wide wilderness of eternall oblivion."

Chapman also translated "The Divine Poem of Musæus, first of all Bookes," as *Musæus His Erotopaignion De Herone Et Leandro*, a buckram version, which he published with a Dedication to Inigo Jones in 1616. Others who more or less happily englished the original poem were Sir Robert Stapylton with his "Musæus, On the Loves of *Hero* and *Leander* with Annotations upon the Originall," to which is appended a version of the two Ovidian epistles, 12 mo, 1647; Stopford Catcott (1715), Laurence Eusden (circa 1720), James Sterling (1728), R. Luck (1736), George Baily (1747), Slade (1753), Francis Fawkes (1760), Greene (1773), Edward Taylor (1783), Adam (1822), Arnold (1873).

Leigh Hunt's *Hero and Leander* (1819) is an agreeable poetical tale with some rather trite sentiment and an occasional pretty couplet, pleasing enough no doubt to those who like such fare. Sir Theodore Martin's *Hero and Leander*, translated from Schiller, which appeared in *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine*, January, 1889, need not engage our attention. The same ballad had been previously turned into French by Adolphe Régnier in his *Oeuvres de Schiller*, traduction nouvelle, Vol. I (1859).

For Stapylton the legend unquestionably had a special attraction, since he also chose it as the subject of *The Tragedie of Hero and Leander*, a drama licensed for printing by Roger L'Estrange, 25 August, 1668, and published quarto in the November of that year with title-page 1669. The piece is dedicated to the Duchess of Monmouth, but there is no record that it was ever seen in a public theatre, and Langbaine says with some reserve: "Whether the Play were ever acted or no, I know not, or where; tho' the Prologue and Epilogue seem to imply that it had appeared on the Stage." In order to farce out his tragedy to the conventional five acts, notwithstanding that he hereby rudely mars the exquisite simplicity of his immortal theme, Stapylton has introduced an amount of extraneous matter and many new characters. Hero's nurse, in particular, was an opportunity not to be missed, and she is clearly reminiscent of the Nurse in *Dido, Queen of Carthage* and *Romeo and Juliet*, of the same long-lived stock as the Nurse of *The Night-Walker* and Biron's nurse in *The Fatal Marriage*. Leander is "A Prince of the House of Troy," and Hero "Daughter to Tiresias, Supreme Magistrate of Sestos." At one juncture Leander enters clad in "his Vest and Night-Cap," a singularly unromantic costume. The Scene is "The Towers and Towns of Sestos and Abydos, the Hellespont flowing between them."

Amongst other English pieces upon the same subject we have Isaac Jackman's burletta in two acts, *Hero and Leander* (8vo, 1787), acted at the Royalty Theatre, Goodman's Fields, very idle fooling. There is also a tragedy, *Leander and Hero*, by Thomas Horde, junior, a grammar-school teacher at Stow-on-the-Wold. It was printed 8vo, 1789, "For the Author." The thing is merely five acts of dull fustian

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prose, tumid and tame. Leander is the son of Omar, King of Abydos; Hero, daughter to Armelius, King of Sestos. The lady is provided with a confidante, Amorissa, and also with a royal lover, Altemanzor. I take this to be one of the worst pieces ever written.

On Thursday, 2 June, 1892, at the Shaftesbury Theatre, London, after having been previously tried out at the Prince's Theatre, Manchester, where it had been produced on 9 May, was presented a "Play, in Three Acts, by Kyrle Bellew, suggested by Grillparzer's Version of the Mythological Legend," that is to say a free adaptation of *Hero und Leander Trag.*, by Franz Grillparzer (1791-1872). The scenery was especially beautiful; the chorus, dances, and music were much admired. But it was merely panoramic and spectacular, lacking both poetry and incident. "As a ballet," wrote one critic, "*Hero and Leander* is agreeable enough, as a play it is empty and undramatic." Kyrle Bellew acted the lover, Mrs. Brown-Potter Hero. "The leading characters were thankless, the secondary ones barren indeed of opportunities." And so after a very brief run this play disappeared from the stage.

In his Prologue Stapylton complains that the story Musæus sang was frequently parodied in his day, and above all had become a favourite show for fantoccini:

For Love and Honour (The arms of former Ages)  
Are turn'd into Burlesque on modern Stages:  
Where a Jack-Pudding acts great *Alexander*,  
And Puppets play mock *Hero and Leander*.

And perhaps the legend of Hero and Leander as the subject for a burlesque poem was suggested to Wycherley by the puppet-play Ben Jonson introduces into the fifth act of *Bartholomew Fair* under the sounding mock-title "The Ancient Modern History of Hero and Leander, otherwise called the Touchstone of true Love, with as true a trial of Friendship between Damon and Pythias, two faithful friends o' the Bankside." The motion, which is very coarse but very amusing, in some details closely resembles Wycherley's verses, and he must, I think, have had it in mind. It seems probable that he also knew Scarron's parody of the story in the *Ode burlesque à Fouquet*, Paris, de Sommeville, 1656, entitled *Léandre et Héro, ode burlesque*. In English there is also *The Loves of Hero and Leander*, a mock poem, which was very popular, as is shown by the many editions: 8vo, 1651; 8vo, 1653; 12mo, 1662; 12mo, 1677; 12mo, 1705. But I cannot find that it is of any value. The two lovers were the subject of a chap-book which was often reprinted in the eighteenth and even early in the nineteenth century. They were also sung in many famous ballads, sonnets, and other forms of ephemeral verse.

About the fourth decade of the seventeenth century Burlesque verses had been introduced at Paris, and before a few years this extravagance dominated literature to an almost incredible extent. It has not, I think, before been noticed that Burlesque verses are the direct descendant of the Maccaronic poets of Italy, Tisi Odassi of Padua, Fossa of Cremona, Giorgio Alione, and above all the Benedictine Girolamo Folengo. It is true that Maccaronic poetry, which owes its origin to the mediæval *Carmina Burana* and the Goliardi, employs a strange and novel admixture of language of which the Travestie knows nothing, but the matter and method of both are identical, the Maccaronic jargon being to some extent represented by gutter slang. Both Maccaronic poetry and Burlesque degraded heroic themes and aped Vergilian phrase



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whilst bespattering their subjects with folly and filth, experiments in which the English writers proved themselves far more adept than the French. Their inspiration was drawn from slums and stews, their Muses were Cloacina and Nigrina black. Folengo, indeed, coarsely repudiated the Nine, and cried:

Jam nec Melpomene, Clio, nec magna Thalia,  
nec Phoebus grattando Iyram mihi carmina dictet.

For his are *grossae Camoenae*

Et me grossiloquum uatem statuere sorores.

At Paris the buffoonery of burlesque verse was probably first exploited by Marc-Antoine Gerard, Sieur de Saint-Amant, who was born at Rouen in 1594 and died at Paris 29 December, 1661. Upon the foundation of the French Academy he was elected a member, and to him was entrusted the compilation of that portion of the Dictionary which was to contain *les termes grotesques de la langue*. His burlesque poem *Rome ridicule* (Second edition, 4to, 1643) appeared anonymously, and the bookseller was severely censured. After a visit to England he published a *caprice héroï-comique Albion*, and many other of his lighter verses, *la Crevaille*, *les Goinfres*, *le Poëtecrotté*, *le Fromage*, this last highly reminiscent of Italian *capitoli*, acquired great notoriety. In his later life when he dwelt retired he expressed humblest contrition for the scandal he had given, for these poems reached an unexampled license, and one writer, whose name and work are best devoted to oblivion, even had the indecency to take the Crucifixion as the subject of his verses.

In England the mock-heroic poem or travestie was firmly established by Butler's famous *Hudibras*, the first part of which was published in 1663, the second part in 1664, whilst the third part did not appear until 1678. This extraordinarily witty and ablest of satires was greeted with the warmest enthusiasm, and indeed its merits deserved no less. Butler is, of course, in a minor degree indebted to many sources which there is neither occasion nor leisure here to investigate in full. Although he has no small portion of the vigour of Francesco Berni, that "primo e vero trovatore, Maestro e padre del burlesco stile" as Il Lasca not unjustly calls him, whilst the octosyllabic lines of *Hudibras* swing with a quick rhythm and caustic cadences astonishingly like the metrical scheme which informs the *terza rima* of the Italian poet, it may seem improbable that Butler had ever closely studied the fluent and witty *Capitoli*. Yet not infrequently Berni's thumb-nail sketches of individuals have an extraordinary resemblance to the personages of the later satire. There is the housekeeper, a beldame possessed of all the eld of viragos in ancient chivalric romance:

Io ho per cameriera mia l'Ancroja  
Madre di Ferraù, zia di Morgante,  
Arcavola maggior dell' Amostante,  
Balìa del Turco e suocera del Boja.

This is Trulla to the life. Hudibras upon his horse is Alcionio upon his mule:

Quella che per soperchio digiunare  
Tra l'anime celesti benedette  
Come un corpo diafano traspare.



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Even the old rascal's beard—a hit at Philip Nye's thanksgiving beard—which is so elaborately described, has its prototype in the beard of Domenico d'Ancona. This was shorn by a rude barber, and the memory thereof awakens tenderest sympathy:

Or hai dato, barbier, l'ultimo crollo  
Ad una barba la più singolare  
Che mai fosse descritta in verso o'n prosa.

Butler probably knew Barclay's *Ship of Fools*, translated from Sebastian Brant's *Narrenschiff*. With *Moriae Encomium* he was assuredly acquainted, and the *Adagia* furnished him with more than one apt allusion and learned illustration. He was an ardent lover of Rabelais, whose influence is strongly marked both in thought and phrase; and it is not difficult to trace Skelton's sturdy vigour and swing. But, as regards style, Butler's chief model was Scarron, whose *Virgile travesti* had been published only ten years before. Scarron, indeed, is expressly mentioned by Butler in a note upon Vickars, an absurd republican poetaster, who "translated *Virgils Æneids* into as horrible a Travesty in earnest as the French *Scarron* did in Burlesque." Vergil is even parodied in *Hudibras*. Trulla is described (Part I, Canto 3) as:

light of foot . . .  
But not so light as to be borne  
Upon the Ears of standing Corn,  
Or trip it o'er the Water quicker  
Than Witches, when their Staves they Liquor.

This is in mocking imitation of the *Æneid*, VII, 808-11:

Illa uel intactae segetis per summa uolaret  
gramina nec teneras cursu laesisset aristas,  
uel mare per medium fluctu suspensa tument  
ferret iter celeres neque tingent aequore plantas.

So when Trulla leads away Bruin the bear and conducts

The Warrior to a grassy Bed,  
As Authors write, in a cool shade  
Which Eglantine and Roses made,  
Close by a softly murm'ring Stream,  
Where lovers us'd to loll and dream,

we remember the bower where Venus leaves the sleeping Ascanius

Idaliae lucos, ubi mollis amaracus illum  
floribus et dulci aspirans complectitur umbra.

Again, the description of Fame (Part II, Canto 1), who informs the Widow that *Hudibras* is set in the stocks, is ludicrously copied from the Fourth Book of the *Æneid*. Even Vergilian metrical effects are imitated, as in the following aposiopesis:

Which now thou shalt—but first our care  
Must see how *Hudibras* doth fare.

This is suggested by *Æneid*, I, 135:

quos ego—sed motos praestat componere fluctus.

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Scarcely less popular than *Hudibras* was Charles Cotton's *Scarronides*, a ribald burlesque of the First Book of the *Æneid*, published in 1664, which he followed up in the following year with a similar version of the Fourth Book. It is truly astonishing to realize that not only was this doggerel obscenity in its fourteenth edition in 1743, but that it was still being reprinted in the earlier decades of the nineteenth century. It may be conceded that passages of Cotton's *The Scoffer Scoff'd*, an extravagant reproduction of six-and-twenty of Lucien's *Dialogues*, which often accompanies the *Scarronides*, are cleverly turned and not unamusing, but it is intolerable to think of "the stateliest measure ever moulded by the lips of man" transmogrified to this dirty sooterkin.

Other burlesques were James Scudmore's *Homer à la Mode*, 1664; R. Monsey's *Scarronides*, 1665; John Phillips' *Typhon*, 1665; and *Maronides* (a parody of the Fifth *Æneid*), 1672; *Ovidius Exalans, or Ovid Travestie*, 1673; and best of all, perhaps, Alexander Radcliffe's vivacious *Ovid Travestie*, a burlesque upon Ovid's *Epistles*. Their name in truth was legion.

Truly in these vulgar poems, as Crowne said, "a Hero and Heroine talk like Higlors or Costardmongers," whilst Dryden with his usual infallible acumen summed up the whole situation by tartly remarking that Parnassus spoke the cant of Billingsgate.

It must not be supposed that Wycherley's poem *bouffe* is in any way a parody of Marlowe, nor yet indeed of Musæus. He has merely taken a story which, however beautiful in the original, had already more than once been ignobly caricatured, and he has treated it in the spirit of fashionable burlesque. To those who have little acquaintance with Maccaronic verses and travesties *Hero and Leander in Burlesque* may come as something of a shock, but those who have read Folengo and Scarron, Cotton and Alexander Radcliffe, will be the better able to appreciate Wycherley's jest. Setting aside the question of taste which is impertinent, for the permissibility of the genre is a postulate, it must then be acknowledged that these verses are often amusing, and certainly not destitute of vigour and vitality.

But it was not by his pasquinade, however racy and modish, that Wycherley attracted the full attention of the Town. Yet he was not long to wait for complete success. In the autumn of 1671, possibly early in October, his first play, *Love in a Wood; or, St. James's Park*, was produced at the Theatre Royal, Bridges Street, the house which theatrical historians are, for convenience' sake, accustomed to term Drury Lane. It may perhaps be worth noting that Giles Jacob published a silly little farce, *Love in a Wood; or, The Country Squire* (12mo, 1714). It has nothing in common with the earlier play. This excellent comedy was interpreted by a brilliant cast, which included the two leading actors of the day: Charles Hart, who played the important rôle of Ranger,<sup>1</sup> the hot-headed, full-blooded, free-and-easy young gallant, a blade with no inconsiderable stock of impudence and an equal share of wit;<sup>2</sup> and Michael Mohun, who created the no less difficult part of Dapperwit, the pert second-hand beau, an officious fopling, his head as empty as his pocket, his mouth ever crammed with similes which he clacks out so fast that he will almost rather lose his mistress

<sup>1</sup> Ranger, a spark very similar to Wycherley's hero, appears in *The Suspicious Husband*. This part was created by Garrick.

<sup>2</sup> "Hart generally shone in the gay gentleman, such as Dorimant and Loveless in Sir Fopling Flutter and the Scornful Lady." Davies, *Dramatic Miscellanies*, III, 262. But it should be observed that the original Dorimant was Betterton (Downes).

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than fail to vent 'em. The jealous Valentine found, no doubt, an admirable exponent in Edward Kynaston, who some four years later achieved a triumph as the haughty Morat in *Aureng-Zebe*. "He had a piercing eye," says Cibber, "and in characters of heroic life a quick imperious vivacity in his tone of voice that painted the tyrant truly terrible. There were two plays of Dryden in which he shone with uncommon lustre: in 'Aureng-Zebe' he played *Morat*, and in 'Don Sebastian,' Muley Moloch; in both these parts he had a fierce lion-like majesty in his part and utterance that gave the spectator a kind of trembling admiration." At the time of the production of *Love in a Wood* he had scarcely reached the maturity of that beauty which when he was a mere boy a decade before, appearing in petticoats as Olympia in *The Loyal Subject*, had made Pepys—no mean judge—enthusiastically acclaim him "the loveliest lady that ever I saw in my life." The representative of Vincent was Dick Bell, a rising young actor of much merit, who unhappily lost his life in the disastrous fire which broke out between seven and eight o'clock on Thursday evening, 25 January, 1671-2, burning down the Theatre Royal and doing terrible damage in Russell Street and Vinegar Yard. Sir Simon Addleplot, a part which in the hands of an experienced comedian could be made exquisitely funny, was safe with William Wintershall, famous for Slender and Sir Amorous La Foole, whilst, as Downes tells us, he so excelled "in *Cokes* in Bartholomew Fair that the famous Comedian Nokes came in that part far short of him." Old Alderman Gripe, a portrait evidently drawn from the life and enriched with a thousand telling touches close observation alone could have supplied, fell to John Lacy, "whose Abilities in Action were sufficiently known to all that frequented the King's Theatre, where he was for many years an Actor, and perform'd all Parts that he undertook to a miracle; insomuch that I am apt to believe that as *this* Age never had, so the *next* never will have his *Equal*, at least not his *Superiour*. He was so well approv'd of by King *Charles* the Second, an undeniable Judge in Dramatick Arts, that he caus'd his Picture to be drawn, in three several Figures in the same Table, *viz.* that of *Teague* in the *Committee*, Mr. *Scruple* in *The Cheats*, and *M. Galliard* in *The Variety*."<sup>1</sup> Lacy was selected by the Duke of Buckingham to create Bayes in *The Rehearsal*,<sup>2</sup> in which rôle he won universal applause. He was also very great in Jonson, as Captain Otter, Sir Politique, and Ananias, whilst when he played Sir Roger in *The Scornful Lady* to Mrs. Corey's Abigail the theatre fairly rocked with laughter, and even the critics swore that comedy could no further go. Lacy was an author too. He turned *Le Médecin Malgré Lui* into a five-act farce, *The Dumb Lady*; or, *The Farrier Made Physician*, an amusing, if extravagant, piece of work. The dialogue is at times a little rough, maybe, but it is full of fun and the scenes rattle away merrily. *The Old Troop*; or, *Monsieur Raggou*, was produced at the Theatre Royal on Friday, 31 July, 1668, "the King and Court all there, and mighty merry—a farce," says Pepys. This droll piece deservedly held the stage for half a century. The principal characters are Royalist officers and privates in a troop of horse at the time of the Great Rebellion, and it is remarkable that the dramatist has

<sup>1</sup> Langbaine. The picture is by Michael Wright. Cf. Evelyn, 3 October, 1662: "Visited Mr. Wright, a Scotchman, who had lived long in Rome, and was esteemed a good painter . . . his best [picture], in my opinion, is Lacy, the famous Roscius or comedian, whom he has painted in three dresses, as a gallant, a Presbyterian minister, and a Scotch highlander in his plaid. It is in his Majesty's dining-room at Windsor."

<sup>2</sup> Produced 7 December, 1671.



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not spared the cavaliers who are represented as plundering the country-folk without mercy. But during the Civil Wars Lacy had procured a commission as lieutenant and quartermaster under Colonel Lord Gerrard, afterwards Earl of Macclesfield, so no doubt these scenes are drawn from the stark reality of actual experience. The Roundheads are agreeably scarified, and there is a very funny episode of Captain Tubtext and the two holy sisters, one of whom naïvely observes: "I am overjoyed to hear that religious lambs may play, and yet not sin." That these are portraits from the life hardly admits of doubt. *Sauny the Scot; or, The Taming of the Shrew*, is an adaptation from Shakespeare's play with some intermingling of *The Tamer Tamed* in the last act, which deviates upon lines of its own. The scene is laid in London and the dialogue is prose throughout. The chief reason for this version seems to be the new character Sauny, Petruchio's Scotch Footman, performed by Lacy himself, and afterwards a favourite rôle with the celebrated low comedian Bullock. *Sir Hercules Buffoon; or, The Poetical Squire*, was produced in the theatre and published (quarto, 1684) after the author's death. It is a brisk, lively piece, well calculated to entertain an audience. "I know not," says Langbaine, "how this Play succeeded on the Theatre, but I am confident had the Author been alive to have grac'd it with *his* Action it could not have fail'd of Applause."

My Lady Flippan, the chief female rôle in *Love in a Wood*, was acted by that "merry jade" Mrs. Mary Knepp, to whom there are very many references in Pepys' Diary and very few elsewhere. "Pretty enough," Pepys calls her, "but the most excellent, mad-humoured thing, and sings the noblest that ever I heard in my life." No doubt it was owing to her sweet voice that Wycherley introduced the song "A spouse I do hate" in Act I. She was married to a morose and angry husband, "an ill, melancholy, jealous-looking fellow," and the mother of at least one child, a boy, born in June, 1666. From the large variety of important parts she played it is certain that Mrs. Knepp must have been exceptionally talented; Tom Killigrew, indeed, told Pepys "That Knipp is like to make the best actor that ever come upon the stage, she understanding so well: that they are going to give her £30 a-year more." Downes mentions her amongst our earliest professional actresses, and her name constantly occurs in printed casts until 1678. The last piece in which she appeared is seemingly D'Urfey's *Trick for Trick; or, The Debauch'd Hypocrite*, a free adaptation from *Monsieur Thomas*, produced at Drury Lane early (possibly February) in 1677-8, when she acted Mrs. Dorothy to the Monsieur Thomas of Hart and the Cellida of Mrs. Boutell. Of her subsequent history nothing is known.

Mrs. Corey, who appeared as Mrs. Joyner, the pursy old puritan procuress, was an actress of broad comic powers. She probably made her début at Vere Street as early as December, 1660, and in her two-and-thirty long years of stage life she filled a vast number of parts. From the very outset she attained a high reputation, and in her own line, "old women," she was regarded as simply unapproachable. Pepys especially praises her performance in *The Scornful Lady*, which he saw on Thursday, 27 December, 1666, "Doll Common doing Abigail most excellently." The name Doll Common was given to Mrs. Corey owing to her superlative acting of that character in *The Alchemist*. On Friday, 18 December, 1668, the Theatre Royal gave a sumptuous and long-delayed revival of Jonson's *Catiline*, with Hart in the title-rôle; Mohun, Cethegus, a part he made peculiarly his own; Burt, Cicero; and Mrs. Corey, Sempronia. Kynaston, Beeston, Wintershall, Cartwright, Reeves, Gradwell, and Dick Bell were

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also in the cast. In this production, which had been urged on Killigrew by Buckingham and Dorset, two ardent Jonsonians, the King himself was keenly interested and gave the theatre no less than five hundred pounds for new costumes. The Town talked long and loudly of the number of men-hirelings (as supers were picturesquely called); of the sixteen scarlet robes to be worn in the Senate scene, which was particularly fine and magnificent; of the battle entailing all the resources of the stage. As a *bonne-bouche* this ultra-classical tragedy was ushered in with a prologue "merrily spoken by Mrs. Nell in an *Amazonian* habit," and wound up with a saucy epilogue archly delivered by the same fair favourite of the theatre. Such attractions thronged the house. Scenting a fit opportunity for malice or revenge, Lady Castlemaine, who always evinced a marked partiality for the King's company, and had not disdained to make use of the kindly services of Becky Marshall in her intrigues with handsome Charles Hart, sent for Mrs. Corey and gave her certain private instructions. At the next performance the actress all through her part cleverly mimicked to the life the oddities of the notorious Lady Harvey, most whimsical of fantasists, whilst the audience fairly rocked with uncontrollable laughter. The cause of the quarrel between this "very witty and intriguing wench," as James II once dubbed her, and the imperious mistress is unknown. Elizabeth Montagu had married Sir Daniel Harvey (who was appointed ambassador to Constantinople in 1668) some years previously. The dispute may have arisen in the summer of 1667, at the time Sir Daniel was lodging Lady Castlemaine at his house in Covent Garden on the occasion of her having flounced out of Whitehall, when the King not over-delicately alluded to her amour with "the invincible" Harry Jermyn. But if Barbara Villiers could revenge in kind, Elizabeth Harvey could resent. Without delay the angry dame passionately appealed to Edward Montagu, Earl of Manchester, the then Lord Chamberlain, "a sweet meek man," who at the vehement upbraidings of his kinswoman forthwith imprisoned the insolent actress. Mrs. Corey's detention, however, was but of the briefest duration, for she was immediately released by express order of the King at the instigation, or rather command, of his all-powerful mistress. Nay more, instructions were sent her "to act it again, worse than ever," when Charles himself was present in the royal box. Maddened at so gross an affront, Lady Harvey for her part on the same day set stalwart hooligans in various parts of the galleries to hiss furiously and pelt the stage with a shower of oranges and rotten fruit. An indescribable Pandemonium ensued that led to very real and serious troubles "even to the sober engaging of great persons." Both King and court were deeply involved, but supported by Lady Castlemaine, who at that juncture was "in a higher command over the King than ever—not as a mistress, for she scorns him, but as a tyrant, to command him," the actress triumphed. Mrs. Corey excelled in Jonson, especially as Mrs. Otter and Fine Madame Would-Bee to the Captain Otter and Sir Politique of Lacy. Amongst Mrs. Corey's many original parts were Mrs. Whitebroth in Wilson's notable comedy *The Cheats*, Vere Street, March, 1662-3; Melissa, *Secret Love*, Theatre Royal, 2 March, 1667; the English Woman in Dryden's topical and telling drama *Amboyna*, Lincoln's Inn Fields, the spring of 1673; Lucy, *The Country-Wife*, Drury Lane, January, 1674-5; Widow Blackacre, *The Plain-Dealer*, Drury Lane, December, 1676; Sysigambis, *The Rival Queens*, Drury Lane, March, 1676-7; Octavia, *All for Love*, Drury Lane, December, 1677; Begona, the Queen-Mother, in Southerne's first play, an excellent piece of work, *The Loyal Brother*, aptly written in compliment to the Duke of York, and produced at Drury Lane in



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the early spring of 1682; Dame Dobson, the title-rôle of Ravenscroft's "recantation play" *Dame Dobson ; or, The Cunning Woman*, produced at Drury Lane in the early autumn of 1683, and being little more than an English version of the great French success *La Devineresse ; ou les faux Enchantements* (sometimes known as *Madame Jobin*), a capital comedy by Thomas Corneille and Jean Donneau de Vise, originally acted in 1679; Ruth, a precise old duenna, in *The Squire of Alsatia*, produced at Drury Lane, May, 1688; Mrs. Crowstick, teacher to the Boarding-School, in D'Urfey's excellent *Love for Money ; or, The Boarding-School*, produced in December, 1689, at Drury Lane; Bromia, *Amphitryon*, Drury Lane, October, 1690; Mrs. Teazall, *The Wives' Excuse*, Drury Lane, December, 1691; Lady Bumfiddle, "A Prating, Matchmaking, Eating, Impertinent Creature visiting everyone for the sake of a good Dinner, and always teizing 'em with fulsome stories of the Intrigues about the Town," a very modern type in D'Urfey's first-rate comedy *The Marriage-Hater Match'd*, produced at Drury Lane in January, 1691-2, and acted six consecutive nights to crowded houses. Mrs. Corey's last appearance seems to have been as the Abbess of Cheston in a revival at Drury Lane, 1692, of *The Merry Devil of Edmonton*, that "dear little drama," as it has been called, a play full of love, romantic friendship, and sympathy, truly tender and sweet, whose scenes are fresh and pure as the country-side and the fragrant dawn of which they treat. Betterton acted Sir Ralph Jerningham; Mountfort, Raymond Mounchensey; Nokes, Sir John; Leigh, the Host; Kynaston, the warlock Fabel; Mrs. Leigh, Lady Clare; and Mrs. Bracegirdle, Millicent.

Of the two ladies who played the more serious parts, Mrs. Betty Cox, Lydia, was celebrated for romantic heroines such as Palmyra, *Marriage à-la-Mode*; Panthea, *A King and No King*; Indamora, *Aureng-Zebe*; Octavia, which she acted to the Nero of Hart, in *The Tragedy of Nero, Emperour of Rome*; Sophonisba with Hart as King Massinissa and Mohun Hannibal in *Sophonisba ; or, Hannibal's Overthrow*. An exquisite Desdemona to the Othello of Hart and Iago of Mohun, in comedy she created several considerable rôles, including Violetta in *The Assignment*, and Constantia in *The Amorous Old-Woman*.

Yet far above this fascinating figure stands Mrs. Boutell, Wycherley's Christina, of whom it would be almost safe to say that there were few pieces of importance produced by Killigrew's company in which she had not a leading part. Even a decade after the Union, when her name does not so frequently occur and she began to resign some rôles to Mrs. Bracegirdle, the latter with all her wealth of charm could not persuade the Town to forget their lovely "chestnut-maned" Boutell. Amongst her many rôles in comedy, a province in which the critics voted her superb, were Estifania, *Rule a Wife and Have a Wife*; Lilia-Bianca, *The Wild-Goose Chase*; Donna Theodosia, *An Evening's Love*; Mrs. Pinchwife, *The Country-Wife*; Fidelia, *The Plain-Dealer*; and above all Melantha in *Marriage à-la-Mode*, a supreme creation, the memory of which was long handed down by theatrical tradition. Perhaps the most brilliant pages of Colley Cibber's famous *Apology* are those which give a critical analysis of the part of Melantha as played by Susanna Mountfort, the successor of Mrs. Boutell in this part. And yet even the Mountfort, who in *The Comparison of the Two Stages* is frankly declared "a miracle," and beside whom Anne Oldfield and the beautiful Mrs. Rogers were but faint rushlights of Thalia, could not approach the excellence of Mrs. Boutell.



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What *Boutell*, under th' author's eye, exprest,  
What from her lips fantastic *Montfort* caught,  
And almost mov'd the thing y<sup>e</sup> poet thought.

In tragedy Mrs. Boutell was, if possible, even more admired than in her lighter scenes. Her Aspatia in *The Maid's Tragedy* was deemed incomparable, a picture of perfect pathos and sweetest sincerity. She was the original Benzayda in *The Conquest of Granada*; Cyara, the mistress of Britannicus, in *Nero*; Rosalinda in *Sophonisba*; Clarona in *The Destruction of Jerusalem*; Semandra in *Mithridates*; and the amorous Cleopatra in Dryden's great and splendid tragedy *All for Love*; or, *The World well Lost*, which, it is interesting to note, his contemporaries also knew as *Anthony and Cleopatra*. The rôle, however, which won her overwhelming applause was Statira in *The Rival Queens*; or, *The Death of Alexander the Great*, which she played to the Alexander of Hart and the Roxana of the glowing Mrs. Marshall.

In connexion with this drama Curll's *History of the Stage* has a celebrated anecdote. "Once at the acting the last scene of this Play Mrs. Barry wounded Mrs. *Boutel* (who first played the Part of *Statira*), the occasion of which I shall here relate. It happened these Two Persons before they had appeared to the Audience, unfortunately had some Dispute about a *Veil* which Mrs. *Boutel* by the Partiality of the Property-Man obtained; this offending the haughty *Roxana*, they had warm Disputes behind the Scenes, which spirited the Rivals with such a natural Resentment to each other, they were so violent in performing their Parts, and acted with such Vivacity, that *Statira*, on hearing the King was nigh, *begs the Gods to help her for that Moment*; on which *Roxana*, hastening the designed Blow, struck with such Force, that tho' the Point of the Dagger was blunted, it made way through Mrs. *Boutel's* stayes, and entered about a Quarter of an Inch in the Flesh. This Accident made a great Bustle in the House, and alarmed the Town; many different Stories were told; some affirmed Mrs. Barry was jealous of Mrs. *Boutel* and Lord *Rochester*, which made them suppose she did it with Design to destroy her; but by all that could be discovered on the strictest Examination of both Parties, it was only the *Veil* these two Ladies contended for, and Mrs. Barry being warm with Anger, in her Part she struck the Dagger with less caution than at other times."<sup>1</sup> The satires of the day speak in broad terms of Mrs. Boutell's amours, many and free, and there is little doubt that the *Veil* was a pretext, and jealousy of some admirer lured from her mercenary toils nerved Mrs. Barry's arm. Dr. Doran repeats—I do not know upon what authority—a precisely similar story with reference to Peg Woffington (*Roxana*) and George Ann Bellamy (*Statira*). The latter lady had obtained a spangled sacque from Paris, clad in which she counted upon eclipsing her rival, who, however, at the cue

Nor he, nor Heav'n shall shield thee from my justice,  
Die, sorc'ress, die, and all my wrongs die with thee,<sup>2</sup>

rolled the unfortunate Statira over and over on the green carpet, tearing her silks

<sup>1</sup> The great tragedienne Mrs. Crawford once whilst acting Euphrasia in *The Grecian Daughter* was so carried away by her feelings that when she stabbed the tyrant Dionysius, Palmer, who played this rôle, declared he felt the effects of her blow some months after.

<sup>2</sup> These two lines are not Lee's but a late interpolation of the prompt-books. Few dramas have been so mutilated and wantonly rearranged as *The Rival Queens*.

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and lace, and unmercifully pommelling her with the handle of the property dagger. This second incident sounds suspicious, and I cannot help thinking that Dr. Doran drew upon some mid-eighteenth century gossip, and that it is in fact but the original story brought up-to-date and well spiced for contemporaries by the names being altered to those of prominent actresses of the day.

With so brilliant a cast *Love in a Wood* could scarcely have failed of success. It is, indeed, an excellent comedy, and although it may be objected that there is no very close inter-relation between the two themes, the jealous love of Valentine for Christina and the business of the Gripe *ménage*, yet Lady Flippant, the ubiquitous Ranger, Dapperwit, and Sir Simon with their clandestine intrigues and cross purposes, their visits to Pepper Alley and midnight rambles in the park, their mistakes and misadventures, afford quite sufficient connexion, nor in the conduct of his neatly-balanced scenes does Wycherley give any one episode more importance than another. The characters are all well drawn and clearly individualized. The folly of Dapperwit is not the same as the folly of Sir Simon Addleplot; Mrs. Joyner and Mrs. Crossbite, the two old harridans, are separate and distinct; they are no mere lay figures; Crossbite, lean, sour, hatchet-faced, and sharp-tongued, is apparently the bolder and more brazen of the two. Joyner, fat, palsy, vast-bosomed and double-chinned, is hypocritically obsequious and smooth as oil, but in truth no whit the less grasping and dangerous. The two minxes, again, Lucy and Mrs. Martha, have much in common. They are both saucy and shameless; both impudently affect innocence and simplicity; they are both whores. And yet each one has her own individual characteristics: her mode of speech, her style, and diversely cunning address.

The more serious intrigue of the play, the nice honour of Valentine, the tender passion of Christina, who cloisters herself during his absence and dreams only of him, designing to cross to France to wed him and live there a happy exile, although she is a great heiress and he has not a groat, the common-sense friendliness of Vincent, the idle escapade of Lydia, to whom Christina is so romantically true in spite of her lover's suspicion and angry reproach, all this seems to me unmistakably to point to a Spanish original. In the theatre of Tirso de Molina, Guillén de Castro, Ruiz de Alarcón, Zorilla, Moreto, and a score beside, we meet with exactly the same refined emotions, the conflicts of love and loyalty, the hot jealousies and generous sentiment ready to sacrifice all in circumstances of agonizing difficulty rather than betray a trust. It is a world of ceremonious courtesies, yet pervaded by real simplicity of feeling, shown by devoted friendships and by passionate adoration of the beloved. To us it may seem fantastically exaggerated, to many modern minds it is frankly absurd, but surely it is to be wished that even in these latter days there were left somewhere something of that knightly dignity and chivalry of soul which sped Don Quixote upon his Rozinante over the plains of La Mancha, and gave us the ideal of a very noble Christian gentleman.

It may not be too minor a detail to point to the names of the two typical *criadas* in *Love and a Wood*, Isabel and Leonore. Wycherley was, we know, a Spanish scholar, and for my part I expect any day to meet Valentine and Vincent as Don César and Don Juan, Christina and Lydia as Angela and Beatriz in some Castilian *comedia de capa y espada*, although I do not think I have as yet read the exact original, which, no doubt, exists among the thirty thousand plays computed to have been produced between 1590, when Lope de Vega began his career at Madrid, and 1681, when Calderon died there.



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The central situation in Mrs. Centlivre's long-lived comedy<sup>1</sup> *The Wonder : a woman keeps a secret*, produced at Drury Lane, 27 April, 1714, was certainly derived from *Love in a Wood*. Faithful to her promise, Donna Violante upon principle endures bitter shame, and even insults, from her jealous lover Don Felix, although she has confutation always in her power, and she is continually under the strongest provocation to resort to it. Felix has seriously wounded Antonio in a duel and is obliged to lie concealed. His sister Isabella, to avoid a marriage with old Don Guzman into which her father wishes to force her, escapes by her balcony, and swooning at the peril of such an undertaking, falls into the arms of Colonel Briton, who carries her to the first house near, of which the door is open, and this proves to be Violante's. Here Isabella is hidden awhile, and the Colonel shortly presents himself, giving a signal at the window. Felix, who is secretly visiting his mistress, hears the tap and instantly conceives violent suspicions to which various seemingly mysterious events lend sufficient colour.<sup>2</sup>

The theme of the duel, and the lover who is in consequence perforce banished the sight of his mistress, but who returns privily and at risk of his life to see her, is very common in the Spanish theatre. So at the commencement of Calderon's *El Escondido y la Tapada* we have Don César, a *caballero*, who has fled to Portugal, having killed in the *Parque* Don Alonso, his rival for the affections of a young lady named Celia, and who arrives with his servant in the outskirts of Madrid, called back to the capital by a letter of Celia's, who, in the absence of her brother, Don Félix, offers to conceal her lover in her house whilst he is purchasing his pardon. Don César is careful to inform us that he killed his man in fair fight (*cara à cara*), and that he did not assassinate him (*à estocadas*); and so long as this was the case he seems to have felt very little compunction or remorse. It was merely a *trance funesto*, a regrettable incident, more particularly as involving disagreeable consequences, but still quite a gentlemanly, in fact the only gentlemanly, act.

If, however, Valentine and Christina are native Madrileños, Alderman Gripe, his sister and daughter, his clerk and Mrs. Joyner, are English of the English. The delineation of Gripe's household is exquisitely happy, and these scenes of rich comedy give ample promise of a masterpiece to come. The characters are exactly true to life, and they are presented to us as the ripe fruit of that keen observation which is the hall-mark of a great dramatist. We know that there were in London a considerable number of precisian old citizens, men well leavened with the parliamentary hypocrisy, seemingly very religious and severe, but in reality under the rose leading lives of the greatest licentiousness. A few years later the Gripes of Aldgate and Cheapside swelled the ranks of the factious Whigs and set up as their idol the unspeakable Titus Oates.

<sup>1</sup> It continued to be played with applause until the middle of the nineteenth century.

<sup>2</sup> The scene of *The Wonder : a woman keeps a secret* is Lisbon. Wilks acted Don Felix ; Mills, Colonel Briton ; Mrs. Oldfield, Donna Violante ; Mrs. Santlow, Donna Isabella. Mrs. Centlivre may have known *El Escondido y la Tapada*. In the preface to *The Perplex'd Lovers*, 4to, 1712, she candidly avows her indebtedness to a Spanish original for the business of her comedy. *The Wonder* owes something to Ravenscroft's *The Wrangling Lovers ; or, The Invisible Mistress*, produced at Dorset Garden in 1676. "This play," Langbaine asserts, "is founded upon a Spanish Romance in 8° translated and called *Deceptio visus*, or, *Seeing and Believing are two things*. Th. Corneille has a Play writ on the same subject, called *Les Engagements du Hazard*."



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Old Gripe is fittingly served by Mrs. Joyner the sanctified bawd, who also plies her trade on the behalf of his sister, the man-hunting widow "of most hot exercise, more than a partrich."

The excellent construction of the play, an extremely rare quality in a first piece, should be carefully noted. Interest is awakened with the opening sentences at the very rise of the curtain, and the plot is developed with the greatest ease and naturalness throughout. The various threads are deftly interwoven, and although, as has been noticed above, superficially it may be supposed that the connexion between the jealousy of Valentine and the Gripe episodes is somewhat slender, a careful examination will show the care and finished art with which Wycherley has planned his succession of scenes and arranged his material. The wit of the dialogue is exceedingly pleasant and in every case agreeable to each character. Lively repartee and sharp satirical reflexions are scattered pell-mell with a bounteous hand, but in no instance has Wycherley merely interrupted his design and suspended his action to entertain an audience with a brilliant shower of dazzling bon-mots. His coxcombs and fools talk according to their folly—only they are such pure fools! And to be able thus to entertain us with the idle chatter of jays and witlings is evidence of no mean powers.

It has been loosely suggested by some occasional writers<sup>1</sup> that *Love in a Wood* is to a considerable extent conveyed from Sir Charles Sedley's *The Mulberry-Garden*, produced on Monday, 18 May, at the Theatre Royal in Bridges Street, but it is difficult to conceive upon what such a notion is based, inasmuch as the two plays widely differ from one another in every circumstance of their plan and detail. Although *The Mulberry-Garden* contains some good things it is not on the whole a very interesting comedy, which is, perhaps, in some measure due to the fact that there are two entirely distinct sets of scenes. Of these one is composed in rhyming verse, and to it belong the characters of Horatio, Philander and Diana, Eugenio and Althea. The other portion introduces Ned Estridge, Jack Wildish, and Harry Modish, quite another type of nomenclature and individual. No doubt Sedley had in mind Etherege's *The Comical Revenge*; or, *Love in a Tub*, where in similar fashion we meet with scenes written in heroic couplets, exotic and high-flown, intercalated with which are a number of low-comedy episodes, full of jest and swift fun, that merrily rantipole along in terse witty prose. But the demarcation between Lord Beauford,<sup>2</sup> Colonel Bruce, Graciana, Aurelia, and Sir Nicholas Cully, Sir Frederick Frolick, Dufoy, the Widow, is by no means so sharp as the obvious separation between the two parts of *The Mulberry-Garden*. Unless there is some confusion between the two names *St. James Park* and *The Mulberry-Garden*, both well-known pleasure gardens of public resort in the days of Charles II, I confess myself completely unable to find, upon a comparison of the two comedies, any points which even remotely resemble one another between the work of Sedley and the work of the greater dramatist.

The success of *Love in a Wood* at once secured Wycherley that prominent place, which he may be said never to have lost, among the highest literary and social

<sup>1</sup> Particularly Dr. Johannes Klette, *William Wycherley's Leben und dramatische Werke*. Münster, 1883. An incredibly foolish olio. Klette even derives some scenes of *Love in a Wood* from *L'École des Maris* and *L'École des Femmes*.

<sup>2</sup> Lord Beauford was played by Betterton; Colonel Bruce, Smith; Graciana, Mrs. Betterton; Aurelia, Mrs. Davies; Sir Nicholas Cully, Nokes; Sir Frederick Frolick, Henry Harris; Dufoy, Price; and the Widow, Mrs. Long.

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circles of the day. "Upon the writing his first play," Dennis tells us, "which was *St. James's Park*, he became acquainted with several of the most celebrated wits both of the Court and Town." It also procured him the favours of one of the most beautiful women of his time, the mistress of King Charles and a score of lusty gallants beside, Barbara, Duchess of Cleveland.

Barbara, the only child of William, second Viscount Grandison, was born in November, 1640, and on 27 of that month her baptism is recorded in the register of S. Margaret's Church, Westminster. Lord Grandison died at Oxford towards the end of August, 1643, owing to a wound he had received at the siege of Bristol on 24 July of that year, and his daughter seems to have passed her girlhood in the country. "Being left destitute both of a father and a fortune, when she came first to London, she appear'd in a very plain country dress; but this was soon altered into the gaiety and mode of the Town, which added new lustre to that blooming beauty, of which she had as great a share as any of her sex, she became the object of divers young gentlemen's affections."<sup>1</sup> At the house of her stepfather, Charles Villiers, Earl of Anglesea, in 1656, this girl of sixteen met her first lover, Philip Stanhope, Earl of Chesterfield, and the very obscene correspondence which passed between them leaves no room to doubt that—in the phrase of an editor of his Letters—"he received the ultimate favours in the power of a female to bestow."<sup>2</sup> Her intrigue continued after her marriage with Roger Palmer, the second son of Sir James Palmer, Knight of Hayes, Middlesex, and of Dorney, Bucks, to whom she was united 14 April, 1659, at the church of S. Gregory by S. Paul's. Where and when King Charles and Mrs. Palmer first became acquainted seems uncertain, probably at the Hague in 1660, possibly at Dover, but it is an admitted fact that the night of the 29 May—the festal occasion which until 1859 was solemnly commemorated in *The Book of Common Prayer*—was passed by the monarch and Barbara together. Pepys first mentions her on Friday, 13 July, 1660: "Late writing letters; and great doings of music at the next house, which was Whalley's;<sup>3</sup> the King and Dukes there with Madame Palmer, a pretty woman that they have a fancy to, to make her husband a cuckold." Exactly nine months from the Restoration Barbara Palmer gave birth to Anne, her first child, acknowledged by her husband and by the King, but generally assigned to the Earl of Chesterfield. 11 December, 1661, the patent was issued which created Roger Palmer, Esq., Earl of Castlemaine and Baron Limerick in Ireland. Charles II married Catherine of Braganza 21 May, 1662, at Portsmouth, and not many weeks after this event Lady Castlemaine gave birth to her second child, Charles. He was born in June, and at once baptized by a priest, and a few days afterwards (18 June, 1662) again baptized by the Rector of S. Margaret's, Westminster, before an august assembly. 20 September, 1663, a second son, Henry, was born. The King for many years would not acknowledge the boy to be his, and perhaps he thought the baby might as well have been appropriated to Colonel James Hamilton or Sir Charles Berkeley, with both of whom

<sup>1</sup> Boyer, *The History of the Life and Reign of Queen Anne*, 1722.

<sup>2</sup> The whole correspondence was discovered in the library of Batt House in 1809. *The Letters of Philip, second Earl of Chesterfield*, were published in 1829, but the editor omitted some of a very indecent character, addressed "to a wanton, whose mind and propensities, of equal grossness, could receive no possible pollution from the language of his lordship's prurience." Yet the published letters justify the above statement.

<sup>3</sup> Major-General Edward Whalley, the regicide.



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the lady had been excessively familiar. A few months later Lady Castlemaine became a Catholic; "le mariage du Chevalier de Grammont," writes the French Ambassador to Louis XIV, 22 December, 1663, "et la conversion de Madame de Castlemaine se sont publiez le même jour: et le Roy d'Angleterre estant tant prié par les parents de la Dame d'apporter quelque obstacle à cette action, repondit galamment que pour l'âme des Dames il ne s'en méloit point." 5 September, 1664, was born Lady Castlemaine's fourth child, Charlotte. 28 December, 1665, at Merton College, Oxford, the lady presented the King with a fifth child, George, the future Duke of Northumberland. A year or two later began her famous intrigue with Harry Jermyn,<sup>1</sup> which is alluded to by Marvell in his *Last Instructions to a Painter about the Dutch War*, 1667, wherein he does not scruple to allege that even lackeys and menials were admitted to her bed. This was, as it were, revenge which the lady took for the King's numerous infidelities; and Bishop Burnet, describing the year 1668, says: "Finding that she had lost the King she abandoned herself to great disorders, one of which, by the artifice of the Duke of Buckingham, was discovered by the King in person, the party concerned leaping out of the window."<sup>2</sup> Since Charles was notoriously engaged with more than one actress, Barbara now cast her eyes upon an actor, and on Tuesday, 7 April, 1668, Mrs. Knepp told Pepys "mighty news, that my Lady Castlemayne is mightily in love with Hart of their house; and he is much with her in private, and she goes to him, and do give him many presents; and that the thing is most certain, and Becke Marshall only privy to it, and the means of bringing them together, which is a very odd thing; and by this means she is even with the King's love to Mrs. Davis." Although she bitterly resented the King's amours, she seems to have considered herself free to entertain what gallants she would, and lover succeeded lover. The satires of the day laugh lewdly at her connexion with Jacob Hall, the famous rope-dancer, of whom Grammont writes: "sa disposition et sa force charmoient en public: on vouloit voir ce que c'étoit en particulier: car on lui trouvoit dans son habit d'exercice toute une autre conformation, et bien d'autres jambes que celles du fortuné Germain. Le voltigeur ne trompa point les conjectures de la Castelmaine, à ce que prétendoient celles du public, et ce que publioient maints couplets de chansons, beaucoup plus à l'honneur du danseur, que de la Comtesse: mais elle se mit bien au-dessus de tous ces petits bruits, et n'en parut que plus belle." With another lover, John Ellis, she appears to have had a bitter quarrel,<sup>3</sup> the reason of which is not known, since it is hard to believe she should care for the indecorous blabbing of a quondam favourite.

In the year 1671 we may date the Duchess of Cleveland's intrigue with the famous Duke of Marlborough, at that time a handsome Page of Honour to the Duke of York, and an ensign in the Guards.

<sup>1</sup> The "invincible Jermyn"; de Grammont's "little man with a large head and small legs." A nephew of Lord S. Albans, he was afterwards Earl of Dover. He died in 1708. Mrs. Manley in the *New Atalantis* gives a very circumstantial account of this amour.

<sup>2</sup> Sedley has made use of this scandal in *Bellamira*; or, *The Mistress*, the best of his plays, produced at Drury Lane in May, 1687. The comedy is, in fact, largely a satire upon the Duchess of Cleveland. The lover in question is said to have been Jermyn.

<sup>3</sup> A contemporary lampoon says that he was by her orders reduced to the condition of Atys. John Ellis was the eldest son of the Rev. John Ellis, Rector of Waddesdon, Bucks. He accompanied as secretary, Lord Deputy, the Earl of Ossory, to Ireland in 1673, and for many years he was Under-Secretary of State in the reign of William III. He died in 1738 at the age of ninety-three.



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On 3 August, 1670, Barbara, Countess of Castlemaine, was created Baroness Nonsuch, of Nonsuch Park, Surrey, Countess of Southampton and Duchess of Cleveland in the Peerage of England: with remainder to her first and third natural sons, Charles Palmer and George Palmer. The King even then would not acknowledge Henry, her second son, and George is described in the patent as her *second* son. In the words of the patent, the titles were conferred "in consideration of her noble descent, her father's death in the service of the Crown, and by reason of her own personal virtues." Her elevation to the peerage necessitated an increase of income, and on 18 January, 1670-1, the King conferred upon his duchess the palace and park of Nonsuch and Nonsuch great park in the parishes of Cheam and Malden, co. Surrey. This munificent gift and various other emoluments enabled her to maintain a whole army of spruce gallants. Bishop Burnet, who must have known the Duchess of Cleveland, gives this character of her: "She was a woman of great beauty, but most enormously vicious and ravenous; foolish but imperious; very uneasy to the King, and always carrying on intrigues with other men, while yet she pretended she was jealous of him." Says Oldmixon:<sup>1</sup> "'Tis not a secret that she was the lewdest as well as the fairest of all King Charles's concubines."

It is not surprising that the Duchess, "passionately fond of new faces"<sup>2</sup> and strongly attracted by physical manliness and beauty, soon marked the handsome young Wycherley. She was present two days following at *Love in a Wood*, and introduced herself to the author in a highly characteristic way. The episode is best told in the words of Dennis: "The writing of that Play was likewise the occasion of his becoming acquainted with one of King Charles's Mistresses after a very particular Manner. As Mr. Wycherley was going thro' *Pall Mall* towards St. James in his Chariot, he met the foresaid Lady in hers, who, thrusting half her Body out of the Chariot, cry'd out aloud to him, 'You, Wycherley, you are a Son of a Whore,' at the same time laughing aloud and heartily. Perhaps, sir, if you never heard of this passage before, you may be surprised at so strange a greeting from one of the most beautiful and most bred Ladies in the world. Mr. Wycherley was certainly very much surprised at it, yet not so much but he soon apprehended it was spoke with allusion to the latter end of a song in the forementioned play:

When Parents are Slaves  
Their Brats cannot be any other;  
Great Wits, and great Braves,  
Have always a Punk to their Mother.

As during Mr. Wycherley's surprise the chariots drove different ways, they were soon at a considerable distance from each other, when Mr. Wycherley, recovering from surprise, ordered his coachman to drive back and to overtake the Lady. As soon as he had got over against her, he said to her, 'Madam, you have been pleased to bestow a Title on me which generally belongs to the Fortunate. Will your Ladyship be at the Play to-night?' 'Well,' she reply'd, 'what if I am there?' 'Why then I will

<sup>1</sup> *Critical History of England*, II, f. 276.

<sup>2</sup> Mrs. Manley, *The Adventures of Rivella*. This is Mrs. Manley's own history. The Duchess of Cleveland appears as Hilaria. In the *New Atalantis* she is named "the Duchess De L'inconstant," and Marlborough Count *Fortunatus*.

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be there to wait on your Ladyship, tho' I disappoint a very fine Woman who has made me an Assignment." "So," said she, "you are sure to disappoint a Woman who has favoured you for one who has not." "Yes," he reply'd, "if she who has not favoured me is the finer Woman of the two. But he who will be constant to your Ladyship till he can find a finer Woman is sure to die your Captive." The Lady blushed and bade her coachman drive away. As she was then in all her bloom and the most celebrated Beauty that was then in *England*, or perhaps that has been in *England* since, she was touched with the gallantry of that compliment. In short, she was that Night in the first Row of the King's Box in Drury Lane,<sup>1</sup> and Mr. *Wycherley* in the Pit under her, where he entertained her during the whole Play."

Spence in his *Anecdotes* gives a slightly different account of the meeting, but his story has far less point, and no doubt Dennis is correct in his graphic details. According to Spence, one day as *Wycherley's* coach, driving in the Ring, passes the coach of the Duchess, she leans out of the window and cries to him, "Sir, you are a rascal, you are a villain," an utterly banal and impertinent address, whereas "You, *Wycherley*, you are a Son of a Whore" is both pointed and witty in its allusion. *Wycherley* waits on the Duchess the next morning to beg in a very dejected tone to know how he has offended Her Grace, and "they were good friends from that time." It seems obvious that the version retailed to Spence by Pope is a poor half-remembered story, whereas the Dennis anecdote rings exactly true.

The intrigue between the Duchess and the young dramatist was widely talked of by the Town. Leigh Hunt writes, "Voltaire, in his 'Letters on the English Nation,' says that the duchess used to go to *Wycherley's* chambers in the Temple, dressed like a country maid, in a straw hat, with pattens on, and a box or basket in her hand." This tradition has been doubted, chiefly because the passage is not to be traced in Voltaire's *Letters*. Voltaire in his *Letter upon Comedy* merely observes, "*Wycherley*, auteur de cet ouvrage [*The Plain-Dealer*] était l'amant déclaré de la Duchesse de Cleveland, maîtresse du Roi." But although the reference to Voltaire may be incorrect, there can be no doubt as to the truth of the story which is alluded to in contemporary manuscript satires. Probably the Duchess disguised herself in rustic attire lest her new amour should be carried to the ears of the King; probably she wore her bongrace and russet gown in a spirit half of coquetry, half of adventure.

Bishop Burnet says: "At this time (1668) the court fell into much extravagance in masquerading; both the King and Queen and all the court went about masked, and came into houses unknown, and danced there, with a good deal of wild frolic. In all this people were so disguised that, without being in the secret, none could distinguish them. They were carried about in hackney chairs. Once the Queen's chairmen, not knowing who she was, went from her. So she was alone, and was much disturbed, and came to Whitehall in a hackney-coach; some say in a cart." Grammont, in a well-known passage, relates how Frances Jennings, "la Belle," and Miss Price disguised themselves as orange-girls to visit a charlatan leech and fortune-teller, hight Alexander Bendo, who was really Rochester in disguise, and the misadventures which

<sup>1</sup> When the King was not present the Royal Box was let off in separate seats, and the front row was a specially conspicuous and coveted position. In Tom Brown's *Letters from the Dead to the Living*, Julian, writing to Will Peer, the actor, and praising his lampoons, says: "The antiquated coquet was told of her age and ugliness, tho' her vanity plac'd her in the first row at the king's box at the play-house, and in the view of the congregation at St. James's church."



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befell them. In a letter<sup>1</sup> from Mr. Henshaw to Sir Robert Paston, afterward Earl of Yarmouth, dated 13 October, 1670, he relates how upon the occasion of a fair near Audley-End the Queen, the Duchess of Richmond, and the Duchess of Buckingham "had a frolick to disguise themselves like country lasses, in red petticoats, wastcotes, etc., and so go to the fair. Sir Bernard Gascoign, on a cart jade, rode before the Queen; another stranger before the Duchess of Buckingham; and Mr. Roper before Richmond." It is stated, however, that they had all so overdressed their parts they looked more "like antiques than country volk," and before long a curious crowd collected about them. Some wench recognized the Queen, and the throng grew so thick that the visitors were glad to gallop home, a gaping mob of yokels close at their heels. "Thus, by ill conduct, was a merry frolick turned into a penance."

Upon the publication of *Love in a Wood*, quarto, in the winter of 1671, with title-page 1672 (*Term Catalogues*, Michaelmas, 20 November, 1671), price, sticht, 1s., Wycherley appropriately prefaced his comedy with a dedication to his fair and loving patroness. Some three years earlier Dryden had paid her a similar compliment. *The Wild Gallant*, originally produced at the Vere Street theatre on Thursday, 5 February, 1662-3, had been a failure, but the poet recast his scenes, and it was revived at Drury Lane in 1667, being printed two years later. Dryden has addressed a well-known poem *To the Lady Castlemaine upon Her encouraging his first Play*, and by her influence *The Wild Gallant* was several times presented before the King at Court, although even she was unable to persuade the Town wholeheartedly to accept the play.

Dennis tells us that the intrigue between Wycherley and the Duchess of Cleveland introduced the poet to the notice of the Duke of Buckingham. It would appear that this nobleman, who, strange to say, sighed in vain for the lady's favours, was so enraged at her constant refusal that he caused her to be narrowly watched by his spies in order to inform himself of the names and number of his rivals, all of whom he swore to ruin by exposing them to the King. Amongst others he learned of Wycherley, but the wary young man, guessing what had occurred, instantly went to Rochester and Sedley and begged them to remonstrate with Buckingham inasmuch as he was entirely unknown to the Duke, and had not the slightest idea of daring to cross the path of so powerful a personage. Rochester and Sedley, who greatly admired Wycherley's genius, made warm representations to the Duke, who insisted upon the much-lauded dramatist being brought to sup with him a few nights later. "After Supper Mr. *Wycherley*, who was then in the height of his Vigour both of Body and Mind, thought himself oblig'd to exert himself, and the Duke was charmed to that degree that he cryed out in a Transport, By God, my Cousin is in the sight of it, and from that very moment made a Friend of a Man whom he believed his happy Rival."

Dennis continues: "The Duke of *Buckingham* gave him solid, sensible Proofs of his esteem and Affection. For as he was, at the same time, Master of the Horse to King *Charles*, and Colonel of a Regiment as Master of the Horse he made him one of his Equeries, and as Colonel of a Regiment he made him captain Lieutenant of his own Company, resigning to him at the same time his own pay as Captain and all other advantages that could be justly made of the Company. I remember that about that time I, who was come up from the University to see my Friends in Town, happened to be one night at the *Fountain Tavern* in the *Strand* with the late Dr. *Duke, David*

<sup>1</sup> Ives, *Select Papers*, 4to, 1773, p. 39.



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*Loggan*, the painter, and Mr. *Wilson*,<sup>1</sup> of whom *Otway* has made honourable mention in *Tonson's* first Miscellany, and that after supper we drank Mr. *Wycherley's* Health by the name of Captain *Wycherley*."

Charles Dalton in *English Army Lists* 1661-1714 gives the following details of interest: "The Duke of Buckingham's Regiment of Foot. (This regiment was disbanded 1673. . . . Two or three of the officers first appointed appear to have been transferred to other regiments almost immediately.) Lieutenants: Wm. Wycherley (Captain Lieutenant). All the commissions bear date 19 June, 1672."<sup>2</sup> Also: "Wm. Wycherley, Captain of that company whereof Geo. Duke of Buckingham was Capt. before the regiment under his command was disbanded. Commission signed at Whitehall, 27 Feb., 1674. Resigned his commission a week after."<sup>3</sup> In Dalton's Introduction he writes as follows: "The Merry Monarch's Court is well represented in the following pages by Soldiers of the stamp of Buckingham and Rochester, while we get a glimpse of the wheels within wheels of the Duchess of Cleveland's intrigues by her bringing her *protégé* William Wycherley, to the notice of both King Charles and Buckingham. . . . The latter gave him the appointment of captain lieutenant in his (Buckingham's) own regiment of foot. It is more than doubtful whether William Wycherley knew more of soldiering than is to be learnt on the Stage, but he knew as much as many of his companions in arms. If he had no opportunity of distinguishing himself in war, he made up for it by his success in love when he secured the hand and heart of the beautiful young Countess of Drogheda."

Wycherley took advantage of his friendship with the Duke of Buckingham generously to call His Grace's attention to the wants of Samuel Butler, who, in spite of the unprecedented vogue of his inimitable *Hudibras*, was at that time living in circumstances of poverty and need.<sup>4</sup> He did not hesitate roundly to tell his noble friend on more than one occasion that it was an open reproach to the Court for a poet of such loyalty and wit to be languishing in obscurity and distress. Buckingham, who had always lent a sympathetic ear to these representations, at length promised personally to bring Butler's hard case before the King, and in order to keep him to his word Wycherley persuaded him to make a definite appointment when the neglected poet might be introduced to his new patron. The place of rendezvous was the Roebuck, a well-known house of call. Wycherley and Butler arrived in good time, and presently the Duke joined them, but scarcely had he made his appearance, and the door of the room which gave on to the street was not yet fairly closed, when, as luck would have it, outside there tripped by with a couple of fair cyprians tucked under his arms, a certain knight of the Duke's acquaintance who was known not to be entirely above turning a guinea or two by a little discreet pimping. Up starts His Grace, and in a flash hot-foot follows Sir Leno. The like opportunity of interesting him in Butler's misfortunes never again occurred.

<sup>1</sup> "Wilson, professing Friendship, yet a Friend." *Otway's Epistle to Mr Duke*, first published in *Tonson's Miscellany Poems*, I, 8vo, 1684, as *An Epistle to R.D.*

<sup>2</sup> Vol. I, p. 120.

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 170.

<sup>4</sup> It is said that Butler married a wealthy widow, and that they ruined their property by unfortunate speculations. Another story attributes their losses to the rascality of certain lawyers. In any case the facts are obscure, but there can be no doubt the poet died in acute penury.

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Encouraged by his remarkable success with *Love in a Wood*, and urged by his large circle of literary friends to essay the stage once again with a comedy, Wycherley was now devoting much care to the composition of a new play, which occupied him pretty considerably during the autumn and winter months of 1671. *Love in a Wood* had been most admirably performed at the King's house, and he was about to hand the script which he just completed to the same company, when a sad accident caused some alteration in his plans. On Thursday, 25 January, 1672, the Theatre Royal, standing in Bridges Street and Russell Street, was partially burned to the ground by a fierce conflagration which wrought terrible havoc in the vicinity. A news letter, dated 27 January, 1671-2, has the following report: "A fire at the King's playhouse between 7 and 8 o'clock on Thursday evening last, which half burned down the house and all their scenes and wardrobe; and all the houses from the Rose Tavern in Russell Street on that side of the way of Drury Lane are burned and blown up, with many in Vinegar Yard; 20,000 l damage. The fire began under the stairs where Orange Moll keeps her fruit. Bell the player was blown up."<sup>1</sup> Orange Moll was Mary Meggs, the chief vendor of fruit at the theatre, a figure of some importance in her line. Richard Bell, Downes tells us, had been bred up from a boy "under the Master Actors." Although still quite young, he had appeared with distinction in the famous revival of *Catiline*, Friday, 18 December, 1668; as Cæsar in *Julius Cæsar*; as Frapolo, the bandit chief, in *The Sisters*; whilst he had created such rôles as Amariel in *Tyrannick Love*; or, *The Royal Martyr*, and Mr. Vincent in Wycherley's own *Love in a Wood*.

No more terrible blow than the destruction of their home could have fallen upon the company, and for a time they must have been completely paralysed. To add to their misfortunes the rival actors had only two months before moved into a new house, the Dorset Garden theatre, where they had opened on Thursday, 9 November, 1671, with the popular *Sir Martin Mar-all*, which never failed to draw crowded audiences. Hart and his fellows, however, soon gathered together their resources, and they were glad to take advantage of this change by occupying the disused Lincoln's Inn Fields playhouse whence Betterton had so recently migrated. On Monday, 26 February, 1671-2, the "shipwrackt Passengers," as Dryden calls them in a Prologue specially written for the occasion, pluckily commenced here with *Wit without Money*, Mohun playing Valentine. But it was not to be expected that in such difficult circumstances they could undertake a new production, they must depend on their stock fare for at least several months to come, and so Wycherley, seeing at best a very distant prospect of *The Gentleman Dancing-Master* being given by this company, handed over his script to Dorset Garden; the piece was immediately put into rehearsal, and produced in March, 1672, being "the third new Play acted there." The cast has not been

<sup>1</sup> The puritan fanatics, of course, saw in this fire the vengeance of Heaven on the theatre. A ballad "On the Burning of the Theatre Royal" has this couplet:

He cries just Judgement and wished when poor *Bell*  
Rung out his last, 't had been the Stage's kNell.

A contemporary manuscript note on a copy of this lampoon in the British Museum says that this was construed into a reflection on Nell Gwyn, and the printer was threatened with a prosecution by Sir Roger L'Estrange for making a capital N, although the verses had been duly licensed.

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recorded, but there can be no reasonable doubt that, as was suggested by Genest, Edward Angel created Don Diego and James Nokes Monsieur de Paris.

As Wycherley had taken a hint or two from the Spanish theatre for *Love in a Wood*, so he again made use of a few incidents in a Spanish drama, Calderon's *El Maestro de Danzar*, to garnish his second comedy. More than this it is hardly just to assert, and a comparison of the two plays will at once show how trifling is Wycherley's obligation to the greatest and most sublime of Castilian poets.

As this "Comedia Famosa"<sup>1</sup> *El Maestro de Danzar* is scarcely amongst the best-known of Calderon's works, some brief account thereof, so far as it has been used by Wycherley, may not be altogether impertinent. It is conventionally divided into 3 Jornadas, and the characters are as follows: Don Enrique, Galàn; Don Juan, Galàn; Don Felix, Galàn; Don Diego, Viejo; Chacon, Bacayo; Leonor, Dama; Beatriz, Dama; Ines, Criada; Isabel, Criada; Juana, Criada; Celio, Criada. The scene: Valencia. The heroine of the piece, Leonor, is secretly granting her gallant, Don Enrique, an interview in an apartment of her father's house. Meanwhile, lest their voices should by chance be overheard, Ines, Leonor's maid, is placed in an ante-chamber, by the door, where she sings carelessly and accompanies herself upon a guitar. Presently, however, she runs in and tells the lovers that so inharmonious an instrument is bound to excite suspicion, and Don Enrique promptly takes the guitar for the purpose of tuning it. He has, upon entering the house, inadvertently left the street door on the jar, and at this very moment Don Diego, Leonor's father, suddenly appears. The following scene (Jornada II, xxiii) ensues:

Don Diego.

Quién es este caballero,  
Que, tan hallado en mi casa,  
Viene á divertirse á ella?

Leonor

De qué de verle te espantas?  
Como en la corte, señor,  
Se usan tan poco las danzas,  
No aprendi esa habilidad;  
Y hallándome desairada  
En Valencia (donde están  
Tan en uso, que no hay dama  
Que no luzca en sus primores,  
Pues cuando juntas se hallan,  
Todos sus divertimientos  
Son saraguets que llaman,  
Sin los publicos saraos,  
En que suele caerse en falta  
De grave ó de descortes,  
Mayormente si la saca  
Person a de autoridad),  
Dije ayer à Doña Juana,  
Mi prima, enviase al maestro.  
Preguntó si habia guitarra

<sup>1</sup> Spanish plays are always styled *comedias*. Lope de Vega tried to introduce the title *tragicomedia*, but this never found favour. The *autos*, of course, belong to another class.



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En casa ó si la traeria,  
Que el hombre que le acompaña  
Iria volando por ella;  
Sacóle esta esta criada,  
Y apénas la tomó, cuando  
Entraste. Si esto te cansa,  
Habrà mas de que no vuelva?  
Chacon. (*ap.*) Mentira mas adecuada  
Al caso, no vi en mi vida,  
Pues dió papel en su farsa  
A la guitarra, à él y á mi.  
Don Diego Una cosa es que me haga  
Novedad, y otra, Leonor,  
Que yo me canse de nada  
Que tú gustes, cuando todas  
Has de hacer; y me pesara  
Que no entrases en los usos  
De la tierra, y que te hallaras  
Corta en ninguna ocasion.  
Y para ver si me agrada  
O no el que tù te diviertas,  
Por vida del maestro, vaya (*Siéntase*)  
De leccion; que aunque cuidados  
Por ahora no me faltan,  
Para ellos se hizo el alivio  
Mayormente cuando paran  
En ajenos. Vaya pues  
De leccion.  
Don Enrique (*ap.*) Loque me saca  
De un riesgo, me pone en otro;  
Que ha de conocer la falta  
Que poco ó nada sé desto.  
Chacon. (*ap. à su amo*) Tirar coces, dar patadas  
Y cádate ahí danzarin,  
Leonor. La primera vez turbada  
He de estar; y así, señor,  
Hasta que tomado haya  
Algunas lecciones, no  
Lo has de ver.  
Don Diego. No temas nada  
Leonor. Si no tengo otro galan  
Y ese presente se halla,  
No he de temer el desaire?  
Don Diego. Tampoco tengo otra dama  
Yo, y en fe de enamorado,  
Aun el desaire hará gracia,  
Vaya, por vida del maestro.

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|                            |                                                                                                                     |                                                                |
|----------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------|
| Don Enrique.               | Volveré á templar. Mal haya<br>La prima! <sup>1</sup>                                                               | <i>(sube la clavija hasta<br/>que hace sallar la cuer da.)</i> |
| Don Diego.                 | Qué fué?                                                                                                            |                                                                |
| Don Enrique.               | Saltó.                                                                                                              |                                                                |
| Leonor.                    | Ello está de Dios, que no haya<br>De tomar hoy lecion.                                                              |                                                                |
| Don Enrique.               | Todas<br>Las cuerdas están rozadas,<br>Y aun la guitarra está rota.                                                 |                                                                |
| Leonor.                    | Fué trasto olvidado en casa.<br>Llévela el maestro, haga que<br>Lo aderecen, y mañana<br>O á la tarde volver puede. |                                                                |
| Don Diego.                 | Si haré, de muy buena gana.<br>Mire, maestro, que no deje<br>De volver, y fie la paga<br>De mi.                     |                                                                |
| Don Enrique.               | Aunque muchas lecciones<br>Tengo, en esta no haré falta.                                                            |                                                                |
| Don Diego.                 | Vaya con Dios.                                                                                                      |                                                                |
| Chacon ( <i>ap.</i> )      | La primera<br>Vez es esta, que una dama<br>Dió guitarras de favores.                                                |                                                                |
| Don Enrique ( <i>ap.</i> ) | Qui én crêrá, que á aprender vaya,<br>Queriendo firme á Leonor,<br>El cómo he de hacer mudanzas?                    |                                                                |

*(Vanse Don Enrique y Chacon.)*

In Scene XXIV Don Enrique is again with Leonor, of whose fidelity he has conceived unjust suspicions, and whilst he is jealously reproaching her, Ines warns them that Don Diego is approaching:

|              |                                                                                                                                                                     |
|--------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| Ines.        | Hablad mas quedo<br>Y disimulad, que viene<br>Mi señor.                                                                                                             |
| Chacon.      | Aquesto es hecho.<br>Toma la guitarra.                                                                                                                              |
| Don Enrique. | Yo<br>Habia de tacer tal? No quiero.                                                                                                                                |
| Leonor.      | Enrique mio, si algo<br>A tus finezas merezco,<br>Disimula con mio padre,<br>Valiéndonos del primero<br>Engaño; que yo te doy<br>Palabra, que satisfecho<br>Quedes. |

<sup>1</sup> This incident is used by Wycherley towards the end of Act IV.

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|              |                                                                                                                                                                                                        |
|--------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| Ines.        | Quieres que te halle<br>Quien te dejó ayer maestro<br>De danzar, maestro hoy de esgrima?                                                                                                               |
| Leonor.      | De la dama lo primero<br>Ha de ser siempre el honor;<br>Mira por él. <i>(Toma Don Enrique la guitarra.)</i>                                                                                            |
| Don Enrique. | Habrá, cielos,<br>Otro, à quien haya obligado<br>Tan no imaginado empeño<br>De amor y honor, á que haya<br>De hacer festin á sus celos?                                                                |
| Chacon.      | Si mandábanle bailar,<br>Por otro dijo el proverbio,<br>Qué mucho que por ti diga,<br>Mandábanle danzar?                                                                                               |
| Leonor       | Esto<br>Has de hacer: hálleos como<br>Dando leccion.<br>Y sea presto<br>Que entre ya. <i>(Sale Don Diego, y los halla locando,<br/>y él con el sombrero en la espada,<br/>haciendo la reverencia.)</i> |

In Scene XXV Don Diego inquires if his daughter has improved, and insists upon seeing her dance. Accordingly Don Enrique leads Leonor through various figures, instructing her aloud and very ostentatiously:

Bien! En habiendo acabado  
La reverencia el izquierdo  
Piè delante, pasear  
La sala, midiendo el cerco  
En su proporcion, de cinco  
En cinco los pasos. Bueno!

Whilst he whispers angrily in her ear:

Ah ingrata! Quién sino yo  
Por ti se pusiera á esto?

In a few moments a servant calls Don Diego from the room, and in his absence the feigned lesson ceases, only to be recommenced immediately he returns. In Scene XXVIII of the Second Jornada of *El Maestro de Danzar* we have the following dialogue:<sup>1</sup>

|              |                                                            |
|--------------|------------------------------------------------------------|
| Don Diego.   | . . . Maestro, en qué estada está esto?                    |
| Don Enrique. | En romper, como quedamos.                                  |
| Leonor.      | Y es á lo que yo no acierto.                               |
| Don Enrique. | Si aciertas. Con que bradillo<br>Entrar ahora en el paseo. |

<sup>1</sup> *The Gentleman Dancing-Master*, III, 1.



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|              |                                                                                                                                                     |
|--------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| Don Diego.   | Uno, dos, tres, cuatro, cinco,<br>Señalados, y á concierto.<br>Digo que en mi vida vi<br>Mejor aire, y me prometo<br>Que ha de salir bien con todo. |
| Don Enrique. | Si saldrá. . . .                                                                                                                                    |

And again in Scene IX of the Third Jornada:<sup>1</sup>

|              |                                                                                                                                                                                                       |                 |
|--------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------|
| Don Diego.   | Maestro?                                                                                                                                                                                              | Es ya iros,     |
| Don Enrique. | Con todo ya.                                                                                                                                                                                          | Habemos acabado |
| Don Diego.   | Don Enrique.                                                                                                                                                                                          | Y cómo ha ido?  |
| Don Diego.   | Esta vez no negará<br>Cuán ciertas mundanzas hizo.<br>Mire que le he menester,<br>Y que traiga los amigos<br>Con todos los instrumentos;<br>Porque muy presto, imagino<br>Que tendrémos hoda en casa. |                 |
| Don Enrique. | Siempre estoy para serviros. ( <i>Vase.</i> )                                                                                                                                                         |                 |

It will be obvious from the conduct of these few incidents which Wycherley has employed, and which are in truth the only points of resemblance between the two plays, that the comedies differ one from another as widely as the genius of Calderon differs from the genius of our English dramatist. The Spanish piece almost entirely lacks that wit and vigour, that bustle and fun, which rattle along so blithely through the scenes of *The Gentleman Dancing-Master*. Mrs. Caution, the ancestress of a long line of jailer-aunts, Argus-eyed duennas, verjuiced and domineering spinsters, is Wycherley's own. His no less are the pictures of the French House, Mr. Paris, and the brace of termagant cracks, an admirably realistic episode. The name Don Diego is obviously from that of Leonor's father, but Mr. James Formal is wholly original.<sup>2</sup> On the other hand Wycherley has nothing of that romantic passion and sedate Castilian beauty which flows through the "music of all moods and climes," the sweetly chiming redondillas of Don Pedro Calderon.

Monsieur de Paris is a pleasant exaggeration of the English Gallomaniac, who was so common a type at that time. James Howard had already laughed at him in *The English Mounseieur*, a "mighty pretty play, very witty and pleasant," which was seen by Pepys on Saturday, 8 December, 1666, and which had, perhaps, been produced at the Theatre Royal some time during that autumn or winter. In this excellent old comedy Frenchlove is drawn with the most diverting strokes; his foreign foppishness knows no bounds. In the words of Charles Lamb: "The Monsieur comforts himself when his mistress rejects him that 'twas a denial with a French tone of voice, so that was agreeable"; and at the final departure, 'Do you see, sir, how she leaves us! She walks away with a French step.' " This complete coxcomb even finds a French noise

<sup>1</sup> *The Gentleman Dancing-Master*, IV, 1.

<sup>2</sup> Mrs. Centlivre reproduces him as Sir Jealous Traffick in *The Busy-Body*.

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pleasant, and differentiates it from a mere English noise. British beef, too, is so obnoxious to him that on being invited to dine in the orthodox English manner, he threatens to challenge his host, whose "greasy proposition" he takes as "an affront to the palate."

Dryden's *Melantha* in *Marriage à-la-Mode* is an exquisite piece of pure comic wit. Her affectations, her lists of French words which begin "at Sottises and end *en Ridicule*," her purchase of the adjective *languissant* with an Indian gown, her wooing by Palamede who wins her *en François* "with abundance of Noise and no sense," are all in the very highest vein of comedy.

When acting at Dover in May, 1670, before King Charles, Madame the Duchess of Orleans, the English court, and a large number of French nobles, Nokes as Sir Arthur Addle in John Caryl's *Sir Salomon; or, The Cautious Coxcomb*, had the bad taste to mimic the visitors to their faces, "at which the *French* look'd very Shaggrin, to see themselves ap'd by such a buffoon as *Sir Arthur*," whilst the English sovereign and his retinue were "put to an excessive laughter."

Caricatures of the French, more or less foolish, were particularly common in the theatre after the Revolution. We have such figures as La Roch in Shadwell's *Busy Fair*; Monsieur Le Prate in D'Urfey's *Love for Money*; the Marquis of Hazard, who is, however, plain Robin Skipp, a lackey, in Mrs. Centlivre's *The Gamester*; Monsieur Marquis in Farquhar's *Sir Harry Wildair*; Count Bellair in *The Beaux-Stratagem*; and a score beside. But these, save in the case of the Marquis of Hazard, are coarsely drawn burlesques of actual Frenchmen rather than satires upon French affectations adopted in this country. For such we should, maybe, more properly instance Vanbrugh's *Mademoiselle* and Steele's *Mademoiselle D'Epingle*.

Upon the stage *The Gentleman Dancing-Master* seems to have been "liked but indifferently."<sup>1</sup> It is difficult to account for the coolness with which so excellent a comedy was received, and one can but attribute it to the caprice of the audience. Both the plot and construction of the play are simpler than *Love in a Wood*, and although the same situation is repeated it is presented so agreeably and varied with such wit and humour that so far from wearying, it seems to gain a fresh interest as the intrigue develops. Strictly speaking the scene in the last act between Monsieur and Flirt is perhaps a little impertinent to the issue, but it is so exquisitely happy and so brilliantly written that nobody could wish it away. We may notice that Wycherley has by now a complete understanding of theatrical effect; the situations are extremely well-managed and adroit. In *Hippolita* we have one of the most charming of Restoration heroines.

*The Gentleman Dancing-Master* was published at the end of 1672 with the date 1673 upon the title-page.

26 March, 1673-4, the second Theatre Royal, Drury Lane,<sup>2</sup> was after a period of considerable difficulty opened by Killigrew's company, a prologue and epilogue specially written by Dryden being spoken on that occasion. Accordingly when in the winter of the same year Wycherley had completed *The Country-Wife*, he entrusted it to those actors who had so brilliantly presented his first comedy. *The Country-Wife*

<sup>1</sup> In the Prologue to *The Country-Wife* Wycherley frankly speaks of himself as: "The late so baffled Scribler."

<sup>2</sup> It is described in a legal document as "in or neare Covent Garden commonly called the King's Playhouse."



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was first performed in January, 1674-5, and, as was indeed inevitable, at once achieved the most triumphant success. Many of the cast were the same as those who had appeared in *Love in a Wood*. Thus Hart played Horner; Mohun, Pinchwife; Kynaston, Harcourt; Mrs. Boutell, Mrs. Pinchwife; Mrs. James, Alithea; Mrs. Mary Knepp, My Lady Fidget; Mrs. Margaret Rutter, Old Lady Squeamish; and Mrs. Cory, Lucy the maid. Dorilant, a young gallant, was sustained by Lydal, an actor of considerable talents, who had won applause in such rôles as Prince Abdalla in *The Conquest of Granada*; Argaleon, *Marriage à-la-Mode*; Mr. Collins, *Amboyna*; Piso, *The Tragedy of Nero*; Tiberius, *Gloriana*; Lelius, Scipio's lieutenant, *Sophonisba*; or, *Hannibal's Overthrow*. Sparkish was entrusted to the irrepressible and migratory Joe Haines. The famous William Cartwright, in person a large-faced man of tall stature and portly habit, with a loud resonant voice, acted the formal cuckold Sir Jasper. Cartwright, who had an immense repertory, was one of the finest Falstaffs the stage has ever known. He was also the recognized Morose, Sir Epicure Mammon, Corbaccio, whilst among the many parts he created were Alderman Whitebroth in *The Cheats*, Don Bertram in Corye's *The Generous Enemies*; Hircanio in *Love in the Dark*; Spitzafferro in Ravenscroft's Italianesque pantomime *Scaramouch a Philosopher, Harlequin a School-Boy, Bravo, Merchant, and Magician*. Downes has more than a word of praise for him, whilst Aubrey pronounces his playing excellent. He died about the middle of December, 1687, at his house in Lincoln's Inn Fields, and Dulwich has reason to revere his memory. Robert Schotterel, the exponent of the Quack, was an author as well as an actor, and a keen toxophilist. He joined with D'Urfey in the composition of *Archery Revived*; or, *The Bow-man's Excellency*. "An Heroick Poem; being a description of the use and noble Vertues of the Long Bow. . . . Exhorting all brave Spirits to the banishment of Vice, by the use of so noble and healthful an Exercise" (Octavo, 1677). He is described by Downes as a "good actor," and we find him cast for important rôles: Voltore; Sir John Daw; Calianax in *The Maid's Tragedy*; Bessus, *A King and No King*; Maskall, in *An Evening's Love*.

Mrs. Corbet, who appeared as Mrs. Dainty Fidget, was an actress of no mean powers. In *Julius Cæsar* she played Portia to the Brutus of Hart; Melesinda in *Aureng-Zebe*; the Countess of Nottingham in Banks' pathetic and deservedly popular *The Unhappy Favourite*, with Anne Quin as Queen Elizabeth; Clark, the Earl of Essex; and Mohun, Burleigh; Monima, *Mithridates, King of Pontus*; Narcissa, *Gloriana*; Sabina, *Trick for Trick*; Gratiana, *Sir Barnaby Whigg*. Of Mrs. Wyatt, who acted Mrs. Squeamish, no details are certainly known.

*The Country-Wife* at once took its place in the dramatic repertory, and being frequently acted was as frequently received with unbounded applause. It is undoubtedly Wycherley's masterpiece of satirical comedy, as *The Plain-Dealer* is a masterpiece of philosophical comedy. In no play in the English theatre, or in any other theatre I know, is the wit more sparkling, the humour more cleverly poised, the sequence of incidents more naturally deployed; nowhere are the situations more brilliantly sustained, the characters drawn with keener observation and acuter intellectual insight and truth. It is the very acme of comedy, of its kind unsurpassable, as it is unsurpassed. Laughter is often the truest applause, and as two hundred and fifty years ago Drury Lane, crowded to suffocation, was unable for sheer ecstasies of merriment to cheer Hart, Mrs. Knepp, and the lovely Mrs. Boutell, so to-day at the most recent revival of this great and glorious play a thronging theatre could scarce for laughter applaud



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Baliol Holloway, the exquisite comedy of Athene Seyler, and the consummate perfection of Isabel Jeans. No greater tribute can be paid to this immortal work.

Molière says: "L'affaire de la comédie est de représenter en général tous les défauts des hommes, et en particulier des hommes de son siècle." Wycherley may be said to have taken this profound maxim for the text of his comedies. He has given us the full-blooded world of his day, the brilliant society in which he moved, their dazzling wit, their finished graces, their lively affectations, their lewd impudence, their vices, their intrigues, all without mitigation, without glozing, without excuse. The province of comedy is not apologetics. There is the hard selfishness of the gay gallant Horner, whose scheme is planned, we verily believe, as much for the sheer intellectual delight in the novelty of the adventure as for the ends to which it serves. Throughout the play one realizes that Horner's greatest joy is the knowledge of his infinite mental superiority over the silly cuckolds, who for all their busy importance and endless precautions are but puppets dancing to the tune he calls, and he pleases to pipe an amorous lay. But in my Lady Fidget he has met his match. She is every whit as clever and every whit as selfish as he. With an exaggerated care for her dear reputation she combines the morals of Messalina. Utterly egoistical and self-centred, she has no more affection for her lover than for her husband. But appearances must be maintained at all costs. And private pleasures must be satisfied—at all costs. Yet if a whore, she is a fine lady too, and a *faux pas* will meet with a frown and a rebuff. Even when on the point, one cannot write of yielding, but, of giving herself to Horner, she checks a trifling freedom in speech with "Fie, let us not be smutty." A charming creature, so long as she gets what she wants, and so long as her gallants are careful not to allow sentiment to enter in the case.

Mr. Pinchwife is a very exact figure of a man who has drunk deep of all the pleasures of town, and in whom satiety has succeeded enjoyment, and satiety disgust. He shuns his former haunts, not out of wisdom but out of moroseness, and in some rambling lone house in Hampshire<sup>1</sup> foddors an exacerbated mind with the sullenness and rusticity of companions whom he despises and employments which he distastes. For his wife he takes a girl, who is not innocent but merely ignorant, and the opportunities, slight though they may be, of acquiring knowledge, which she so eagerly seizes and so obviously desires, are to him moments of the most exquisite annoyance and even bitter torment. Mrs. Pinchwife herself is young and beautiful. But she is a very child, both in the simplicity with which she blabs of her lover to her husband and the voluble delight she shows when told she has been casually admired at the theatre, as also in her bewilderment at her husband's growls and threats and violence and the cunning wherewith she circumvents his jailership when the situation gradually dawns upon her. She has the methods and morals of a schoolboy; she is as shallow and as deep as a fifth-form scholar who deludes and evades his master. There is a good deal of pathos in her situation; one feels for her as one feels for a caged bird beating his pretty breast against the bars. For those who can fully appreciate there are few lines more full of tender beauty than the postscript of the letter wherein she warns her lover against her husband: "Let him not see this, lest he should come home, and pinch me, or kill my Squirrel."

<sup>1</sup> Hampshire seems to have been regarded as an ultima Thule. In *The Man of Mode* Harriet comes up to London from Hampshire where in an old manor one could find her mother, an old lame aunt, and herself "Perch'd up on Chairs at a distance in a large Parlour; Sitting moping like three or four melancholly Birds in a spacious Vollary."

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Sparkish is a coxcomb who, as the author intended, is somewhat coarsely drawn. He is not perfectly genteel, not of the line of Sir Fopling Flutter, Sir Courtly Nice, and Baron Foppington. His father, I imagine, might have been a worthy citizen, and he himself was probably born well within the sound of the bells of Bow. Yet he is a joyous moth, albeit his markings are a trifle garish, and he imitates skilfully enough the imperial butterflies.

Sir Jaspar Fidget is an important man, a very important man. One conceives him with his huge periwig, plumed hat, costly suit of plum velvet or gredalin, unwrinkled silk stockings, cod-fish staring eyes, round moon-like face, florid complexion, which becomes a little more mottled when he discovers his wife in Horner's embrace, but it seems she was only tickling him. An eminently respectable and respected, conventional, worldly-wise individual, and "when he is gone, there wants one, and there's an end."

There is a tradition, preserved by Oldys, that Mr. and Mrs. Pinchwife had their originals in Mr. and Mrs. Smith of North Tedworth, Wilts, "in which family Wycherley was very conversant," and that he had drawn other persons of his comedy, particularly Horner, from individuals living in that neighbourhood. And in order thoroughly to appreciate *The Country-Wife* one must remember that banishment into the country was regarded in Restoration days as a veritable calamity. A rural life then had not even the amenities which could be enjoyed fifty years later in the same circumstances. Country houses were remote and might only be reached under conditions of considerable difficulty and actual danger by the way of miry roads and ill-made lanes. The occupations for the ladies were the still-room and the tambour-frame, employments which were seldom, if ever, interrupted by the welcome appearance of a visitor. For society they had turkeys and cabbages. Their lords and masters might fill in the day by hunting and hard-riding, whilst at night they would drink at home till they were completely foxed with claret and canary, or tope small beer in the village ale-house amid the yokels and hinds of the estate. London was wellnigh as inaccessible as though it had been built the other side of the Styx. Above all, the country was the prison-house wherein jealous husbands closely kept their errant spouses, the bane and terror of pretty wives.

It has been very superficially alleged in disparagement of *The Country-Wife*<sup>1</sup> that Wycherley has extensively plagiarized from *L'École des Maris* and *L'École des Femmes*. This is an exaggeration, for while it is true that he derives certain incidents from Molière, the comedy is hardly made up of the few episodes he has borrowed, and, what is more, so entirely made his own. Molière, as he himself said, took good things whencesoever he found them. The actual plot of a play is in itself of secondary importance. He knew how to give the material he had conveyed new life, how to stamp it with the hall-mark of his genius. Precisely the same may be said of Wycherley. He can borrow the outlines of a character or the hint of a scene, but he so transforms and transmutes them that they become, and are truly, his own. And herein lies originality. The whole world knows that, not to enter into minuter details and closer parallels, *L'École des Maris* is founded upon Terence's *Adelphi*, itself adapted from the Greek *Ἀδελφοὶ* of Menander, whilst *L'École des Femmes* is made up of Scarron's *Précaution Inutile* and *El Viejo Celoso* of Cervantes. If we are to wield the lash of plagiarism who shall 'scape whipping? Not Terence, not Molière, not Shakespeare.

<sup>1</sup> There is a French translation, *La Femme de Campagne*, by P. J. Fiquet de Bocage.



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The affected prudery which professes itself scandalized at Horner's device is not worth consideration. The central theme of *The Country-Wife* is as old as Menander and Terence. It has, moreover, been borrowed by other English dramatists.

Crowne in his excellent political satire *City Politiques*, and Duffett in *The Amorous Old Woman* are both indebted to Wycherley. Sir Charles Sedley for his best comedy *Bellamira, or, The Mistress*, and Thomas Cooke for his musical farce *The Eunuch* went directly to Terence. Charles Burnaby in his first-rate comedy *The Ladies Visiting-Day* is greatly indebted to *The Country-Wife*. In order to escape a marriage into which his father would force him, Polidore, who is travelling in Italy, writes home a letter with the sad news that an Italian, through jealousy of his mistress who had granted her favours to the English stranger, invited him to a hunt, and slyly drawing him to a remote spot "in a Corner of a Forrest with three Ruffians Qualified the rather for a Querister than a Husband." Before Polidore has returned his father dies, and Sir Testy Dolt, the Executor, finds the letter amongst the papers left. Suspecting nothing, he encourages Polidore to be familiar with his wife, of whom he is inordinately jealous. The lady is willing enough, but the gentleman, who loves elsewhere, is cold. It may be seen that the situation differs in detail, but the last scene, where Sir Testy produces the letter and reads it amid the angry cries of the women, and the scene where Lady Dolt writes under her husband's direction, are both closely modelled upon Wycherley. *The Ladies Visiting-Day* was produced at Lincoln's Inn Fields in the spring of 1701. Verbruggen played Polidore; Dogget, Sir Testy; and Mrs. Bowman, Lady Dolt. With the exception of Polidore's device Cibber shamelessly reproduced Burnaby's play as *The Double Gallant; or, The Sick Lady's Cure*, produced at the Haymarket, 1 November, 1707. It proved very popular, and remained a stock piece, being revived at the Haymarket as late as March, 1848. Farren, Webster, Vandenhoff, Mrs. Nisbett, and Mrs. Humby were in the cast.

*The Country-Wife* firmly and unassailably fixed Wycherley's reputation on the top-most pinnacle of literary fame. "His company was not only courted by the men, but his person was as well received by the ladies; and as King Charles was extremely fond of him upon some account of his wit, some of the royal mistresses, I have been credibly informed, set no less value upon these parts in him, of which they were more proper judges. Thus the circle of his life was filled with all the delightful variety that freedom, favour, and easie fortune could administer to an elegant mind and vigorous constitution."<sup>1</sup> He lived at this time in one of the most fashionable quarters of the town, his lodgings being at Widow Hilton's house, Bow Street, Covent Garden, on the west side, three doors beyond where a few years later the famous physician Dr. John Radcliffe had his residence, and over against the notorious Cock Tavern. When an old man he often used to repeat to his intimates racy anecdotes of those merry years, and not infrequently entertained them long and late with gossip of the time of good King Charles. Such is the story Pack retails: "I cannot forbear to mention (just for the Oddness of the thing) one Piece of Gallantry, among many others, that Mr. Wycherley was once telling me they had in these Days. It was this: there was an House at the Bridge-Foot, where Persons of better Condition used to resort (you see how distant the Scene then lay to what it doth now) for Pleasure and Privacy. The Liquor the Ladies and their Lovers used to drink at these Meetings was Canary; and among other Compliments the Gentlemen paid their Mistresses, this it seems was always one, to take hold of the bottom

<sup>1</sup> Richardson Pack.



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of their Smocks, and, pouring the Wine through that Filtre, feast their Imaginations with the thought of what gave the Zesto, and so drink a Health to the Toast." To this piece of amorous folly Dryden makes allusion in *The Kind Keeper* (produced at Dorset Garden, March, 1677-8), when in the First Act old Aldo cries: "Before George, I grew tory rory, as they say, and strain'd a Brimmer through the Lily-white Smock, i' faith." It may be remembered that similar absurdities in health-drinking were practised by the Elizabethan gallants.

The time had now come when, to use Dryden's phrase, "all honest and virtuous Men" were to be obliged, and our stage enriched "by one of the most bold, most general, and most useful Satyrs which has ever been presented on the *English Theatre*." *The Plain-Dealer* is certainly among the most powerful and philosophical plays in English literature. The giant strength of the conception and the bold strokes of the painting cannot be denied, the brutal philosophy of some scenes may be disliked but cannot be burked. It is quite understandable that there are many who find Manly's pessimistic hatred of the vices and banalities, the shallowness and fopperies, the hypocrisy and superficiality of the society about him, delivered in too mordant a vein. He is Wycherley's Superman, and, as a superman always must, he falls into extravagance and excess. There are two, and two alone, in whom he completely trusts, his mistress and his friend. During his absence his mistress jilts and chouses him; he finds her in her drawing-room entertaining the idlest coxcombs in Town; he overhears her discussing his love with them in terms of the utmost coarseness and callousness; when he makes himself known she repels him and flouts him with the brazen impudence of a common courtesan; she listens to his reproaches with a mocking smile and leaves him with a cruel jest upon her lips; she is mercenary, too, and even though his need is pressing, she retains the jewels and money he deposited in her hands, confident he will be too proud to beg 'em again. Vernish, Manly's friend, behaves with the foulest treachery and promptly betrays him with circumstances of ignoblest dishonour and perfidy. This precious couple, man and wife, are at length unmasked, their intrigues and double-dealing exposed. And herein lies a great stroke of Wycherley's art. Another author might have plunged Manly, galled and wither-wrung at being so gulled, into deeper misery and discontent; but not so Wycherley. The scales drop from Manly's eyes, and very frankly acknowledging his errors, which have been to no small extent, at least, the cause of his misanthropy, he renounces them to be made happy in the friendship of Freeman and the love of Fidelia.

The character of Fidelia Grey is very tenderly and beautifully drawn. Pure and gracious, for love's sake she follows her rough and reckless captain through perils on sea, through perils on shore. At his behest she undertakes with a breaking heart the most difficult and distasteful of functions, the rôle of Pandarus. She realizes that his attraction for Olivia is merely physical, that he is allured by the strumpet's beauty, and she who loves him for his bravery and true courage, for those sterling qualities she has perceived beneath the scurf of anger and bitter mistrust, executes all his commands save one—to leave him. In a situation of peculiar embarrassment she behaves with perfect modesty and propriety. Her loyalty and the pathos of her lot call unashamed tears to our eyes.

Olivia, who is portrayed with the most pregnant and biting strokes, is governed by self-interest and self-interest alone. The hardened assurance with which, after having confided her guilt to Eliza, she turns round, fortune favouring her, and denies all she

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has previously said, even accusing her cousin of maliciously inventing the whole tale, has something almost terrible in its impudence, so base and lying is she. She has no love, hardly sensuality, but merely animal passion and desire. Flamboyantly physical, she immediately captivates men, and is herself as readily attracted by them. There is in particular one acute piece of psychology which should be noted: she does not seem in the least degree fascinated by the vigour and strength of Manly, but her lust is at once stirred by the feminine graces and gentle comeliness of the disguised Fidelity. The bold abandoned woman seeks for the immaturity and softness of a bashful boy, whose embraces she craves with the most unrestrained ardour, whose kisses she snatches in a frenzy of sadistic vampirism. She preys upon the vitals of men, stripping her lovers bare and casting them aside like empty husks. A true daughter of the horse-leech, crying always, "Give, give," she is as the grave and the barren womb, as the earth that is not filled with water, and the fire that saith not "It is enough."

It is obvious that Olivia has nothing in common with Molière's Célimène, and although Wycherley has made use of *Le Misanthrope*, Manly is just as far removed from Alceste. It has been admirably put that "Wycherley has so overlaid his appropriations with the colouring of his own brilliant individuality that his play appears almost equally a masterpiece of originality as of ingenuity. It is scarcely too much to say that in *The Plain-Dealer* we are conscious of a fertility of invention, a richness of wit and satire, which make even *Le Misanthrope* seem tame in comparison."

Nor must it be supposed that Freeman in any way corresponds to Philinte. The amiable and urbane raillery of Philinte is once or twice, indeed, recalled by Lord Plausible's comments, but Philinte is a polished man of the world, exquisitely tactful and highly intelligent, whilst Lord Plausible is a supple fool. Freeman's affection for Manly seems loyal and sincere, but his scheme to secure the Widow Blackacre and the plot upon her son must be relegated to the realm of pure comedy if we are to entertain that liking for him which the author doubtless intended. It says much for Wycherley's genius that the buzzing crowd of impertinents, coxcombs, fops, chatterers, and lawyers, which circle round Manly and incessantly chafe him with their hum and sharp brize-stings, should all be so severally and entirely differentiated, should each one be a real living person, and not mere puppets to vanish away in shadowy fashion before the strong glare of his personality. The Widow Blackacre herself is, of course, supreme. As Hazlitt said: "The Widow Blackacre and her son are like her lawsuit—everlasting. A more lively, palpable, bustling, ridiculous picture cannot be drawn." Litigation rules her life and sways every action. She can only think in legal terms, and can talk of nothing but law, of which she has all the technicalities at her fingers' ends, and to which she can immediately twist any business or any conversation. Vexatious as a dozen attorneys, and as implacable as a parson suing for his tithes, she will listen to a chancery suit as another might listen to a play, she will even purchase the defence of a case from a pure love of friction and quarrel. Her brief bag, her deeds, and her parchments are never apart from her; she is restless and resistless as the waves of the sea. We know her very looks, her sharp scolding voice, the clothes she wears, her mantle and bedraggled petticoat, the meat she eats, soused venison, and the wine she drinks. She is all bustle and pother, noise and obstruction and hurry. In fine, the Widow Blackacre is, as Voltaire wrote, "la plus plaisante créature et le meilleur caractère qui soit au théâtre."<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Lettre sur la Comédie Anglaise.*



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*The Plain-Dealer*<sup>1</sup> was produced at Drury Lane in the winter of 1676. There is a tradition, which hardly seems probable, that at first it did not meet with general applause, but being highly praised by the best judges, and especially by the Earl of Dorset, in a short time the new comedy began to be appreciated by the Town. It is very certain that *The Plain-Dealer* was long the most popular of Wycherley's plays, it was continually seen upon the stage, and by the end of the century it has passed through at least nine editions.<sup>2</sup> In the original cast we note three actors and one actress who had not before appeared in Wycherley's pieces. According to Downes, Philip Griffin and Charleton joined Killigrew's company about 1664, but probably a somewhat later date would be more exact. Griffin became an actor of great merit and created many important parts. He was the original Surly in *Sir Courtly Nice*, and Sir Edward Belfond in *The Squire of Alsatia*. After the union of the two companies in 1682 he succeeded Hart as Manly. Downes comments thus: "Note, Mr. Griffin so excell'd in *Surly*, *Sir Edward Belfond*, *The Plain Dealer*, none succeeding in the 2 former have equall'd him, except his predecessor Mr. Hart in the latter." Of Charleton no details are known. He is cast for Jacomo, Cornanti's man, a small rôle in Fane's *Love in the Dark*, produced at Drury Lane in the spring of 1675.

Clark, who played Novel, was a young actor, much admired for his handsome face. He seems to have joined the theatre about 1672-3, and amongst his many rôles were Drusillus in *Nero, Emperour of Rome*; Massina, *Sophonisba*; Ovid, *Gloriana*; Hephestion, *The Rival Queens*; Aquilius, *Mithridates*; Franck, *Trick for Trick*; Wilding, *Sir Barnaby Whigg*; Dolabella, *All for Love*; the Earl of Essex, *The Unhappy Favourite*; Tachmas, the hero of Southerne's first drama *The Loyal Brother*. He also spoke the prologue to Leamer's *The Country Innocence*. Clark is particularly mentioned by Cibber as one of the younger members of the company who about the time of the retirement of Hart claimed for himself principal rôles. In the summer of 1682 he visited Scotland, but he had returned to London by February, 1683-4. His name, however, does not appear after the union of the two companies.

Frances Maria Knight, who sustained Lettice, was an actress of great powers in tragedy and comedy alike, who was long applauded as a popular favourite. She created a large number of important parts in the best-known plays of the time. Amongst these may be mentioned: Teresia in *The Squire of Alsatia*; Miss Jenny, *Love for Money*; Mrs. Spruce, *The Fortune-Hunters*; Mrs. Raison, *Greenwich-Park*; the Queen of Navarre, *The Massacre of Paris*; Dorothea, *The Comical History of Don Quixote*, I, and the Duchess, Part II; Julia, *The Fatal Marriage*; Widow Lackitt, *Oroonoko*; Leonora, *Woman's Wit*; Queen Elizabeth, *The Albion Queens*.

It should be noticed that Goldsmith has closely copied Tony Lumpkin from Jerry Blackacre, and it cannot be said that he has improved his original. The scene of the theft, in particular, is closely imitated. There is something, too, of Widow Blackacre in Mrs. Hardcastle, though here the traits are less distinctly marked. *She stoops to*

<sup>1</sup> The origin of the term Plain Dealer is possibly due to a game of cards called Plain Dealing, which is described by Cotton in his *Compleat Gamester*, 1680. From the immense popularity of Wycherley's play the phrase came into very common use. There is a journal *The Plain Dealer*, which was issued under the direction of Aaron Hill and W. Bond twice a week from 23 March, 1724, until 7 May, 1725.

<sup>2</sup> Voltaire, in the preface to *La Prude*, 1747, wrote: "Cette pièce (*The Plain-Dealer*) a encore en Angleterre la même réputation que le *Misanthrope* en France."



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*Conquer* was produced at Covent Garden 13 March, 1773, and barely eight years before, 7 December, 1765, Bickerstaffe's mediocre adaptation of Wycherley had been produced at Drury Lane, and printed in 1766, which, perhaps, had served to direct Goldsmith's attention to the older play.

Sheridan also has borrowed freely from the greater dramatist. Not only are incidents and characters in *S. Patrick's Day* and *The Duenna* conveyed wholesale from *The Gentleman Dancing-Master* and *The Country-Wife*, but those passages of *The School for Scandal* which are generally supposed to be the most brilliant are but a faint reflection of the wit of *The Plain-Dealer*. Sheridan is a mere copyist, and his scenes are often tawdry and flat. They are commonplace, wherefore he will always be assured of a hearing among the commonplace. Wycherley has not a little of the mordant humour of Aretino, who scourged the vices from which he did not stand apart.

Voltaire attempted a version of *The Plain-Dealer* under the title *La Prude ; ou, la Gardeuse de Casette*, a comedy in five acts, written in unsatisfactory verse "de dix syllables" and performed 15 December, 1747, at the theatre of the Château de Sceaux in the presence of the Duchesse du Maine. The prude is Olivia (Madame Dorfise, a widow), who is the leading character, and Manly (Blandford) takes a somewhat subordinate place. We have Darmin, Blandford's friend, and Fidelia is metamorphosed into Adine, Darmin's niece, who is disguised as a young Greek. The Widow Blackacre and Jerry, Freeman and Major Oldfox have all completely disappeared. "Cette pièce," says Voltaire, "est moins traduction qu'une esquisse légère de la fameuse comédie de Wycherley. . . . Je ne connais point de comédie chez les anciens, ni chez les modernes, où il y ait autant d'esprit. Mais c'est une sorte d'esprit qui s'évapore dès qu'il passe chez l'étranger." Voltaire is quite right in both particulars. *The Plain-Dealer* is all that he claims for it. *La Prude* is very dull.<sup>1</sup>

About a year after the production of *The Plain-Dealer* Wycherley fell dangerously ill of a lingering fever which not only prematurely turned his hair grey, perhaps no irremediable matter in the days of Chedreux, but also seriously impaired his memory to the sad detriment of his later work. It was, no doubt, this sickness which has deprived us of another play from his pen. During his long convalescence he was neglected by his friends of the court, a fact that is of itself no small evidence of the real esteem and affection with which they regarded him, for it is not everyone who will be at the pains to cheer up the sick-room of a lonely invalid, however brisk a companion he may be when in health and spirits. He was honoured, moreover, at his Bow Street lodgings, where he lay, by a visit from King Charles, who sat by his bedside, chatted awhile, and, seeing the feeble state to which the disease had reduced him, gave him the best of advice, namely that he should pass some months in the South of France as soon as his strength would permit him to travel, and in order that the means for this recuperative change should not be lacking, with rare generosity bestowed upon him a royal bounty of five hundred pounds. Wycherley appears to have left England in the autumn of 1678, and to have spent the following winter and spring at Montpellier, a town which enjoyed a vast reputation as a health resort, both for the sovereign quality of its air and the skill of its many physicians.

<sup>1</sup> The French translation of *The Plain-Dealer* (*L'Homme Franc*) in Volume XI of *Chefs-d'œuvre des théâtres étrangers*, 1822, Vol. V, is unhappily made from Bickerstaffe's inept mutilation. It is the work of E. Mennechet.

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Thoroughly recuperated, save for his defective memory, a weakness which unhappily increased with years, Wycherley returned to London in 1679 and was greeted by the King with the utmost kindness. He now received the welcome news of yet another favour, his appointment as tutor to the King's son by the Duchess of Portsmouth, the young Duke of Richmond. Charles Lennox was born 29 July, 1672, and 9 August, 1675, created Baron of Settrington, Earl of March, and Duke of Richmond (Yorks), in the English peerage, and the following 9 November Baron Methuen, Earl of Darnley, and Duke of Lennox in the peerage of Scotland. He married, January, 1692-3, Anne, second daughter of Francis, Lord Brudenell, and widow of Henry, second Lord Belasyse of Worlabey. He died at Goodwood, 27 May, 1723. In October, 1684, Evelyn speaks of him as "a very pretty boy," whilst Macky (*Characters*) in 1704, though he calls him "well shaped," adds "black complexion; much like King Charles." He further describes him as "an enemy to business; very credulous," whilst Swift more tersely summed him up in the words, "a shallow Coxcomb."

The Duke of Richmond was to be educated as a prince of the blood, and Wycherley's salary was fixed at no less than the munificent sum of fifteen hundred pounds, which carried with it an ample pension when the Duke no longer required his services. It would seem as though fortune had smiled her brightest upon the dramatist, but all too soon he was to experience the wanton's frown.

At this time the favourite resort of the gay and fashionable who were surfeited for a while with the restless routine of London life was Tunbridge Wells, so admirably pictured by Grammont when he writes: "Tunbridge est à la même distance de Londres que Fontainebleau l'est de Paris. Ce qu'il y a de beau et de galant dans l'un et dans l'autre sexe s'y rassemble au temps des eaux. La compagnie, toujours nombreuse, y est toujours choisie. Comme ceux qui ne cherchent qu'à se divertir l'emportent toujours sur le nombre de ceux qui n'y vont que par nécessité, tout y respire les plaisirs et la joie. La contrainte en est bannie, la familiarité établie dès la première connaissance, et la vie qu'on y mène est délicieuse."<sup>1</sup>

Rochester has a famous satire *Tunbridge Wells*. A good comedy, *Tunbridge Wells; or a Daies Courtship*, often ascribed to Rawlins, by Anthony à Wood to Sedley, was produced at the Duke's House early in 1678, and printed quarto the same year. In a letter to Dennis, dated 11 August, 1695, and written from Tunbridge, Congreve expatiates on "the Pleasures of the Place."<sup>2</sup>

The incident which, without undue exaggeration, may be said from this point to have ruined Wycherley's career, is best related in the words of Dennis. "It was immediately after Mr. *Wycherley* had received these gracious Offers from the King, that the Water-drinking Season coming on he went down to *Tunbridge* to take either the benefit of the Waters or the diversions of the Place, when walking one day upon the *Wells Walk* with his friend Mr. *Fairbeard* of *Gray's Inn*, just as he came up to the Bookseller's, my Lady *Drogheda*, a young widow, rich, noble, and beautiful, came to the Bookseller and inquired for the *Plain-Dealer*. Madam, says Mr. *Fairbeard*, since you are for the Plain Dealer there he is for you, pushing Mr. *Wycherley* towards her. Yes, says Mr. *Wycherley* with his usual promptitude and gallantry, this Lady

<sup>1</sup> *Memoires du Chevalier du Grammont*, c. xii.

<sup>2</sup> For a full account of this famous resort Burr's *History of Tunbridge Wells* may be consulted.



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can bear Plain Dealing for she appears to be so accomplished that what would be Compliment said to others, spoke to her would be Plain Dealing. No, truly, sir, said the Lady, I am not without my faults any more than the rest of my Sex, and yet, notwithstanding my faults, I love Plain Dealing and never am more fond of it than when it tells me my faults. Then, Madam, said Mr. *Fairbeard*, who appears to have played his Part in the Scene with excellent Taste and Good Humour, you and the Plain Dealer seem design'd by Heaven for each other. In short Mr. *Wycherley* walked with her upon the *Walks*, waited upon her home, visited her daily at her Lodgings while she staid at *Tunbridge* and, after she went to *London*, at her Lodgings in *Hatton Garden*, where in a little time he got her consent to marry her, which he did, by his father's command, without acquainting the King; for it was reasonably suppos'd, that the Lady having a great Independent Estate, and noble and powerful Relations, the acquainting the King with the intended Marriage might be the likeliest way to prevent it."

Lætitia Isabella,<sup>1</sup> daughter of John Robartes, first Earl of Radnor, by his second wife Lætitia Isabella, daughter of Sir John Smith of Bidborough, Kent, knight, married in 1669 Charles Moore, second Earl of Drogheda, who died 18 June, 1679. Wycherley, then, met her at Tunbridge in the summer of that year, and the clandestine wedding seems to have taken place, if not in the following winter, at least early in 1680.

It was scarcely possible, however, that the marriage, however guarded and private, should long remain a secret. It was whispered at Whitehall, and soon reached the ears of the King, who was not only seriously annoyed at the breach of etiquette but also bitterly resented the lack of confidence he not unreasonably considered Wycherley to have shown. There can be no doubt that Daniel Wycherley's advice, or rather command, was the most injudicious policy that could have been adopted. There was no more talk of Wycherley's appointment in the household of the Duchess of Portsmouth, for both he and his wife were tacitly if not officially banished from the Court, an exile which the lady contemplated with equanimity but which filled her husband with something like despair. Moreover, Wycherley found that his wings were very shortly clipped. His wife proved so eternally suspicious of his every action, so vehemently passionate and loud in her recriminations if she but imagined, and her imagination was very lively that way, the most trifling neglect, that his life was a continual round of angry upbraidings and open jars. Often did the poor dramatist sigh with wise Solomon: "It is better to dwell in a corner of the house-top than with a brawling woman and in a wide house." In the well-known words of Dennis: "The Lady was jealous of him to Distraction, jealous to that degree that she could not endure he should be one Moment out of her Sight. Their lodgings were in *Bow Street, Covent Garden*, over against the *Cock*, whither if he, at any time, went with his friends, he was obliged to leave the windows open, that the Lady might see there was no Woman in Company, or she would be immediately in down-right raving Conditions. Whether this outrageous jealousy proceeded from the excess of her Passion, for she loved her Husband with the same violence with which she had done her Lover, or from the great things she had heard reported of his Manly Prowess which were not answered by her experience, or from them both together, Mr. *Wycherley* thought that he was obliged to humour it, and that he could not be too indulgent to a Lady

<sup>1</sup> She is the Mademoiselle Robartes mentioned by Grammont as a Maid of Honour.



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who had bestowed both her Person and her Fortune upon him." But even a fortune may be bought too dearly, and what it must have meant to a man of Wycherley's temperament to live day by day with an hysterical and vituperative shrew will not bear contemplating. The constant fret and cantankerousness must have tattered the strongest nerves, and there is scant wonder he had neither the quiet nor the inspiration for another immortal comedy.

However, the Countess died in 1681, bequeathing the whole of her estate to her husband. Fresh troubles immediately accrued. Probably the Radnor family were not particularly wealthy, and certainly they did not intend to let this diverted legacy go without a struggle. Robert, Viscount Bodmin, the eldest son of the first Earl of Radnor, died in February, 1682, and was succeeded by his grandson, Charles Bodville Robartes (1660-1723), who had married Elizabeth,<sup>1</sup> the daughter of Sir John Cutler,<sup>2</sup> the wealthy old miser, from whom no dowry was forthcoming. Chagrined by his double loss, the fortunes of his aunt and his wife, the young Earl prosecuted his claims with unwonted determination and vigorously disputed the Countess of Drogheda's will. The greater portion of the expenses of the case in which he was so unhappily involved had to be borne by Wycherley, and he now found himself in circumstances of great difficulty. His *Epistles to the King and Duke* were written about this time, no doubt with the object of regaining Charles' favour, which they signally failed to do. Above all things King Charles resented ingratitude, and he could not bring himself again to befriend a man who had, as he thought, repaid his many and great kindnesses by disloyalty and mistrust. Lord Mulgrave, however, came to his assistance and lent him five hundred pounds upon his bond. This alas! was soon swallowed up in the Prerogative Court, and Wycherley's distress began to grow acute. His father could not or would not help him, and James Magnes, the publisher whose pockets *The Plain-Dealer* had amply filled, callously refused him twenty pounds at a moment of dire necessity. At length he was thrown into the Fleet Prison for debt, a sojourn he has celebrated in a copy of verses, and here he remained for several years.<sup>3</sup> It is a sad reflection that his brother George also was detained at the same time in the same captivity, where he died in December, 1688.

*The Country-Wife* and *The Plain-Dealer* still appeared on the stage season after season, and still met with triumphant applause.

14 December, 1685, *The Plain-Dealer* was acted at Whitehall before King James, his Queen and Court. Tradition says that the performance was suggested by Colonel Brett, who was in high favour with the King. When James expressed his lively satisfaction at so excellent a comedy and applauded with more than ordinary enjoyment, the Colonel was able to drop a word about the author's distress and imprisonment. The great and good King at once asked for definite information, and upon hearing the facts, gave instant orders that not only should Wycherley be at once released, but his debts discharged, and a pension of two hundred pounds a year paid him so long as he chose to reside in England. Lord Mulgrave was commissioned to inquire into the details of the poet's liabilities, but unfortunately, either through a modest fear of seeming to presume overmuch upon the royal favour or else by reason of a delicate hesitation,

<sup>1</sup> She died issueless 13 January, 1696.

<sup>2</sup> He died 15 April, 1693, worth, according to Luttrell, £300,000. Wycherley's verses on Cutler banter this avarice.

<sup>3</sup> Generally said to be seven, but more probably three or four.

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Wycherley did not return a full total,<sup>1</sup> and even after the generosity of the King he was for some time burdened by financial anxieties. According to Spence these remaining debts, which amounted to some three hundred pounds, were at length settled by the poet's father, and it would appear that about this time a better understanding was arrived at between the two.

Wycherley's health was now far from good. He suffered from gravel, and Dryden in a letter to Etherege, dated February, 1687, mentions that he has had an apoplectic seizure.

At the Revolution he found it convenient for his pocket's sake, at least, to retire into the country, indeed it was the only course open for him, and so he took up his abode at Clive Hall, where he seems for some years to have led a life of entire and enforced seclusion, only broken by a few scattered visits to Town. Whenever in London he was generally to be found at Will's Coffee House, No. 1 Bow Street, Covent Garden, on the west side corner of Russell Street. Here he had his own place in the wits' room, upstairs, on the first floor. In summer, at the open window, where Wycherley sat by the side of his old friend, John Dryden, in the warm sunshine, the young authors and all the fledglings would listen open-mouthed to hear talk of a play to be written in conjunction by the two leading dramatists of the day. But more often the Plain Dealer was far away in his Shropshire village, not a little moped and wistful for Town. So Southerne in his lines to Congreve, prefixed to *The Old Batchelour* and published in January, 1693, speaking of Dryden and his poetic tribe wrote:

*His eldest Wicherly in wise Retreat  
Thought it not worth his quiet to be great.*

And Dennis in a letter 19 January, 1693-4, addressed to "Mr. Wycherley at Clive near Shrewsbury" salutes him as "the humble Hermit at Clive."

5 May, 1697, Daniel Wycherley died at the age of eighty-one, and two days later was buried in the chancel of All Saints, Clive. Thenceforward his son lived in London with occasional visits to Clive. He had inherited the paternal estate indeed, but it was tied up with complex conditions and heavy charges, not a few of which had been incurred by endless and futile litigation and pettifogging chicane. His mother still lived, aged even for her eighty years. He himself was no longer the brave gallant who basked in the smiles of the wanton Barbara, and who had shared the bed of more than one mistress of King Charles. Illness, severe and lasting, anxiety, misfortune, disappointments, had raddled his handsome face and crooked his supple limbs. He was bent and shaken, his head was palsied, his hands trembled, his memory had almost completely failed, only his fine eyes now and again lit up and blazed with tragic fire from among the wrinkles. Those eight years from 1689 to 1697 must often have seemed an eternal and remorseless purgatory. It is indeed piteous to think of that fine spirit being prisoned, for it was little less, in a remote old hall, surrounded by persons whom he could not understand and by whom he was not understood, amid a continual jar and clash of temperaments, for companions a crotchety and cross-grained litigant, a querulous old lady, and a meagre choice of toping squireens.

During all this while he was working at his collection of *Miscellany Poems*, and at length after twenty-one years' silence they were published in a folio volume, 1704.

<sup>1</sup> "A spendthrift never reveals all his debts. . . . We must not expect people to do what they cannot." *The Sentimentalists*, Part II, 1.



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The book had been long projected and widely discussed. It is advertised in *The London Gazette*, 30 November—3 December, 1696, whilst Dryden in a letter to Walsh, 9 or 10 May, 1699, says: "Mr. Wycherley's Poems will not come out until Michaelmas Terme: if his versification prove as well as his wit I shall believe it will be extraordinary. However, Congreve and Southern and I shall not faile to appear before it, and if you will come in he will have reason to acknowledge it for a favour." It must be confessed that these Poems for the most part show his genius in its decline. They are the result of reflection rather than of inspiration, and his ear seems to have been very treacherous so that we often stumble over awkward and rough-hewn rhymes. Yet they merit examination, and from a psychological point of view they are of considerable interest. They should be compared with the eight Prologues and Epilogues that introduce and close his comedies. Some of these are extremely happy. Such are the lines spoken by Mrs. Knepp, Mrs. Corey, and the actress who played Flirt. It is a sad thing that the *Miscellany Poems* are not fully sprinkled with this salt, but we must remember that they were all written after that fever which so marred his life. As I think the best and fairest judgement of these pieces to be that of George Granville, Lord Lansdowne, which he has given us in *A Letter Containing a Character of Mr. Wycherley*,<sup>1</sup> I herewith subjoin it as an excellent example of true criticism. Having spoken very warmly of Wycherley as a friend, and having mentioned that "King Charles the Second, a nice Discerner of Men, and himself a Man of Wit, often chose him for a companion at his leisure Hours, as Augustus did Horace," he continues in this strain: "There are who object to his *Versification*. It is certain he is no Master of Numbers; but a Diamond is not less a Diamond for not being polish'd. In Poetry, a smooth and harmonious Versification is the same with a fine Colouring in Painting; but if the Proportions are right, the Posture just, the Figure bold, and the Resemblances true to Nature, such a Piece may give infinite Delight, and be of inestimable Value, tho' the Colours should happen to be rough or carelesly laid on. A beautiful Face may charm, without the Help of Complexion; but the fairest Skin, with all its Lilies and Roses, makes Ugliness but more remarkable. Where Justness is wanting in the Design, and Spirit in the Execution, the finest Colouring Art can invent, is but Paint upon a frightful Face: Yet many of our modern Writers look no farther, they lay the whole stress of their Endeavours upon the Harmony of Words; like Eunuchs, they sacrifice their Manhood to a Voice, and reduce Poetry, like Echo, to be nothing but Sound.

In my Friend, every Syllable, every Thought is masculine: His Muse is not led forth as to a Review, but as to a Battle; not adorn'd for Parade, but Execution; he would be tried by the Sharpness of his Blade, and not by the Finery: Like your Heroes of Antiquity, he charges in Iron, and seems to despise all Ornament but intrinsic Merit." "And, like those Heroes, has therefore added another Name to his own; and by the unanimous Assent of the World, is call'd, *The Manly Wycherley*."<sup>2</sup>

As a frontispiece to the *Miscellany Poems* was placed a mezzotint portrait of the author, engraved by Smith in 1703, from the picture by Sir Peter Lely, and under-

<sup>1</sup> First published in a very rare collection by Abel Boyer, *Letters of Wit, Politicks, and Morality*, 8vo, 1701. Here, however, the text differs in some detail from that given in Lansdowne's *Collected Works*, Tonson, three volumes, 1736, whence I have quoted.

<sup>2</sup> This concluding sentence is from the text in Boyer's *Letters*, 1701.



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neath the old man caused to be engraved the Vergilian "Quantum mutatus ab illo!" It would seem that a second folio volume was planned, but this never appeared. The first was issued by subscription, and the bookseller bilked the poet by withholding the list of subscribers and refusing him his royalties.

The Plain Dealer still made a very considerable figure in London literary circles, and strangers would visit the coffee-houses that he might be pointed out to them by their London friends. Occasionally, very occasionally, he visited Tunbridge Wells and Bath, probably for the sake of the waters, and in after-years men remembered having seen and talked with the great Mr. Wycherley. His conversation still preserved flashes of wit, although some of the younger folk, belonging to the bourgeois age of good Queen Anne, were inclined to be a little shocked by his freedom. So Gwinnet, in a letter subscribed "Bath, Sept. 15, 1709," and directed to Elizabeth Thomas, writes: "My dear Corinna. Here is a great deal of Company. Being but a fresh Comer I can send you no News from this Place; except it be that Yesterday Mr. Wycherley dined with Sir John [Guise], whose Conversation I find like his Poetry, is very much decayed; unless plain fulsom Obscenity (not to be borne with in a Young Man, but unpardonable in an Old one) may pass for Wit and good Breeding."<sup>1</sup>

It is not to be wondered at that a certain young poet of sixteen who had already completed four books of an epic, *Alcander Prince of Rhodes*, and composed a tragedy on S. Geneviève, should have been ambitious of meeting the famous dramatist. Even as a precocious boy Alexander Pope had one of his sharp eyes on the main chance, and who knew whether he might not shine in the reflected glory of old Wycherley? It is no easy task to obtain a true idea of the relations between Wycherley and Pope from their published correspondence, which it must be remembered has continually to be checked from copies of the originals which were found in the Marquis of Bath's library at Longleat, and which establish yet one more piece of evidence of Pope's ape-like cunning, vivid imagination, and temperamental incapacity to divulge the truth. In after-years it suited Pope's purpose to pretend that he was far more intimate with Wycherley than really seems to have been the case. There were few who could, or cared to, contradict his fictions, and accordingly he furnished no mean number of interesting anecdotes, a few of which may be founded upon half-recollections of what the old dramatist had said to him in some odd moments of forgetful senility, vainly trying to grope back into the forgotten past, but more of which are undoubtedly sprigs of his own florid invention. It may not impertinently be remembered that Spence reports Pope as relating how Addison had given the venal Charles Gildon ten guineas for writing "a thing about Wycherley." In the course of this Pope was abused, and he retorted with the "Character of Atticus." No copy of anything about Wycherley that at all corresponded with these details was known, and for many years the story was not unreasonably thought to be but another example of Pope's mendacity. We owe, however, ample confirmation of the tale to the research of an eminent authority, Mr. Thorn-Drury, who by his discovery of a little biography, a

<sup>1</sup> Pylades (Gwinnet) to Corinna (Elizabeth Thomas). *The Honourable Lovers*, 1732, 8vo, II, 15. But this account of Wycherley is flatly contradicted by a writer in Boyer's *Letters of Wit, Politicks, and Morality*, 1701, who says in Letter III (p. 215), *Containing an Account of Will's Coffeehouse*: "Mr. Wycherley is a little shy and reserv'd in Conversation." Lord Lansdowne also asserts: Mr. Wycherley is "in his Conversation, gentle, modest, inoffensive."

## INTRODUCTION

“thing” of two-and-forty pages, *Memoirs of the Life of William Wycherley, Esq., with a character of his writings*,<sup>1</sup> published by Edmund Curll in 1718, proved that for once, at least, Pope did not lie. This pamphlet very sharply scarifies “one Pope, a little diminutive Creature, who had got a sort of Knack in smooth versification.” He is described as an “Æsopic sort of an animal in his own cropt Hair and Dress agreeable to the Forest he came from.” He is represented as persistently hanging on to Wycherley, and even as claiming Wycherley’s poem on the *Pastorals* as his own composition.<sup>2</sup> There is gross exaggeration, of course, but I suggest that there was much which was too near the truth for Pope’s liking.

Pope’s correspondence with Wycherley, after having been duly revised and re-orientated by the poet, was first published in 1729 as *The Posthumous WORKS / of / William Wycherley, Esq; / In Prose and Verse. / VOL. II. / CONSISTING OF / LETTERS and POEMS / PUBLISH’D from / Original Manuscripts. / LONDON: / Printed for J. ROBETRS in Warwick-lane. 1729 / Price 1s. 6d., or to be had Bound together, Price 5s. / This, as will be noticed, purports to be the Second Volume of *The Posthumous Works of William Wycherley, Esq; in Prose and Verse. . . .* In Two Parts, which was seen through the press by Theobald and to which were prefixed Pach’s *Memoirs*. But this book was printed for “A. Betterworth, J. Osborn, W. Mears, W. and J. Innys, J. Peele, T. Woodward, and F. Clay,” and there is no doubt that the *Works* of 1729, purporting to be the Second Volume, have been extensively tinkered at by Pope, with whose connivance the volume appeared. No doubt we have here also one cause of his enmity with Theobald, who had been given the editing of a great dramatist’s remains, which Pope regarded as his own perquisite and property. A prefatory “To the Reader” informs us that the letters are from the Harley Library, and also that if anyone should inquire why so long a time has lapsed before they were published it was owing to the difficulty of deciding which portion of Wycherley’s verses to include. There is incidentally a good deal of more or less indirect puffing of Pope. But there seem to have been copies of Wycherley’s letters to Pope in other hands, and no doubt he was informed that if he allowed this book containing the garbled letters to be publicly sold and circulated the original drafts would be printed. Threatened in this way, Pope instantly withdrew this Second Volume, and the consequence of this hurried suppression is that now it has become so great a rarity that its very existence has often been denied, and that by persons of no small knowledge and authority, who were quite unable to get a sight of so scarce a collection.<sup>3</sup> It was not until 1735 that Pope was able to publish his amended correspondence, and meanwhile he had, no doubt, taken good care that the original copies should not be immediately forthcoming.*

As the undiluted Wycherley’s letters may be read it is not necessary to give a detailed analysis of them here. Their tenour is obvious and the story sufficiently plain. Pope seems to have met the aged dramatist in the winter of 1704,<sup>4</sup> and during the following year several letters, full of literary courtesies, were exchanged. In 1706 Wycherley

<sup>1</sup> It should be mentioned that Mr. Thorn-Drury generously allowed the British Museum to acquire his copy of this rarity on easy terms.

<sup>2</sup> Dennis has the same insinuation.

<sup>3</sup> The British Museum lacks a copy, and I am informed that only one copy has occurred at sale during many years. For this edition of Wycherley the Bodleian copy has been collated.

<sup>4</sup> First letter of Pope is dated 26 December, 1704.



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asks Pope to revise and correct a number of manuscript verses, a task of peculiar delicacy and difficulty when we consider that the old dramatist would repeat the same thought in the same words at an interval of two or three lines, and when this was pointed out to him apologize for his failing memory and erase it. Pope, no doubt, immensely improved a great deal of Wycherley's verse. As we have seen, Wycherley's chief fault was an almost entire lack of ear for rhythm, whereas no lines can be neater and smoother than the couplets of Pope, whom the harsh assonances of his old friend must often have made writhe in agony and dismay. As might have been expected, Pope's alterations became more frequent, his criticisms more trenchant and direct. But in 1708 Wycherley sends Pope his complimentary address upon the *Pastorals*, the third of which, *Autumn*, is dedicated to Wycherley, and the correspondence did not break off until 1710, although there have been for some time clear signs of mutual irritation and misunderstanding. In after-years Pope said: "Wycherley was really angry with me for correcting his verses so much. I was extremely plagued, up and down, for almost two years with them." Leslie Stephen has written: "To discover the rights and wrongs of the quarrel is now impossible, though unfortunately one thing is clear, namely, that Pope was guilty of grossly sacrificing truth in the interests of his own vanity." There is, none the less, one very plain explanation which, although it may not entirely cover the facts of the case, goes a very long way towards doing so. Pope was weary of continuing a correspondence from which he could reap no benefit. In 1710 he was on the high-road to success, and Wycherley was now of no further use to him in any way.

On more than one occasion Wycherley professed himself ready to heal the breach, but although Pope, after long silences, would send polite messages through a friend, such as Henry Cromwell, these were mere empty civilities.

In the autumn of 1711 Wycherley was at Bath, drinking the waters. "He went to Gloucester on his way to Salop, but was disappointed of a boat, and so returned to the Bath."<sup>1</sup> Cromwell was also at Bath, a convalescent. Whenever the two met they spoke of Pope, and did not forget to praise the *Essay on Criticism*. Wycherley indeed often declared his intention of paying a visit to Pope, whom he invited to London in two or three letters. But the waspish little man would be solicited and perhaps not consent. "Mr. Wycherley," writes Cromwell again, "came to town on Sunday last, and kindly surprised me with a visit on Monday morning. We dined and drank together; and I saying, *To our loves*, he replied, *It is Mr. Pope's health*." There was probably an exchange of letters between the old dramatist and Pope, and the latter also visited Wycherley a few days before his death.

The evening of Wycherley's life was not happy. He was old, older than his years; he was infirm and often sick, on several occasions he had been attacked by painful and dangerous complaints; he had survived all his friends; he had outlived his generation. Money difficulties continually oppressed him; his father's will forbade him unconditionally to sell or alienate the property, and it seemed as though the whole estate must devolve upon the eldest son of his brother John, William Wycherley, who had been baptized at Wem, 2 February, 1684. This nephew had long shown the greatest ill-will towards his uncle and continued to vex and thwart him in every possible way. It is certain that there had been very considerable disagreements and that these were of long standing. Although the estate was entailed,

<sup>1</sup> Cromwell to Pope, 26 October, 1711.



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yet power was left to settle a widow's jointure, and accordingly eleven days before his death, 20 December, 1715, Wycherley married again. In the Register of S. Paul's, Covent Garden, we find: "20 Dec., 1715. William Wycherley, gentleman of this parish, and Elizabeth Jackson of St. James, Westminster, Married at Mr. Wycherley's lodgings in Bow Street, by Mr. John Harris, by especial licence." Harris was the assistant curate of the church, and he has duly signed this entry. Wycherley died a Catholic, and one must remember that this was long before the days of *Ne temere* and the regulations of Pius X. Whatever one may think of it the fact remains, and the young widow found herself with a jointure of four hundred a year, the nephew with a mortgaged estate upon which this was a charge. The story goes that the night before he expired Wycherley called his young wife to his bedside and earnestly said to her: "My dear, I have one thing to ask you. Do not again marry an old man." Two hours after signing his will, 31 December, 1715, Wycherley passed quietly away, almost in his sleep. He is buried in the vault of S. Paul's, Covent Garden.

About three months after his death his young wife married Captain Thomas Shrimpton,<sup>1</sup> the sole executor of her late husband's will, and a close connexion on the maternal side.

That Wycherley was a man of fascinating presence and brilliant conversation is shown by a multitude of references. His faults were largely the faults of his own day, his virtues his own. No man enjoyed so completely the friendship of every eminent figure both in court and literary circles; no man was more warm-hearted, more generous, more sincerely beloved, even in the late days of Anne, when the wits and new poets gazed admiringly at him, senile and decayed, and cried: "You may behold old excellent *Cassius*, who in our comedy has furnished more wit than could *Plautus* and *Terencius* in their whole compositions."<sup>2</sup> Of his attachment to his friends he gave many proofs. Caught up in the glittering world of Restoration London, petted and fêted, applauded and caressed, we yet find very different traits in his life and work from the traits in the lives and works of Sedley, Etherege, or Buckingham. A keen sincerity informs his every line, and this was recognized even by Jeremy Collier, who, when attacking the stage, has singularly little to say against Wycherley. Wycherley was a great satirist,<sup>3</sup> and a great satirist may be, not necessarily must be, a moralist. So Aretino, whose knowledge of society from the lowest to the highest was intimate and personal, who had rubbed elbows with sharpening bullies and their punks, and fraternized with foul-minded flunkies in half the gaming-dens and antechambers of Italy, and was equally at home in the ceremonious palaces of high nobles and purpled prelates, gives in his comedies a series of intensely vivid sketches of contemporary life, detailing all its vices and vileness but without malignity and almost without reproach save that which the mere painting of the public implies.

<sup>1</sup> In the *Memoirs of the Life of Mrs. Anne Oldfield*, 1731, a long letter, said to be written by Captain Shrimpton, is printed. Shrimpton collected money at Clive for Wycherley from his tenants, and details are given of various annoyances the nephew caused.

<sup>2</sup> Mrs. Manley's *New Atalantis*. *Cassius*=Mr. Wycherley (Key).

<sup>3</sup> Evelyn's oft-quoted lines run:

As long as Men are false and Women vain,  
Whilst Gold continues to be Virtue's Bane,  
In pointed Satire *Wycherley* shall reign.

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In some well-known lines Rochester wrote:

Of all our modern Wits, none seems to me  
Once to have toucht upon true Comedy,  
But hasty *Shadwel*, and slow *Wycherley*.

Upon this Lord Lansdowne comments: "This Character, however just in other Respects, yet injures Mr. *Wycherley* in one particular, being represented as a laborious Writer, which every one can contradict, who has the least personal knowledge of him. Those indeed who form their Judgment only by his Writings, may be apt to imagine, that so many admirable Reflections, such diversity of Images and Characters, such strickt Enquiries into Nature; so thorow an Inspection, and such close Observations upon the several Humours, Manners, Sentiments, and Affections of Men, and, as it were, so true, and so perfect a *Dissection* of Humane-kind, as appears in his Comedies, could be no other than the Work of extraordinary Labour and Application. Whereas others who have the happiness to be acquainted with the Author, as well as his Works, are able to affirm that all these Perfections are due to his Genius, and natural Penetration. We owe the Pleasure and Advantage of having been so well entertain'd and instructed by him, to his facility of doing it; for if I mistake him not extreamly, had it been a Trouble to him to write, he wou'd have spar'd himself that Trouble. What he has perform'd, would, indeed, have been difficult for a Genius of less Force, but the *Club* which a Man of ordinary size could not lift, was no more than a Walking-Staff for *Hercules*."<sup>1</sup>

In a contemporary letter, purporting to be "From a *French Gentleman* in *London*, to his Friend in *Paris*," and "Containing an Account of *Will's Coffeehouse*," *Wycherley* is mentioned with Rochester, the Marquis of Normanby, Sedley, Roscommon, Dorset, Etherege, Dryden, as among "the first-rate Wits that flourish'd in King Charles II's Reign," and the following passage occurs: "Mr. *Wycherley* is universally allow'd the first place among the *English Comick-Poets*, who have writ since *Ben. Johnson*. His *Plain-Dealer*, (of which he took the first hint from *Moliere's Misanthrope*) is the best Comedy that ever was compos'd in any Language. The only Fault that has been found in it, is its being too full of *Wit*; a Fault which few Authors can be guilty of. He has also writ three other Plays, the best of which is the *Country Wife*. Mr. *Wycherley* is one of the politest Gentlemen in *England*, and the most civil and affable to Strangers, especially to those of our Nation, for whom he has an Esteem; he is a little shy and reserv'd in Conversation, but when a Man can be so happy as once to engage him in Discourse, he cannot but admire his profound Sense, Masculine Wit, vast Knowledge of Mankind, and noble but easie Expressions. These qualities gain'd Mr. *Wycherley* the Love and Esteem of his Master King *Charles II.* and of his Successor the like King of *Britain*, as the Comeliness and Gracefulness of his Person did the Hearts of several Ladies of their Amorous Courts."<sup>2</sup>

*Wycherley's* work may be disliked, it cannot be neglected. His verses have already been considered. His prose will be found, even in the *Maxims* and *Reflexions*, to be of an extraordinarily high quality. In his comedies it is supreme. And it is by his comedies

<sup>1</sup> Boyer's *Letters of Wit, Politicks, and Morality*, 1701, Letter X, pp. 254-5.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*, Letter III, p. 217.



## INTRODUCTION

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that Wycherley will live, and it is by two of these, *The Country-Wife* and *The Plain-Dealer*, that he has assured to himself a serene immortality. These masterpieces remain unsurpassed in the English theatre, indeed few comic dramatists in any land or of any tongue have equalled, none have excelled our great and glorious William Wycherley.

*Bologna, 1924.*

MONTAGUE SUMMERS.

# Love in a Wood

OR,

St. James's Park

A

C O M E D Y

As it is ACTED BY

His MAJESTIES servants

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Written by Mr. WYCHERLEY

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*—Excludit sanos helicone poetas  
Democritus;—Horat.*

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## Source

THE suggestion, which is demonstrably incorrect, that *Love in a Wood* owes anything to Sir Charles Sedley's *The Mulberry-Garden*, produced at the Theatre Royal on Monday, 18 May, 1668 (4to, 1668), has already been sufficiently discussed in the Introduction.

The incident in Act IV when Sir Simon, on being teased by Lady Flippant, kisses and afterwards pursues her, may be found in a novel by Monseigneur de Commesuram, *La Procureuse passe la Raye*, the twenty-third novel of *Les Cent Nouvelles*. The earliest Western form of this anecdote seems to be the fabliau, *Le Curé qui posa une pierre*; it has also been used by Celio Malespini in his *Ducento Novelle*, by Granucci, and by the illustrious Bandello himself. Wycherley probably derived it directly from the Sieur D'Ouville's *Contes aux heures perdues*, two volumes, Paris, 1644, wherein are collected a vast number of tales from *Le Moyen de Parvenir*, *Cento Novelle Antiche*, *Le Tombeau de la Melancholie*, from Poggio, Domenichi, Pietro Fortini, Il Lasca, and a score of other writers.

It has not hitherto been noticed that the more serious episodes of *Love in a Wood*, the plots and somewhat intricate counter-plots of Ranger, Vincent, and Lydia, and above all the passionate jealousy of Valentine and Christina's niceties of honour and love, have all the atmosphere and intrigue of the Spanish theatre, whence they are undoubtedly derived. Very similar situations and characters frequently occur in the comedias of Calderon, Lope de Vega, Ruiz de Alarcón, Moreto, and the other Spanish dramatists.

It should, perhaps, be remarked that *Love in a Wood; or, The Country Squire*, a banal little farce by Charles Jacob, published 12mo, 1714, has no connexion whatsoever with Wycherley's comedy.

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# Theatrical History

**L**OVE in a Wood, which was originally received with great favour by the Town and especially patronized by the Duchess of Cleveland, passed into the regular repertory of Killigrew's company, and, for some six or seven years, was, it would seem, not infrequently played. After an interval this comedy was reprinted in 1693 and again in 1694 "As it is Acted By Their Majesties Servants," whence it is obvious that there was a revival about this time, which attracted attention and applause. The quarto of 1711 also indicates a performance at this later date, for it may generally be stated that the reissue of a play by the publishers argues a revival in the theatre.

During the summer season of 1718, on 15 August, *Love in a Wood* was given at Drury Lane with the following cast: Ranger, Mills; Valentine, Tom Walker, the original Macheath; Vincent, Charles Williams; Dapperwit, Young Wilks; Sir Simon, Joe Miller; Gripe, "Jubilee" Dick Norris; Lady Fidget, Mrs. Moor; Christina, the beautiful Mrs. Seymour, whom Ryan partially preferred even to Mrs. Oldfield; Lydia, Mrs. Garnet; Mrs. Crossbite, Mrs. Willis, "a most excellent actress in low humour"; Mrs. Joyner, Mrs. Hunt; Martha, Miss Tenoe; and Lucy, Miss Seal. The play was announced as "Not acted 30 years," but this cannot be taken at all literally. The bills often employed such phrases as "Not acted 20 years," "Not acted 30 years," which meant nothing more than "Not having been performed for a considerable time."



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TO HER  
G R A C E  
THE  
Dutcheſs of C L E A V L A N D

MADAM,

*ALL Authors whatever in their Dedications are Poets; but I am now to Write to a Lady, who ſtands as little in need of Flattery, as her Beauty of Art; otherwiſe, I ſhou'd prove as ill a Poet to her in my Dedication, as to my Reader in my Play: I can do your Grace no Honour, nor make you more Admirers than you have already; yet I can do my ſelf the honour to let the World know, I am the greateſt you have; you will Pardon me, Madam, for you know, 'tis very hard for a new Author, and Poet too, to govern his Ambition; for Poets, let them paſs in the world never ſo much, for modeſt, honeſt Men, but begin praiſe to others, which concludes in themſelves; and are like Rooks, who lend People money, but to win it back again, and ſo leave them in debt to 'em for nothing; they offer Laurel and Incenſe to their Hero's, but wear it themſelves, and perfume themſelves. This is true, Madam, upon the honeſt word of an Author, who never yet writ Dedication; yet though I cannot lye like them, I am as vain as they, and cannot but publickly give your Grace my humble acknowledgments for the Favours I have receiv'd from you: This, I ſay, is the Poets Gratitude, which in plain Engliſh, is only Pride and Ambition; and that the World might know your Grace did me the honour to ſee my Play twice together; yet perhaps my Enviſers of your Favour will ſuggeſt 'twas in Lent, and therefore for your Mortification; then, as a jealous Author, I am concern'd not to have your Graces Favours leſſen'd, or rather, my reputation; and to let them know, you were pleas'd, after that, to command a Copy from me of this Play; the way without Beauty and Wit, to win a poor Poets heart. 'Tis a ſign your Grace underſtands nothing better, then obliging all the World, after the beſt and moſt proper manner; But, Madam, to be obliging to that exceſs as you are, (pardon me, if I tell you, out of my extream concern, and ſervice for your Grace) is a dangerous quality, and may be very incommode to you; for Civility makes Poets as troubleſom, as Charity makes Beggars; and your Grace will be hereafter as much peſter'd with ſuch ſcurvy Offerings as this,*

## LOVE IN A WOOD

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*Poems, Panegyricks, and the like, as you are now with Petitions : And, Madam, take it from me, no Man with Papers in's hand, is more dreadful than a Poet, no, not a Lawyer with his Declarations; Your Grace sure did not well consider what you did, in sending for my Play; you little thought I wou'd have had the confidence to send you a Dedication too : But, Madam, you find I am as unreasonable, and have as little Conscience, as if I had driven the Poetick trade longer than I have, and ne're consider you had enough of the Play; but (having suffer'd now so severely) I beseech your Grace, have a care for the future, take my Counsel, and be (if you can possible) as proud, and ill-natur'd, as other people of Quality, since your quiet is so much concern'd, and since you have more reason than any to value your self; for you have that perfection of Beauty (without thinking it so) which others of your Sex, but think they have; that Generosity in your Actions, which others of your Quality, have only in their Promises; that Spirit, Wit, and Judgment, and all other Qualifications, which fit Hero's to Command, and wou'd make any but your Grace proud. I begin now elevated by my Subject, to write with the Emotion and Fury of a Poet; yet the Integrity of an Historian; and I cou'd never be weary, nay, sure this were my only way, to make my Readers never weary too, though they were a more impatient Generation of people than they are. In Fine, speaking thus of your Grace, I shou'd please all the world but you; therefore I must once observe and obey you against my will, and say no more, then that I am,*

MADAM,

Your Grace's

Most Obliged, and most

humble Servant,

WILLIAM WYCHERLEY

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## P R O L O G U E

*C*ustom, which bids the Thief from Cart Harangue,  
All those that come to make, and see him hang,  
Wills the damn'd Poet (though he knows he's gone)  
To greet you, e're his Execution.  
Not having fear of Critick 'fore his eyes,  
But still rejecting wholesome, good advice;  
He e'en is come to suffer here to day,  
For counterfeiting (as you judge) a Play,  
Which is against dread Phœbus highest treason,  
Damn'd damning Judges, therefore you have reason;  
You he do's mean, who for the self same fault,  
That damning Priviledge of yours have bought;  
So the huge Bankers when they needs must fail,  
Send the small Brothers of their trade to Goal;  
Whilst they by breaking Gentlemen, are made,  
Then more than any scorn, poor men o' th' trade;  
You hardn'd Renegado Poets, who  
Treat Riming Brother, worse then Turk wou'd do;  
But vent your Heathenish rage, hang, draw, and quarter,  
His Muse will dye to day a fleering Martyr;  
Since for ball'd Jest, dull Libel, or Lampoon, }  
There are who suffer persecution,  
With the undaunted briskness of Buffoon, }  
And strict Professors live of Raillery,  
Defying Porters Lodge, or Pillory:  
For those who yet write on our Poets fate,  
Shou'd as Co-sufferers commiserate;  
But he in vain their pity now wou'd crave, }  
Who for themselves (alas) no pity have,  
And their own gasping credit will not save; }  
And those, much less, our Criminal wou'd spare, }  
Who ne'r in Rhyme transgress, (if such there are). }  
Well then, who nothing hopes, needs nothing fear;  
And he, before your cruel Votes shall do it,  
By his despair, declares himself no Poet.



# The Persons

|                                     |                                                                                                                                               |                                |
|-------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| <b>M</b> <sup>r.</sup> <i>Hart.</i> | Mr. <i>Ranger,</i>                                                                                                                            | } Young Gentlemen of the Town. |
| Mr. <i>Bell.</i>                    | Mr. <i>Vincent,</i>                                                                                                                           |                                |
| Mr. <i>Kinnaſton.</i>               | Mr. <i>Valentine,</i>                                                                                                                         |                                |
| Mr. <i>Lacy.</i>                    | Alderman <i>Gripe,</i> ſeemingly precise, but a covetous,<br>lecherous, old Uſurer of the City.                                               |                                |
| Mr. <i>Winterſell.</i>              | Sir <i>Simon Addleplot,</i> a Coxcomb, always in purſuit of<br>Women of great Fortunes.                                                       |                                |
| Mr. <i>Mohun.</i>                   | Mr. <i>Dapperwit,</i> a brisk conceited, half-witted Fellow<br>of the Town.                                                                   |                                |
| Mrs. <i>Boutell.</i>                | <del><i>Chriſtina, Valentines Miſtreſs.</i></del>                                                                                             |                                |
| Mrs. <i>Betty Cox.</i>              | <del><i>Lydia, Rangers Miſtreſs.</i></del>                                                                                                    |                                |
| Mrs. <i>Knepp.</i>                  | My Lady <i>Flippant,</i> <i>Gripe's</i> Siſter, an affected Widow,<br>in diſtreſs for a Husband, though ſtill declaiming<br>againſt marriage. |                                |
| Mrs. <i>Farlowe.</i>                | Mrs. <i>Martha,</i> <i>Gripe's</i> Daughter.                                                                                                  |                                |
| Mrs. <i>Cory.</i>                   | Mrs. <i>Joyner,</i> a Match-maker, or precise City-Bawd.                                                                                      |                                |
| Mrs. <i>Rutter.</i>                 | Mrs. <i>Croſsbite,</i> an old cheating Jilt, and Bawd to her<br>Daughter.                                                                     |                                |
| Mrs. <i>Betty Slade.</i>            | Miſs <i>Lucy,</i> her Daughter.                                                                                                               |                                |
| Mrs. <i>James.</i>                  | <i>Iſabel,</i> <i>Chriſtina's</i> Woman.                                                                                                      |                                |
| Mrs. <i>Gartreight.</i>             | <i>Leonore,</i> Servant to <i>Lydia.</i>                                                                                                      |                                |

*Croſsbites* Landlord, and his Prentices, Servants, Waiters, and  
other Attendants.

The Scene *L O N D O N.*

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# Love in a Wood

OR,

St James's Park.

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## ACT I. SCENE I.

*Gripes House in the Evening.*

*Enter My Lady Flippant, Mrs. Joyner.*

*Flip.* NOT a Husband to be had for mony.  
Come, come, I might have been a better House-Wife for my self (as the World goes now,) if I had dealt for an Heir with his Guardian, Uncle, or Mother-in-Law; and you are no better than a Chouse, a Cheat.

*Joyner.* I a Cheat, Madam.

*Flip.* I am out of my Mony, and my Patience too.

*Joyner.* Do not run out of your patience whatever you do,  
'Tis a necessary virtue for a Widow without  
A Joynture in truly.

*Flip.* Vile Woman, though my Fortune be something  
Wasted, my Person's in good repair;  
If I had not depended on you, I had had a Husband  
Before this time; when I gave you the last five pound,  
Did not you promise I should be Married by Christmasts.

*Joyner.* And had kept my promise if you had Cooperated.

*Flip.* Cooperated, what should I have done?  
'Tis well known no Woman breathing could use more  
Industry to get her a Husband than I have;  
Has not my Husbands Scutcheon walk'd as much ground  
As the Citizens Signs since the Fire,  
That no quarter of the Town might be ignorant  
Of the Widow *Flippant*.

## LOVE IN A WOOD

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*Joy.* 'Tis well known Madam indeed.

*Flip.* Have I not own'd my self (against my Stomach) the Relict of a Citizen to credit my Fortune?

*Joy.* 'Tis confest, Madam.

*Flip.* Have I not constantly kept *Covent-Garden-Church*, *St. Martins*, the *Play-Houfes*, *Hide-Park*, *Mulbery-Garden*, and all other the Publick Marts where Widows and Mayds are expos'd?

*Joy.* Far be it from me to think you have an Aversion to a Husband;  
But why Madam have you refus'd so many good Offers?

*Flip.* Good Offers, Mrs. *Joyner*, I'll be sworn I never had an Offer since my late Husbands; if I had had an Offer, Mrs. *Joyner*; there's the thing, Mrs. *Joyner*.

*Joy.* Then your frequent, and publick detestation of Marriage, is thought real;  
And if you have had no Offer, there's the thing, Madam.

*Flip.* I cannot deny, but I always rail against Marriage Which is the Widows way to it certainly.

*Joy.* 'Tis the desperate way of the desperate Widows, in truly.

*Flip.* Wou'd you have us as tractable as the Wenches that eat Oatmeal; and fool'd like them too.

*Joy.* If no body were wiser then I, I should think, since the Widow wants the natural alurement which the Virgin has, you ought to give men all other encouragements in truly.

*Flip.* Therefore on the contrary, because the Widows Fortune (whether suppos'd or real) is her chiefest Bait, the more chary she seems of it, and the more she withdraws it, the more eagerly the busie gaping frye will bite: with us Widows Husbands are got like Bishopricks, by saying no; and I tell you, a young Heir is as shie of a Widow, as of a Rook, to my knowledge.

*Joy.* I can alledge nothing against your practice,  
But your ill succefs; and indeed you must use Another Method with Sir *Simon Addleplot*.

*Flip.* Will he be at your House at the hour?

*Joy.* He'll be there by ten, 'tis now nine:  
I warrant you he will not fail.

*Flip.* I'll warrant you then I will not fail,  
For 'tis more than time I were sped.

*Joy.* Mr. *Dapperwit* has not been too busie with you, I hope, your experience has taught you to prevent a mischance.

*Flip.* No, no, my mischance (as you call it) is greater then that; I have but three Months to reckon, e're I lye down with my Port and Equipage;



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and must be delivered of a Woman, a Foot-man and a Coach-man. For my Coach must down, unless I can get Sir *Simon* to draw with me.

*Joyn.* He will payr with you exactly if you knew all. [Aside.]

*Flip.* Ah, Mrs. *Joyner*, nothing grieves me like putting down my Coach; for the fine Cloathes, the fine Lodgings, let 'em go; for a Lodging is as unnecessary a thing to a Widow that has a Coach, as a Hat to a Man that has a good Peruke, for as you see about Town she is most properly at home in her Coach, she eats, and drinks, and sleeps in her Coach; and for her Visits she receives them in the Play-house.

*Joyn.* Ay, ay, let the Men keep Lodgings  
(As you say, Madam) if they will.

[*Gripe* and Sir *Simon* Addleplot following him as his Man in the Habit of a *Clarke* at one door, and Mrs. *Martha* at the other.]

*Flip.* Do you think if things had been with me as they have been, I would ever have hous'd with this counter fashion Brother of mine, (who hates a Vest as much as a Surplice) to have my Patches assaulted every day; at Dinner my Freedom censured, and my Visitants shut out of Doors; poor Mr. *Dapperwit* cannot be admitted.

*Joyn.* He knows him too well to keep his  
Acquaintance.

*Flip.* He is a censorious rigid Fop, and knows nothing.

*Gripe.* So, so——

[Behind.]

*Joyn.* Is he here?

[Aside.]

To my Lady *Flip.*] Nay with your pardon, Madam, I must contradict you there. He is a prying Common-Wealths-man, an implacable Magistrate, a sturdy Pillar of his Cause, and——

But oh me is your Worship so near then? if I had  
Thought you had heard me.—— [To *Gripe*.]

*Gripe.* Why, why, Mrs. *Joyner*,  
I have said as much of my self e're now,  
And without vanity I profess.

*Joyn.* I know your Virtue is proof against Vain-glory;  
But the truth to your face, looks like flattery in your  
Worship's servant.

*Gripe.* No, no, say what you will of me in that kind,  
Far be it from me to suspect you of flattery.

*Joyn.* In truly your Worship knows your self,  
And knows me, for I am none of those——

*Flip.* Now they are in——

[Aside.]

Mrs. *Joyner*, I'll go before to your House,  
You'll be sure to come after me.

[Exit Flippant.]

*Joyn.* Immediately; but as I was saying,  
I am none of those——

## LOVE IN A WOOD

*Gripe.* No, Mrs. *Joyner*, you cannot sew Pillows  
Under Folks elbows; you cannot hold a Candle to the Divil;  
You cannot tickle a Trout to take him, you——

*Joyn.* Lord how well you do know me indeed;  
And you shall see I know your Worship as well,  
You cannot backslide from your Principles;  
You cannot be terrify'd by the laws,  
Nor brib'd to Alegiance by Office, or Preferment;  
You——

*Gripe.* Hold, hold, my praise must not interrupt yours.

*Joyn.* With your Worship's Pardon, (In truly) I must on.

*Gripe.* I am full of your praise, and it will run over.

*Joyn.* Nay sweet Sir, you are——

*Gripe.* Nay sweet Mrs. *Joyner*, you are——

*Joyn.* Nay good your Worship, you are——

[*Stops her mouth with his Handkerchief.*]

*Gripe.* I say you are——

*Joyn.* I must not be rude with your Worship.

*Gripe.* You are a Nursing Mother to the Saints;  
Through you they gather together;  
Through you they fructify and encrease; and through you  
The Child cries from out of the Hand-Basket.

*Joyn.* Through you Virgins are married or provided  
For as well; through you the Reprobate's Wife  
Is made a Saint; and through you the Widow is not  
Disconsolate, nor misses her Husband.

*Gripe.* Through you——

*Joyn.* Indeed you will put me to the blush

*Gripe.* Blushes are badges of Imperfection.  
Saints have no shame: You are the flower of,  
Matrons, Mrs. *Joyner*.

*Joyn.* You are the Pink of courteous Aldermen.

*Gripe.* You are the Muffler of Secresy.

*Joyn.* You are the Head-band of Justice.

*Gripe.* Thank you sweet Mrs. *Joyner*, do you think  
So indeed? you are——

You are the Bonfire of Devotion.

*Joyn.* You are the Bellows of Zeal.

*Gripe.* You are the Cup-board of Charity.

*Joyn.* You are the Fob of Liberality.

*Gripe.* You are the Rivet of sanctify'd Love or Wedlock.

*Joyn.* You are the Picklock and Dark-Lanthorn of Policy;  
And in a word, a Conventicle of Virtues.

## LOVE IN A WOOD

*Gripe.* Your Servant, your Servant, sweet Mrs. *Joyner*,  
You have stopt my mouth.

*Joyner.* Your Servant, your Servant, sweet Alderman,  
I have nothing to say.

*Sir Simon.* The half Pullet will be cold, Sir.

*Gripe.* Mrs. *Joyner* you shall Sup with me.

*Joyner.* Indeed I am engag'd to 'Supper with some  
Of your Man's Friends; and I came on purpose  
To get leave for him too.

*Gripe.* I cannot deny you any thing; but I have forgot to tell you what  
a kind of Fellow my Sisters *Dapperwit* is; before a full Table of the Coffee-  
House *Sages*, he had the impudence to hold an Argument against me in  
the defence of Vests and Protections; and therefore I forbid him my house;  
besides when he came, I was forc'd to lock up my Daughter for fear of  
him, nay, I think the poor Child her self was afraid of him: Come hither  
Child, were you not afraid of *Dapperwit*?

*Martha.* Yes indeed, Sir, he is a terrible Man.

Yet I durst meet with him in the Piazzo at Midnight. [*Aside.*

*Gripe.* He shall never come into my doors again.

*Martha.* Shall Mr. *Dapperwit* never come hither again then?

*Gripe.* No, Child.

*Martha.* I am afraid he will.

*Gripe.* I warrant thee.

*Martha.* I warrant you then I'll go to him. [*Aside.*

I am glad of that, for I hate him as much as a Bishop.

*Gripe.* Thou art no Child of mine, if thou dost not hate Bishops and Wits:  
Well, Mrs. *Joyner*, I'll keep you no longer. *Jonas*, wait on Mrs. *Joyner*.

*Joyner.* Good night to your Worship.

*Gripe.* But stay, stay, Mrs. *Joyner*, have you spoken with the Widow  
*Crossbite* about her little Daughter, as I desir'd.

*Joyner.* I will to morrow early, it shall be the first thing I'll do after my  
Prayers.

*Gripe.* If *Dapperwit* should contaminate her; I cannot rest till I have  
redeem'd her from the Jaws of that Lyon, good night.

*Joyner.* Good Gentleman. [*Exeunt Gripe and Martha.*

*Manent Sir Simon Addleplot and Joyner.*

*Sir Sim.* Hah, hah, ha, Mrs. *Joyner*.

*Joyner.* What's the matter, Sir *Simon*?

*Sir Sim.* Hah, hah, ha,——let us make haste to your House, or I shall  
burst, faith and troth to see what Fools you and I make of these People.

*Joyner.* I will not rob you of any of the credit, I am but a feeble Instru-  
ment, you are the Engeneer.



## LOVE IN A WOOD

*Sir Sim.* Remember what you say now when things succeed, and do not tell me then, I must thank your wit for all.

*Joyn.* No in truly, *Sir Simon.*

*Sir Sim.* Nay I'm sure *Dapperwit* and I have been Partners in many an Intrigue and he uses to serve me so.

*Joyn.* He is an ill Man to Intrigue with, as you call it.

*Sir Sim.* I, so are all your Wits; a pox, if a man's understanding be not so publick as theirs, he cannot do a wise action but they go away with the honour of it, if he be of their acquaintance.

*Joyn.* Why do you keep such Acquaintance then ?

*Sir Sim.* There is a Proverb, *Mrs. Joyner*, You may know him by his Company.

*Joyn.* No, no, to be thought a Man of parts, you shou'd always keep Company with a Man of less wit than your self.

*Sir Sim.* That's the hardest thing in the World for me to do, faith and troth.

*Joyn.* What, to find a man of less wit than your self ?

Pardon my Raillery, *Sir Simon.*

*Sir Sim.* No, no, I cannot keep Company with a Fool, I wonder how men of parts can do't, there's something in't.

*Joyn.* If you cou'd, all your wise actions wou'd be your own, and your money wou'd be your own too.

*Sir Sim.* Nay, faith and troth that's true; for your Wits are plaguely given to borrow; they'll borrow of their Wench, Coach-man, or Link-Boy their hire. *Mrs. Joyner*, *Dapperwit* has that trick with a vengeance.

*Joyn.* Why will you keep Company with him then, I say ? for to be plain with you, you have followed him so long, that you are thought but his Culley; for every Wit has his Culley, as every Squire his lead Captain.

*Sir Sim.* I his Culley, I his Culley, *Mrs. Joyner !*

Lord that I should be thought a Culley to any Wit breathing.

*Joyn.* Nay do not take it so to heart, for the best Wits Of the Town, are but Culleys themselves.

*Sir Sim.* To whom, to whom, to whom, *Mrs. Joyner ?*

*Joyn.* To Sem'tresses, and Bawds.

*Sir Sim.* To your knowledge, *Mrs. Joyner.*

There I was with her.

*Joyn.* To Taylors and Vintners, but especially to the *French Houses.*

*Sir Sim.* But *Dapperwit* is a Culley to none of them; for he ticks.

*Joyn.* I care not, but I wish you were a Culley to none but me, that's all the hurt I wish you.

*Sir Sim.* Thank you *Mrs. Joyner*; well, I will throw off *Dapperwit's* acquaintance when I am married, and will only be a Culley to my Wife, and that's no more than the wisest Husband of 'em all is.

## LOVE IN A WOOD

*Joyn.* Then you think you shall carry Mrs. *Martha*.

*Sir Sim.* Your hundered Guineys are  
As good as in your Lap.

*Joyn.* But I am afraid this double plot of yours  
Should fail, you wou'd sooner succeed,  
If you only design'd upon Mrs. *Martha*,  
Or only upon my Lady Flippant.

*Sir Sim.* Nay then you are no Woman of Intrigue, faith and troth 'tis  
good to have two strings to one Bow; if Mrs. *Martha* be coy; I tell the  
Widow I put on my disguise for her; But if Mrs. *Martha* be kind to *Jonas*,  
Sir *Simon Addleplot* will be false to the Widow, which is no more then  
Widows are us'd to; for a Promise to a Widow is as feldome kept as a  
Vow made at Sea, as *Dapperwit* says.

*Joyn.* I am afraid they shou'd discover you.

*Sir Sim.* You have nothing to fear, you have your twenty Guineys in  
your pocket for helping me into my Service, and if I get into Mrs. *Martha's*  
Quarters, you have a hundred more, if into the Widdows, fifty, happy goe  
lucky will her Ladiship be at your house at the hour.

*Joyn.* Yes.

*Sir Sim.* Then you shall see when I am Sir *Simon Addleplot*, and my self,  
I'll look like my self, now I am *Jonas* I look like an Afs; you never thought  
Sir *Simon Addleplot* cou'd have look'd so like an Afs by his ingenuity.

*Joyn.* Pardon me Sir *Simon*.

*Sir Sim.* Nay do not flatter, Faith and troth.

*Joyn.* Come let us goe, 'tis time.

*Sir Sim.* I will carry the Widdow to the French House.

*Joyn.* If she will goe.

*Sir Sim.* If she will go; why, did you ever know a Widow refuse a  
treat? no more than a Lawyer a Fee, faith and troth, yet I know too,

*No treat, sweet words, good meen, but sly Intrigue,  
That must at length, the jilting Widow fegue.*

[Exeunt.]

*The Scene changes to the French House, a Table,  
Wine, and Candles.*

*Enter Vinc*ntRanger, *Dapperwit*.

*Dap.* Pray, Mr. *Ranger*, let's have no drinking to night.

*Vin.* Pray, Mr. *Ranger*, let's have no *Dapperwit* to night.

*Rang.* Nay, nay, *Vincent*.

*Vin.* A Pox, I hate his impertinent Chat more then he does the honest  
*Burgundy*.

*Dap.* But why shou'd you force Wine upon us? we are not all of your  
gufto.

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*Vin.* But why should you force your chaw'd Jests, your damn'd ends of your mouldy Lampoones, and last years Sonnets upon us, we are not all of your gusto?

*Dap.* The Wine makes me sick, let me perish.

*Vin.* Thy Rhymes make me spew.

*Ran.* At Repartee already, come *Vincent*, I know you would rather have him pledge you, here *Dapperwit*; [*Gives him the Glass.*]  
but why are you so eager to have him drink always?

*Vin.* Because he is so eager to talk always, and there is no other ways to silence him.

*Waiter to them.*

*Wait.* Here is a Gentleman desires to speak with Mr. *Vincent*.

*Vin.* I come. [*Exit Vin.*]

*Dap.* He may drink because he is obliged to the Bottle, for all the Wit and Courage he has, 'tis not free and natural like yours.

*Ran.* He has more Courage then Wit, but wants neither.

*Dap.* As a Pump gone dry, if you powr no Water down you will get none out, fo——

*Ran.* Nay I bar similes too, to night.

*Dap.* Why is not the thought new, don't you apprehend it.

*Ran.* Yes, yes, but——

*Dap.* Well, well, will you comply with his sottishness too, and hate brisk things in complaisance to the ignorant dull age? I believe shortly 'twill be as hard to find a patient friend to communicate ones wit to, as a faithful friend to communicate ones Secret to. Wit has as few true Judges, as painting I fee.

*Ran.* All people pretend to be judges of both.

*Dap.* I they pretend——but set you aside,  
And two more.——

*Ran.* But why, has *Vincent* neither courage nor wit?

*Dap.* He has no courage, because he beat his Wench for giving me *les douces yeux* once; and no wit, because he does not comprehend my thoughts; and he is a Son of a Whore for his ignorance; I take ignorance worse from any man then the Lye, because it is as much as to say I am no Wit.

*Vincent Returns.*

You need not take any notice, though, to him of what I say.

*Vin.* *Ranger*, there is a Woman below in a Coach wou'd speak with you.

*Ran.* With me. [*Exit Ran.*]

*Dap.* This *Ranger*, Mr. *Vincent*, is as false to his Friend as his Wench.

*Vin.* You have no reason to say so,  
But because he is absent.



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*Dap.* 'Tis difobliging to tell a Man of his faults to his Face, if he had but your grave parts, and manly wit, I shou'd adore him; but a pox he is a meer Buffoon, a Jack-pudding let me perish.—

*Vin.* You are an ungrateful fellow, I have heard him maintain you had wit, which was more than e're you cou'd do for your self; I thought you had own'd him your *Mæcenæ*!

*Dap.* A pox he cannot but esteem me, 'tis for his honour; but I cannot but be just for all that, without favour or affection, yet I confefs I love him so well, that I wish he had but the hundredth part of your Courage.

*Vin.* He has had the Courage to save you from many a beating to my knowledge.

*Dap.* Come, come, I wish the man well, and next to you, better then any man, and I am sorry to say it, he has not a courage to snuff a Candle with his Fingers; when he is drunk indeed, he dares get a Clap, or so—and swear at a Constable.

*Vin.* Detracting Fop, when did you see him desert his Friend.

*Dap.* You have a rough kind of Raillery, Mr. *Vincent*, but since you will have it, (though I love the man heartily, I say) he deserted me once in breaking of Windows, for fear of the Constable, *Ranger Returns.* but you need not take notice to him, of what I tell you; I hate to put a Man to the blush.

*Ran.* I have had just now a visit from my Mistress, who is as jealous of me, as a Wife of her Husband when she lies in; My Cousin *Lydia*, you have heard me speak of her.

*Vin.* But she is more troublesome then a Wife that lies in, because she follows you to your haunts; why do you allow her that priviledge before her time?

*Ran.* Faith, I may allow her any priviledge and be too hard for her yet; how do you think I have cheated her to night? Women are poor credulous Creatures, easily deceived.

*Vin.* We are poor credulous Creatures, when we think 'em so.

*Ran.* Intending a Ramble to St. *James's* Park to night, upon some probable hopes of some fresh Game I have in Chase, I appointed her to stay at home, with a promise to come to her within this hour, that she might not foil the scent and prevent my sport.

*Vin.* She'll be even with you when you are married, I warrant you: in the mean time here's her health, *Dapperwit.*

*Ran.* Now had he rather be at the window writing her Anagram in the Glafs, with his Diamond, or biting his nails in the corner, for a fine thought, to come and divert us with at the Table.

*Dap.* No a pox I have no wit to night, I am as barren and hide-bound as one of your damn'd scribbling Poets, who are sotts in Company for all their wit, as a Miser is poor for all his mony; how do you like the thought.

## LOVE IN A WOOD

*Vin.* Drink, drink.

*Dap.* Well, I can drink this, because I shall be repaid presently.

*Vin.* Who will be so civil to us.

*Dap.* Sir *Simon Addleplot*, I have bespoke him a Supper here, for he treats to night a new rich Mistress.

*Ran.* That Spark who has his fruitless designs upon the bed-ridden rich Widow, down to the sucking Heiresses in her pissing cloute; He was once the sport, but now the publick grievance of all the Fortunes in Town; for he watches them like a younger Brother that is afraid to be mump'd of his snip, and they cannot steal a Marriage, nor stay their stomachs, but he must know it.

*Dap.* He has now pitch'd his Nets for *Gripe's* Daughter the rich Scrivener, and serves him as a Clerk to get admission to her, which the watchful Fop her Father, denies to all others.

*Ran.* I thought you had been nibbling at her once, under pretence of love to her Aunt.

*Dap.* I confess I have the same design yet, and *Addleplot* is but my Agent whilst he thinks me his; he brings me Letters constantly from her, and carries mine back.

*Vin.* Still betraying your best Friends.

*Dap.* I cannot in honour but betray him (let me perish,) the poor young Wench is taken with my person, and would scratch through fowr walls to come to me.

*Vin.* 'Tis a sign she is kept up close indeed.

*Dap.* Betray him, I'll not be Traytor to Love for any Man.

*Sir Simon Addleplot to them with the Waiter.*

*Sir Sim.* Know 'em, you are a sawcy Jack-straw to question me, (faith and troth) I know every body, and every body knows me.

*All.* Sir *Simon*, Sir *Simon*, Sir *Simon*.

*Ran.* And you are a welcome Man to every body.

*Sir Sim.* Now Son of a Whore, do I know the Gentlemen? a dog, he would have had a shilling of me before he would let me come to you.

*Ran.* The Rogue has been bred at Court sure;  
Get you out, Sirrah.

*Sir Sim.* He has been bred at a *French* House, where they are more unreasonable.

*Vin.* Here's to you, Sir *Simon*.

*Sir Sim.* I cannot drink, for I have a Mistress within, though I would not have the people of the house to know it.

*Ran.* You need not be ashamed of your Mistresses, for they are commonly rich.

## LOVE IN A WOOD

*Sir Sim.* And because she is rich, I wou'd conceal her, for I never had a rich Miftrefs yet, but one or other got her from me presently, faith and troth.

*Ran.* But this is an ill place to conceal a Miftrefs in, every Waiter is an Intelligencer to your Rivals.

*Sir Sim.* I have 'trick for that, I'll let no Waiters come into the Room, I'll lay the Cloth my self rather.

*Ran.* But who is your Miftrefs.

*Sir Sim.* Your Servant,——your Servant,——  
*Mr. Ranger.*

*Vin.* Come, will you pledge me ?

*Sir Sim.* No, I'll spare your Wine, if you will spare me *Dapperwit's* company, I came for that.

*Vin.* You do us a double favour, to take him and leave the Wine.

*Sir Sim.* Come, come, *Dapperwit*.

*Ran.* Do not go unless he will suffer us to see his Miftrefs too. [*Aside.*

*Sir Sim.* Come, come man.

*Dap.* Would you have me so uncivil as to leave my company; they'll take it ill ?

*Sir Sim.* I cannot find her talk without thee; Pray Gentlemen perswade *Mr. Dapperwit* to go with me.

*Ran.* We will not hinder him of better company.

*Dap.* Yours is too good to be left rudely.

*Sir Sim.* Nay Gentlemen I wou'd desire your company too, if you knew the Lady.

*Dap.* They know her as well as I, you say I know her not.

*Sir Sim.* You are not every body. [*Aside.*

*Ran.* Perhaps we do know the Lady, *Sir Simon.*

*Sir Sim.* You do not, you do not, none of you ever saw her in your lives; but if you cou'd be secret, and civil——

*Ran.* We have drunk yet but our Bottle a piece.

*Sir Sim.* But will you be civil, *Mr. Vincent* ?

✓ *Ran.* He dares not look a Woman in the Face under three Bottles.

*Sir Sim.* Come along then; but can you be civil Gentlemen ? will you be civil Gentlemen ? pray be civil if you can, and you shall see her.

[*Exit Sir Sim.*

[*Returns with my Lady Flippant and Mrs. Joyner.*

*Dap.* How, has he got this Jilt here? [*Aside.*

*Ran.* The Widow *Flippant* !—— [*Aside.*

*Vin.* Is this the Woman we never saw ? [*Aside.*

*Flip.* Does he bring us into company, and *Dapperwit* one? though I had married the Fool, I thought to have reserv'd the Wit as well as other Ladies. [*Aside.*



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*Sir Sim.* Nay, look as long as you will, Madam, you will find them civil Gentlemen, and good Company.

*Flip.* I am not in doubt of their civility but yours.

*Joy.* You'll never leave snubbing your Servants, did you not promise to use him kindly. [*Behind.*

*Flip.* 'Tis true. [*Aside.*

We wanted no good company, *Sir Simon*, as long as we had yours.

*Sir Sim.* But they wanted good company, therefore I forc'd them to accept of yours.

*Flip.* They will not think the Company good they were forc'd into certainly.

*Sir Sim.* A pox I must be using the words in fashion though I never have any luck with 'em, *Mrs. Joyner*, help me off.

*Joy.* I suppose, Madam, he means the Gentlemen wanted not inclination to your company, but confidence to desire so great an honour, therefore he forc'd 'em.

*Dap.* What makes this Bawd here? sure Mistrefs you Bawds should be like the small Cards, though at first you make up the Pack, yet when the play begins, you should be put out as usefess.

*Joy.* Well, well, jibeing Companion, you wou'd have the Pimps kept in only? you would so?

*Vin.* What, they are quarrelling?

*Ran.* Pimp and Bawd agree nowadays like Doctor and Apothecary.

*Sir Sim.* Try, Madam, if they are not civil Gentlemen, talk with 'em, while I go lay the cloath, no Waiter comes here:

My Mother us'd to tell me, I should avoid all occasions of talking before my Mistrefs, because silence is a sign of love as well as prudence. [*Aside.*

*Flip.* Methinks you look a little yellow on't,

[*Sir Simon laying the Cloath.*

*Mr. Dapperwit*; I hope you do not senfure me because you find me passing away a night with this Fool; he is not a Man to be jealous of sure.

*Dap.* You are not a Lady to be jealous of sure.

*Flip.* No certainly, but why doe you look as if you were jealous then.

*Dap.* If I had met you in *Wheatstone's-Park*, with a drunken Foot-Soldier, I should not have been jealous of you.

*Flip.* Fye, fye, now you are jealous certainly, for people always when they grow jealous, grow rude; but I can pardon it since it proceeds from love certainly.

*Dap.* I am out of all hopes to be rid of this eternal old acquaintance, when I jear her, she thinks her self prais'd, now I call her Whore in plain English, she thinks I am jealous. [*Aside.*

*Flip.* Sweet *Mr. Dapperwit*, be not so sensorious, I speak for your sake,

## LOVE IN A WOOD

not my own, for jealousy is a great torment, but my honour cannot suffer certainly.

*Dap.* No certainly, but the greatest torment I have is your Love.

*Flip.* Alas sweet Mr. *Dapperwit*, indeed Love is a torment, but 'tis a sweet torment; but Jealousie is a bitter torment; I do not go about to cure you of the torment of my love.

*Dap.* 'Tis a sign so.

*Flip.* Come, come, look up man, is that a Rival to contest with you?

*Dap.* I will contest with no Rival, not with my old Rival your Coachman, but they have heartily my resignation, and to do you a favour, but my self a greater, I will help tie the knot you are fumbling for now, betwixt your Culley here, and you.

*Flip.* Go, go, I take that kind of jealousy worst of all, to suspect I would be debauch'd to beastly Matrimony; but who are those Gentlemen, pray? —are they Men of Fortunes, Mrs. *Joyner*.

*Joyner.* I believe so.

*Flip.* Do you believe so indeed; Gentlemen.—

[*Advancing towards Ranger and Vincent.*

*Ran.* If the civility we owe to Ladies, had not controul'd our Envy to Mr. *Dapperwit*, we had interrupted e're this your private Conversation.

*Flip.* Your interruption, Sir, had been most civil, and obliging, for our discourse was of Marriage.

*Ran.* That is a subject, Madam, as grateful as common.

*Flip.* O fye, fye, are you of that Opinion too? I cannot suffer any to talk of it in my Company.

*Ran.* Are you Married then, Madam?

*Flip.* No certainly.

*Ran.* I am sure so much Beauty cannot despair of it.

*Flip.* Despair of it——

*Ran.* Only those that are married, or cannot be married, hate to hear of Marriage.

*Flip.* Yet you must know, Sir, my aversion to marriage is such, that you nor no Man breathing, shall ever persuade me to it.

*Ran.* Curs'd be the man shou'd do so rude a thing as to persuade you to any thing against your inclination; I wou'd not do it for the World, Madam.

*Flip.* Come, come, though you seem to be a civil Gentleman, I think you no better than your Neighbours; I do not know a man of you all, that will not thrust a Woman up into a corner, and then talk an hour to her impertinently of marriage.

*Ran.* You wou'd find me another man in a corner, I assure you, Madam, for you shou'd not have a word of marriage from me, whatsoever you might find in my actions of it; I hate talking as much as you.

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*Flip.* I hate it extreamly.

*Ran.* I am your man then, Madam, for I find just the same fault with your Sex as you do with ours; I ne're cou'd have to do with Woman in my life, but still she wou'd be impertinently talking of marriage to me.

*Flip.* Observe that, Mrs. Joyner.

[*Aside.*

*Dap.* Pray Mr. Ranger, let's go, I had rather drink with Mr. Vincent, then stay here with you; besides 'tis Park-time.

*Ran.* I come.

[*To Dap.*

Since you are a Lady that hate marriage, I'll do you the service to withdraw the company, for those that hate marriage, hate loss of time.

*Flip.* Will you go then, Sir; but before you go, Sir, pray tell me is your averfion to marriage real?

*Ran.* As real as yours.

*Flip.* If it were no more real than mine——

[*Aside.*

*Ran.* Your Servant, Madam.

*Flip.* But do you hate Marriage certainly?

[*Plucks him back.*

*Ran.* Certainly.

*Flip.* Come, I cannot believe it, you dissemble it, only because I pretend it.

*Ran.* Do you but pretend it then, Madam?

*Flip.* I shall discover my self——

[*Aside.*

I mean, because I hold against it, you do the same in complaisance; for I have heard say, cunning men think to bring the coy and untractable women to tameness, as they do some mad People by humoring their frenzies.

*Ran.* I am none of those cunning men, yet have too much wit to entertain the presumption of designing upon you.

*Flip.* 'Twere no such presumption neither.

*Dap.* Come away, 's death don't you see your danger?

*Ran.* Those aims are for Sir Simon, good night, Madam.

*Flip.* Will you needs go then? the Gentlemen are a going, Sir Simon, will you let 'em?

*Sir Sim.* Nay, Madam, if you cannot keep 'em, how should I?

*Flip.* Stay, Sir, because you hate marriage, I'll sing you a new Song against it.

*She Sings.*

*A Spouse I do hate,  
For either she's false or she's jealous;  
But give us a Mate,  
Who nothing will ask us, or tell us.*

*She stands on no terms,  
Nor chaffers by way of Indenture,  
Her love for your Farms;  
But takes her kind man at a venture.*



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*If all prove not right,  
Without an Act, Procefs, or Warning,  
From Wife for a night,  
You may be divorc'd in the Morning.*

*When Parents are Slaves,  
Their Bratts cannot be any other;  
Great Wits, and great Braves  
Have always a Punk to their Mother.*

*Flip.* Though it be the fashion for women of quality to sing any Song whatever, because the Words are not distinguish'd; yet I should have blush'd to have done it now, but for you, Sir.

*Ran.* The Song is edifying, the Voice admirable, and once more I am your servant, Madam.

*Flip.* What, will you go too, Mr. *Dapperwit*?

*Sir Sim.* Pray, Mr. *Dapperwit*, do not you go too.

*Dap.* I am engag'd.

*Sir Sim.* Well, if we cannot have their company, we will not have their Room, ours is a private back Room; they have paid their reckoning, let's go thither again.

*Flip.* But pray, sweet Mr. *Dapperwit*, do not go; keep him, Sir *Simon*.

*Sir Sim.* I cannot keep him. *Exeunt Vin. Ran. Dap.*

*It is impossible; (the World is so,)*

*One cannot keep ones Friend, and Mistrefs too.* [Ex. Omnes.

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## ACT II. SCENE I.

*St. James's Park at night.*

*Enter Ranger, Vincent, Dapperwit.*

*Ran.* **H**Ang me if I am not pleas'd extreamly with this new fashion'd catterwouling, this midnight courting in the Park.

*Vin.* A Man may come after Supper with his three Bottles in his head, reel himself sober, without reproof from his Mother, Aunt, or grave relation.

*Ran.* May bring his bashful Wench, and not have her put out of Countenance by the impudent honest women of the Town.

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*Dap.* And a Man of wit may have the better of the dumb shew, of well trim'd Vest, or fair Peruke; no man's now is whitest.

*Ran.* And now no woman's modest, or proud, for her blushes are hid, and the rubies on her Lips are died, and all sleepy and glimmering Eyes have lost their attraction.

*Vin.* And now a man may carry a Bottle under his Arm, instead of his Hat, and no observing spruce Fop will miss the Crevat that lies on ones shoulder, or count the pimples on ones face.

*Dap.* And now the brisk reparty ruins the complaisant Cringe, or wise Grimace; something 'twas, we Men of virtue always lov'd the night.

*Ran.* O blessed season.

*Vin.* For good-Fellows.

*Ran.* For Lovers.

*Dap.* And for the Muses.

*Ran.* When I was a Boy I lov'd the night so well, I had a strong vocation to be a Bellman's Apprentice.

*Vin.* I a Drawer.

*Dap.* And I to attend the Waits of *Westminster*, let me perish.

*Ran.* But why do we not do the duty of this and such other places, walk, censure, and speak ill of all we meet?

*Dap.* 'Tis no fault of mine, let me perish.

*Vin.* Fye, fye, Satyrical gentlemen, this is not your time, you cannot distinguish a Friend from a Fop.

*Dap.* No matter, no matter, they will deserve amongst 'em the worst we can say.

*Ran.* Who comes here, *Dapperwit*?

*Dap.* By the tofs of his head, training of his feet, and his elbows playing at bo-peep Behind his back, it should be my Lord *Easy*. [*People walking slowly over the Stage.*]

*Ran.* And who the Woman?

*Dap.* My Lord, what d'ye call's Daughter That had a Child by——

*Vin.* *Dapperwit*, hold your tongue?

*Ran.* How are you concern'd?

*Vin.* Her Brother's an honest Fellow, and will drink his Glafs.

*Ran.* Prithee, *Vincent*; *Dapperwit* did not hinder drinking to night, though he speak against it; why then shou'd you interrupt his sport? now let him talk of any body.

*Vin.* So he will, till you cut his throat.

*Ran.* Why shou'd you in all occasions thwart him, contemn him, and maliciously look grave at his jests only?

*Vin.* Why do's he always rail against my friends then, and my best friend a Beer-glafs?

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*Ran.* Dapperwit, be your own Advocate, my Game I think is before me there? [Exit *Ran.*

*Dap.* This *Ranger*, I think has all the ill qualities, of all your Town Fops, leaving his Company for a spruce Lord,  
Or a Wench.

*Vin.* Nay, if you must rail at your own best friends, I may forgive you, railing at mine.

[*Lydia and my Lady Flippant walking over the Stage.*

*Lyd.* False *Ranger*, shall I find thee here? [Aside.

*Vin.* Those are Women, are they not? [To *Dap.*

*Dap.* The least, seems to be my *Lucy* sure. [Aside.

*Vin.* Faith I think I dare speak to a woman in the Dark, let's try.

*Dap.* They are persons of quality of my acquaintance; hold.

*Vin.* Nay, if they are persons of quality of your acquaintance, I may be the bolder with 'em.

*The Ladies go off; they follow them; Lydia and Flippant re-enter.*

*Lyd.* I come hither to make a discovery to night.

*Flip.* Of my love to you certainly; for no body but you cou'd have debauch'd me to the Park certainly; I wou'd not return another night, if it were to redeem my dear husband from his grave.

*Lyd.* I believe you, but to get another, Widow.

*Flip.* Another Husband, another Husband, foh!

*Lyd.* There does not pass a night here, but many a match is made.

*Flip.* That a woman of honour shou'd have the word match in her mouth: but I hope, Madam, the Fellows do not make honourable Love here, do they? I abominate honourable Love, upon my Honour.

*Lyd.* If they should make honourable Love here, I know you would prevent 'em.

*Vincent and Dapperwit Re-enter, and walk slowly towards them.*

But here come two men will inform you what they do.

*Flip.* Do they come? are they men certainly?

*Lyd.* Prepare for an assault, they'l put you to't.

*Flip.* Will they put us to't certainly? I was never put to't yet; if they shou'd put us to't, I should drop down, down certainly.

*Lyd.* I believe, truly, you wou'd not have power to run away.

*Flip.* Therefore I will not stay the push, they come, they come, oh the Fellows come!

*Flippant runs away, Lydia follows, and Vincent and*

*Dapperwit after them.*

*Flippant Re-enters at i'other door alone.*

So, I am got off clear: I did not run from the men, but my companion, for all their brags, men have hardly courage to set upon us, when our number is equal; now they shall see I defie 'em: for we women have



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always most courage when we are alone; but a Pox—the lazie Rogues come not, or they are Drunk and cannot run; Oh drink, abominable drink! instead of inflaming Love, it quenches it, and for one Lover it encourages, it makes a thousand impotent.

Curse on all Wine, even Rhenish-Wine and Sugar——

*Enter Addleplot muffled in a Cloak.*

But Fortune will not see me want, here comes a single Bully, I wish he may stand;

For now anights the jostling Nymph is bolder,  
Than modern Satyr with his Cloak o're shoulder.

Well met, Sir.

*[She puts on her Mask.]*

*Sir Sim.* How shall I know that, forsooth, who are you? do you know me?

*Flip.* Who are you? don't you know me?

*Sir Sim.* Not, I faith and troth.

*Flip.* I am glad on't, for no Man e're lik'd a Woman the better for having known her before.

*Sir Sim.* I, but then one can't be so free with a new acquaintance, as with an old one; she may deny one the civility.

*Flip.* Not till you ask her.

*Sir Sim.* But I am afraid to be deny'd.

*Flip.* Let me tell you, Sir, you cannot dis-oblige us women more, then in distrusting us.

*Sir Sim.* Pish, what shou'd one ask for, when you know on's meaning? but shall I deal freely with you?

*Flip.* I love of my life men should deal freely with me; there are so few men will deal freely with one——

*Sir Sim.* Are you not a Fireship? a Punk, Madam?

*Flip.* Well, Sir, I Love Raillery.

*Sir Sim.* Faith and troth I do not railly, I deal freely.

*Flip.* This is the time and place for freedom, Sir.

*Sir Sim.* Are you handfom?

*Flip.* Joan's as good as my Lady in the dark, certainly; but Men that deal freely, never ask questions, certainly.

*Sir Sim.* How then! I thought to deal freely, and put a woman to the question, had been all one.

*Flip.* But let me tell you, those that deal freely indeed, take a woman by——

*Sir Sim.* What, what, what, what?

*Flip.* By the hand and lead her aside.

*Sir Sim.* Now I understand you, come along then.

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*Enter Torches and Musick at a distance.*

*Flip.* What unmannerly Rascals are those that bring light into the Park? 'twill not be taken well from 'em by the women certainly; still disappointed—— [*Aside.*]

*Sir Sim.* Oh the Fiddles, the Fiddles, I sent for them hither to oblige the women, not offend 'em; for I intend to Serenade the whole Park to night; but my Frolick is not without an intrigue, faith and troth: for I know the Fiddles will call the whole Herd of vizard Masks together; and then shall I discover if a stray'd Mistris of mine be not amongst 'em, whom I treated to night at the *French-House*; but as soon as the Jilt had eat up my meat, and drank her two bottles, she run away from me, and left me alone.

*Flip.* How! is it he! *Addleplot*, that I cou'd not know him by his faith and troth. [*Aside.*]

*Sir Sim.* Now I wou'd understand her tricks, because I intend to Marry her, and shou'd be glad to know what I must trust to.

*Flip.* So thou shalt, but not yet. [*Aside.*]

*Sir Sim.* Though I can give a great guefs already; for if I have any intrigue or sence in me, she is as arrant a Jilt, as ever pull'd pillow from under husband's head, Faith and troth: moreover she is bow-legg'd, hopper-hipp'd, and betwixt Pomatum and Spanish Red, has a Complexion like a Holland Cheefe, and no more Teeth left, than such as give a Hautsgoust to her breath; but she is rich (faith and troth.)

*Flip.* Oh Rascal! he has heard some body else say all this of me; but I must not discover my self, lest I should be disappointed of my revenge, for I will marry him. [*Aside.*]

*The Torches and Musick approaching.* *Ex.* Flippant.

*Sir Sim.* What gone? come then, strike up my lads.

*Enter Men and Women in Vizards, and Dance.*

*Addleplot* for the most part standing still in a Cloak and Vizard, but sometimes going about peeping, and examining the Womens cloaths; the Dance ended.

*Exeunt Dancers, Torches, Musick, and Addleplot.*

*Enter Flippant, Lydia, after them Vincent, Dapperwit.*

*Flip.* Nay, if you stay any longer, I must leave you again. [*To Lydia.*]

*Vin.* We have over-taken them at last again. These are they: they separate too, and that's but a challenge to us. [*Flip. going off.*]

*Dap.* Let me perish, Ladies——

*Lyd.* Nay, good Madam, let's unite, now here's the common enemy upon us.

*Vin.* Dam me, Ladies——

*Dap.* Hold, a Pox you are too rough, let me perish, Ladies.

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*Lyd.* Not for want of breath, Gentlemen, wee'l stay rather.

*Dap.* For want of your favour rather, sweet Ladies.

*Flip.* That's *Dapperwit*, false villain; but he must not know I am here; if he should, I should lose his thrice agreeable Company, and he would run from me, as fast as from the Bayliffs. What you will not talk with 'em I hope?

*Lyd.* Yes, but I will.

*Flip.* Then you are a Park-Woman certainly, and you will take it kindly if I leave you.

*Lyd.* No, you must not leave me.

[*Apart.*

*Flip.* Then you must leave them.

*Lyd.* I'll see if they are worse Company than you first.

*Flip.* Monstrous Impudence, will you not come? [*Pulls Lydia.*

*Vin.* Nay, Madam, I never suffer any violence to be us'd to a woman, but what I do my self; she must stay, and you must not go.

*Flip.* Unhand me, you rude fellow.

*Vin.* Nay, now I am sure you will stay and be kind; for coyness in a Woman is as little sign of true modesty, as huffing in a Man, is of true courage.

*Dap.* Use her gently, and speak soft things to her.

*Lyd.* Now do I guess I know my Coxcomb.

[*Aside.*

Sir, I am extremely glad I am fallen into the hands of a Gentleman, that can speak soft things; and this is so fine a night to hear soft things in; morning I shou'd have said.

*Dap.* It will not be morning, dear Madam, till you pull off your Mask; that I think was brisk——

[*Aside.*

*Lyd.* Indeed, dear Sir, my face would frighten back the Sun.

*Dap.* With glories, more radiant than his own; I keep up with her, I think.

[*Aside.*

*Lyd.* But why wou'd you put me to the trouble of lighting the World, when I thought to have gone to sleep?

*Dap.* You can only do it, dear Madam, let me perish.

*Lyd.* But why wou'd you (of all Men) practice Treason against your Friend *Phæbus*, and depose him, for a meer Stranger?

*Dap.* I think she knows me.

[*Aside.*

*Lyd.* But he does not do you justice I believe, and you are so positively cock-sure of your wit, you wou'd refer to a meer stranger your Plea to the Bay-tree.

*Dap.* She jeers me, let me perish.

[*Aside.*

*Vin.* *Dapperwit*, a little of your aid, for my Lady's invincibly dumb.

*Dap.* Wou'd mine had been so too.

[*Aside.*

*Vin.* I have us'd as many arguments to make her speak, as are requisite to make other women hold their tongues.



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*Dap.* Well, I am ready to change sides, yet before I go, Madam; since the Moon consents, now I shou'd see your Face, let me desire you to pull off your Mask, which to a handfom Lady is a favour, I'm sure.

*Lyd.* Truly, Sir, I must not be long in debt to you for the obligation; pray, let me hear you recite some of your verses, which to a Wit, is a favour I'm sure.

*Dap.* Madam, it belongs to your sex to be oblig'd first; pull off your Mask, and I'll pull out my paper.

Brisk again of my side.

[*Aside.*

*Lyd.* 'Twou'd be in vain, for you would want a Candle now.

*Dap.* I dare not make use again of the lustre of her face: I'll wait upon you home then, Madam.

[*Aside.*

*Lyd.* Faith no, I believe it will not be much to our advantages, to bring my face or your Poetry to light, for I hope, you have yet a pretty good opinion of my face, and so have I of your wit; but if you are for proving your wit, why do not you write a Play?

*Dap.* Because 'tis now no more reputation to write a Play than it is honour to be a Knight: your true wit despises the Title of Poet, as much as your true gentleman the title of Knight; for as a man may be a Knight and no Gentleman, so a Man may be a Poet and no Wit, let me perish.

*Lyd.* Pray, Sir, how are you dignifi'd or distinguish'd amongst the rates of Wits? and how many rates are there?

*Dap.* There are as many degrees of Wits, as of Lawyers; as there is first your Sollicitor, then your Atorney, then your Pleading-Counsel, then your Chamber-Counsel, and then your Judge; so there is first your Court-Wit, your Coffee-Wit, your Poll-Wit, or Pollitick-Wit, your Chamber-Wit, or Scribble-Wit, and last of all, your Judg-Wit, or Critick.

*Lyd.* But are there as many Wits as Lawyers? Lord, what will become of us? what employment can they have? how are they known?

*Dap.* First your Court-Wit is a fashionable, insinuating, flattering, cringing, grimacing, Fellow; and has wit enough to sollicit a suit of Love; and if he fail, he has malice enough to ruin the woman with a dull Lampoon, but he rails still at the man that is absent, for you must know, all Wits rail; and his wit properly lies in combing Perruques, matching Ribbonds, and being severe as they call it, upon other peoples cloaths.

*Lyd.* Now, what is the Coffee-Wit?

*Dap.* He is a lying censorious, gossiping quibbling wretch, and sets people together by the ears over that sober drink Coffee; he is a Wit, as he is a commentator upon the Gazette, and he rails at the Pyrats of *Algiers*, the Grand Signior of *Constantinople*, and the Christian Grand Signior.

*Lyd.* What kind of Man is your Poll-Wit?

*Dap.* He is a fidgeting, busie, dogmatical, hot-headed Fop, that speak always in Sentences and Proverbs, (as others in similitudes) and he rails

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perpetually against the present government; his Wit lies in projects and monopolies, and penning speeches for young Parliament Men.

*Lyd.* But what is your Chamber-Wit, or Scribble-Wit?

*Dap.* He is a poring, melancholy, modest Sot, ashamed of the world; he searches all the Records of Wit, to compile a Breviate of them for the use of Players, Printers, Book-sellers, and sometimes Cooks, Tabacca-men; he employs his railing against the ignorance of the Age, and all that have more money than he.

*Lyd.* Now your last.

*Dap.* Your Judg-Wit or Critick, is all these together, and yet has the Wit to be none of them; he can think, speak, write, as well as all the rest but scorns (himself a Judg) to be judg'd by posterity; he rails at all the other classes of Wits, and his Wit lies in damming all but himself: he is your true Wit.

*Lyd.* Then, I suspect you are of his Form.

*Dap.* I cannot deny it, Madam.

*Vin.* *Dapperwit*, you have been all this time on the wrong side, for you love to talk all, and here's a Lady would not have hindered you.

*Dap.* A Pox, I have been talking too long indeed here; for Wit is lost upon a silly weak Woman, as well as courage. [*Aside.*]

*Vin.* I have used all common means to move a woman's tongue and mask; I call'd her ugly, old, and old acquaintance, and yet she would not disprove me: but here comes *Ranger*, let him try what he can do, for since my Mistress is dogged, I'll go sleep alone. [*Exit.*]

*Ranger Enters.*

*Lyd.* *Ranger!* 'tis he indeed; I am sorry he is here, but glad I discovered him before I went, yet he must not discover me, lest I should be prevented hereafter, in finding him out, false *Ranger*. [*Aside.*]

Nay, if they bring fresh force upon us, Madam, 'tis time to quit this Field. [*Ex. Lyd. Flip.*]

*Ran.* What, play with your quarrey till it fly from you.

*Dap.* You frightened it away.

*Ran.* Ha! is not one of those Ladies in mourning?

*Dap.* All Women are so by this light.

*Ran.* But you might easily discern it, don't you know her?

*Dap.* No.

*Ran.* Did you talk with her?

*Dap.* Yes, she's one of your brisk silly Baggages.

*Ran.* 'Tis she, 'tis she, I was afraid I saw her before, let us follow 'em, prithee make haste.

'Tis *Lydia*. [*Aside. Exeunt.*]

*Lydia, my Lady Flippant return at the other door,  
Ranger, Dapperwit, following them at a distance.*

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*Lyd.* They follow us yet I fear.

*Flip.* You do not fear it certainly, otherwise, you wou'd not have-  
encourag'd them.

*Lyd.* For heavens fake, Madam, wave your quarrel a little; and let us  
pafs by your Coach, and fo on foot to your acquaintance in the old *Pell-*  
*Mell*; for I would not be discover'd by the man that came up laft to us.

[*Exeunt.*]

*The Scene changes to Chriftina's Lodging.*

*Enter Chriftina, Ifabel.*

*Ifa.* For Heavens fake undrefs your felf, Madam; they'l not return to-  
night, all People have left the Park an hour ago.

*Chri.* What is't a Clock?

*Ifa.* 'Tis paff one.

*Chri.* It cannot be.

*Ifa.* I thought, that time had only ftolen from happy Lovers; the Dif-  
confolate have nothing to do but to tell the Clock.

*Chri.* I can only keep account with my Misfortunes.

*Ifa.* I am glad they are not innumerable.

*Chri.* And truly my undergoing fo often your impertinency, is not the-  
leaft of them.

*Ifa.* I am then more glad, Madam, for then they cannot be great, and  
it is in my power, it feems, to make you in part happy, if I cou'd but hold  
this villanous tongue of mine, but then let the people of the Town hold  
their tongues if they will, for I cannot but tell you what they fay.

*Chri.* What do they fay?

*Ifa.* Faith, Madam, I am afraid to tell you, now I think on't.

*Chri.* Is it fo ill?

*Ifa.* Oh, fuch bafe unworthy things.

*Chri.* Do they fay, I was really *Clerimont's* Wench as he boasted; and  
that the ground of the quarrel betwixt *Valentine* and him, was not *Valen-*  
*tine's* Vindication of my honour, but *Clerimont's* jealoufie of him.

*Ifa.* Worfe, worfe a thoufand times, fuch villanous things to the utter  
ruin of your reputation.

*Chri.* What are they?

*Ifab.* Faith, Madam, you'll be angry, 'tis the old trick of Lovers to hate  
their informers, after they have made 'em fuch.

*Chri.* I will not be angry.

*Ifab.* They fay then, fince Mr. *Valentine's* flying into *France*, you are  
grown mad, have put your felf into Mourning, live in a dark room, where  
you'l fee no body, nor take any reft day or night, but rave and talk to  
your felf perpetually.

*Chri.* Now what elfe?



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*Ifab.* But the surest sign of your madness is, they say, because you are desperately resolv'd (in case my Lord *Clerimont* should dye of his wounds) to Transport your self and Fortune into *France*, to Mr. *Valentine*, a man that has not a groat to return you in Exchange.

*Chri.* All this hitherto, is true; now to the rest.

*Ifab.* Indeed Madam, I have no more to tell you, I was sorry, I'm sure, to hear so much of any Lady of mine.

*Chri.* Insupportable insolence.

*Ifab.* This is some revenge for my want of sleep to night; so I hope my old second is come; 'tis seasonable relief.

[*Aside.*      [*Knocking at the door.*

*Chri.* Unhappy *Valentine*, cou'dst thou but see how soon thy absence, and misfortunes have disbanded all thy Friends, and turn'd thy Slaves all Renegades, thou sure wou'dst prize my only faithful heart.      [*Exit Ifabella.*

*Enter my Lady Flippant, Lydia, Isabel, to her.*

*Flip.* Hail Faithful Shepherdes; but truly, I had not kept my word with you, in coming back to night, if it had not been for this Lady, who has her intrigues too with the fellows, as well as you.

*Lyd.* Madam, under my Lady *Flippants* protection, I am confident to beg yours; being just now pursu'd out of the Park, by a relation of mine, by whom it imports me extremely not to be discover'd; but I fear he is now at the door.      [*Knocking at the door.*

Let me desire you to deny me to him courageously,      [*To Isabel going out.*  
For he will hardly believe he can be mistaken in me.

*Chri.* In such an occasion where impudence is requisite, she will serve you, as Faithfully as you can wish, Madam.

*Flip.* Come, come, Madam, do not upbraid her with her assurance, a qualification that only fits her for a Ladies Service; a fine Woman of the Town, can be no more without a woman that can make an excuse with an assurance, than she can be without a glass certainly.

*Chri.* She needs no Advocate.

*Flip.* How can any one alone manage an amorous intrigue; though the Birds are tame, some body must help draw the Net; if 'twere not for a Woman that could make an excuse with assurance, how shou'd we wheedle, jilt, trace, discover, countermine, undermine, and blow up the stinking fellows, which is all the pleasure I receive, or design by them; for I never admitted a Man to my conversation, but for his punishment certainly.

*Chri.* No body will doubt that, certainly.

*Ifabel returns.*

*Ifab.* Madam, the Gentleman will not be mistaken he says you are here, he saw you come in; he is your Relation, his name's *Ranger*, and

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is come to wait upon you home; I had much ado to keep him from coming up.

*Lyd.* Madam, for Heavens fake help me, 'tis yet in your Power, if but while I retire into your Dining-room, you will please to personate me,

[*To Christina.*

and own your self, for her, he pursu'd out of the Park; you are in Mourning too, and your Stature so much mine, it will not contradict you.

*Chri.* I am sorry, Madam, I must dispute any Command of yours; I have made a resolution to see the face of no man, till an unfortunate Friend of mine, now out of the Kingdom, return.

*Lyd.* By that Friend, and by the hopes you have to see him let me conjure you to keep me from the sight of mine now; Dear Madam, let your charity prevail over your Superstition.

*Ifab.* He comes, he comes, Madam.

*Ranger enters.*

*Lydia withdraws and stands unseen at the door.*

*Ran.* Ha! this is no *Lydia*.

*Chri.* What unworthy defamer has encouraged you to offer me this Insolence.

*Ran.* She is liker *Lydia* in her style, then her Face; I see I am mistaken, but to tell her I follow'd her for another, were an affront, rather than an excuse; she's a glorious creature. [*Aside.*

*Chri.* Tell me, Sir, whence had you reason for this your rude pursuit of me, into my Lodging, my Chamber; why should you follow me?

*Ran.* Faith, Madam, because you run away from me.

*Chri.* That was no sign of an acquaintance.

*Ran.* You'll pardon me, Madam.

*Chri.* Then it seems you mistook me for another, and the night is your excuse, which blots out all distinctions: but now you are satisfied in your mistake, I hope, you will seek out your Woman in another place.

*Ran.* Madam, I allow not the excuse you make for me; if I have offended, I will rather be condemned for my love, than pardon'd for my insensibility.

*Lyd.* How's that?

[*Behind.*

*Chri.* What do you say?

*Ran.* Though the night had been darker, my heart wou'd not have suffer'd me to follow any one but you; he has been too long acquainted with you, to mistake you.

*Lyd.* What means this tenderness; he mistook me for her sure? [*Behind.*

*Chri.* What says the Gentleman? did you know me then, Sir?

*Ran.* Not I, the Devil take me, but I must on now.

[*Aside.*

Cou'd you imagine, Madam, by the innumerable crowd of your admirers,

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you had left any man free in the Town, or ignorant of the power of your Beauty.

*Chri.* I never saw your face before, that I remember.

*Ran.* Ah Madam! you wou'd never regard your humb'lest Slave; I was till now a modest Lover.

*Lyd.* Falsest of Men.

[*Behind.*

*Chri.* My Woman said, you came to seek a Relation here, not a Mistrefs.

*Ran.* I must confess, Madam, I thought you wou'd sooner disprove my dissembled error, than admit my visit; and I was resolv'd to see you.

*Lyd.* 'Tis clear.

[*Behind.*

*Ran.* Indeed, when I follow'd you first out of the Park, I was afraid you might have been a certain Relation of mine, for your Statures and Habits are the same; but when you enter'd here, I was with joy convinc'd: Besides, I would not for the world have given her troublesome love, so much encouragement, to have disturb'd my future addressees to you; for the foolish woman do's perpetually torment me, to make our relation nearer; but never more in vain, then since I have seen you, Madam.

*Lyd.* How shall I suffer this? 'tis clear he disappointed me to night for her, and made me stay at home, that I might not disappoint him of her company in the Park.

[*Behind.*

*Chri.* I am amaz'd! but let me tell you, Sir, if the Lady were here, I wou'd satisfy her, the sight of me shou'd never frustrate her ambitious designs upon her cruel Kinsman.

*Lyd.* I wish you cou'd satisfy me.

[*Behind.*

*Ran.* If she were here, she wou'd satisfy you, she were not capable of the honour to be taken for you (though in the dark) faith, my Cousin is but a tolerable woman to a man that had not seen you.

*Chri.* Sure to my Plague, this is the first time you ever saw me?

*Ran.* Sure to the Plague of my poor heart, 'tis not the hundredth time I have seen you; for since the time I saw you first, you have not been at the Park, Play-house, Exchange, or other publick place, but I saw you; for it was my business to watch and follow you.

*Chri.* Pray, when did you see me last at the Park, Play-house, or Exchange.

*Ran.* Some two, three days, or a week ago.

*Chri.* I have not been this month out of this Chamber.

*Lyd.* That is to delude me.

[*Behind.*

*Chri.* I knew you were mistaken.

*Ran.* You'll pardon a Lovers memory, Madam.

A pox, I have hang'd my self in my own line, one would think, my perpetual ill luck in lying, should break me of the quality; but like a loosing Gamster, I am still for pushing on, till none will trust me.

[*Aside.*



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*Chri.* Come, Sir, you run out of one error into a greater, you would excuse the rudeness of your mistake, and intrusion at this hour, into my Lodgings, with your gallantry to me, more unseasonable and offensive.

*Ran.* Nay, I am in love I see, for I blush, and have not a word to say for my self.

*Chri.* But, Sir, if you will needs play the Gallant, pray leave my House before Morning, lest you should be seen go hence, to the scandal of my honour.

*Chri.* Rather then that shou'd be, I'll call up the House and Neighbours to bear witness, I bid you be gone.

*Ran.* Since you take a night-visit so ill, Madam, I will never wait upon you again, but by day; I go, that I may hope to return, and for once, I wish you a good night without me.

*Chri.* Good night, for as long as I live.

[*Ex.* Ranger.]

*Lyd.* And good night to my love, I'm sure.

[*Behind.*]

*Chri.* Though I have done you an inconsiderable service, I assure you, Madam, you are not a little oblig'd to me.

Pardon me dear Valentine.

[*Aside.*]

*Lyd.* I know not yet, whether I am more oblig'd then injur'd; when I do I assure you, Madam, I shall not be insensible of either.

*Chri.* I fear, Madam, you are as liable to mistakes, as your Kinsman.

*Lyd.* I fear, I am more subject to 'em, it may be for want of sleep, therefore I'll go home.

*Chri.* My Lady *Flippant*, good night.

*Flip.* Good night, or rather good morrow, faithful Shepherdess.

*Chri.* I'll wait of you down.

*Lyd.* Your Coach stays yet, I hope.

*Flip.* Certainly.

[*Ex.* Omnes.]

*The Scene, the Street.*

*Enter Ranger, and Dapperwit.*

*Dap.* I was a faithful Sentinel, no body came out, let me perish.

*Ran.* No, no, I hunted upon a wrong scent; I thought I had follow'd a Woman, but found her an Angel.

*Dap.* What is her Name?

*Ran.* That you must tell me; What very fine Woman is there lies hereabouts?

*Dap.* Faith, I know not any, she is I warrant you some fine Woman, of a Terms standing or so in the Town; such as seldom appear in publick, but in their Balcones, where they stand so constantly, one would think they had hir'd no other part of the House.

*Ran.* And look like the Pictures, which Painters expose to draw in Customers; but I must know who she is, *Vincent's* Lodging is hard by, I'll go

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and enquire of him, and lye with him to night; but if he will not let me, I'll lye with you, for my lodging is too far off——

*Dap.* Then I will go before, and expect you at mine. [Ex.]

*The Scene, Vincents Lodging.*

*Enter Vincent, Valentine, in a riding habit, as newly from a Journey.*

*Vin.* Your Mistrefs, dear *Valentine*, will not be more glad to fee you; but my wonder is no lefs then my joy, that you wou'd return ere you were inform'd *Clerimont* were out of Danger; his Surgeons themselves, have not been affur'd of his recovery, till within thefe two days.

*Val.* I fear'd my Mistrefs, not my Life; my Life I cou'd trust again with my old Enemy, Fortune; but not longer, my Mistrefs, in the hands of my greater Enemies, her Relations.

*Vin.* Your fear was in the wrong Place then, for though my Lord *Clerimont* live, he and his Relations, may put you in more Danger of your Life, than your Mistreffes Relations can of loofing her.

*Val.* Wou'd any cou'd fecure me her, I wou'd my felf fecure my Life, for I fould value it then.

*Vin.* Come, come, her Relations can do you no hurt; I dare fwear, If her Mother fhould but fay, your Hat did not cock handfomly, fhe wou'd never ask her bleffing again.

*Val.* Prithee leave thy fooling, and tell me, if fince my departure, She has given evidences of her love, to clear thofe doubts I went away with, for as abfence is the bane of common and baftard Love; 'tis the vindication of that, which is true and generous.

*Vin.* Nay, if you cou'd ever doubt her Love, you deferve to doubt on; for there is no punifhment great enough for jealoufie, but jealoufie.

*Val.* You may remember, I told you before my flight, I had quarrell'd with the defamer of my Mistrefs, but thought I had kill'd my Rival.

*Vin.* But pray give me now the anfwer, which the fuddennefs of your flight deny'd me; how cou'd *Clerimont* hope to fubdue her heart, by the affault of her honour?

*Val.* Pifh, it might be the stratagem of a Rival, to make her defift.

*Vin.* For fhame, if 'twere not rather to vindicate her, then fatisfie you, I wou'd not tell you, how like a *Penelope* fhe has behav'd her felf in your abfence.

*Val.* Let me know.

*Vin.* Then know, the next day you went, fhe put her felf into mourning, and——

*Val.* That might be for *Clerimont*, thinking him dead, as all the world befides thought.

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*Vin.* Still turning the daggers point on your self, hear me out; I say she put her self into mourning for you——lock'd up her self in her chamber, this month for you——shut out her barking Relations for you——has not seen the Sun or face of man, since she saw you——thinks, and talks of no thing but you——sends to me daily, to hear of you——and in short (I think) is mad for you——all this I can swear, for I am to her so near a Neighbour, and so inquisitive a Friend for you——

*Servant to them.*

*Ser.* Mr. Ranger, Sir, is coming up.

*Vin.* What brings him now? he comes to lye with me.

*Val.* Who, Ranger?

*Vin.* Yes, pray retire a little, till I send him off, unless you have a mind to have your arrival publish'd to morrow, in the Coffee-Houses.

*Ran.* What, not yet a-bed? your Man is laying you to sleep

*[Valentine retires to the door behind.]*

with Uisquebaugh or Brandy, is he not so?

*Vin.* What Punk will not be troubled with you to night, therefore I am, is it not so?

*Ran.* I have been turn'd out of doors indeed just now, by a Woman, but such a Woman, *Vincent*——

*Vin.* Yes, yes, your women are always such women.——

*Ran.* A Neighbour of yours, and I'm sure the finest you have.

*Vin.* Prithee do not asperse my Neighbourhood with your acquaintance; 'twould bring a scandal upon an Alley.

*Ran.* Nay, I do not know her, therefore I come to you.

*Vin.* 'Twas no wonder, she turn'd you out of doors then; and if she had known you, 'twould have been a wonder she had let you stay; but where does she live?

*Ran.* Five doors off on the right hand.

*Vin.* Pish, pish——

*Ran.* What's the matter?

*Vin.* —— Does she live there, do you say?

*Ran.* Yes, I observ'd them exactly, that my account from you, might be as exact; do you know who lives there?

*Vin.* Yes, so well, that I know you are mistaken.

*Ran.* Is she not a young Lady scarce eighteen, of extraordinary Beauty, her stature next to low, and in mourning?

*Val.* What is this?

*[Behind.]*

*Vin.* She is; but if you saw her, you broke in at window.

*Ran.* I chas'd her home from the Park, indeed, taking her for another Lady who had some claim to my heart, 'till she shew'd a better title to't.

*Vin.* Hah, hah, hah.



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*Val.* Was she at Park then? and have I a new Rival? [Behind.]

*Vin.* From the Park did you follow her, do you say I knew you were mistaken.

*Ran.* I tell you I am not.

*Vin.* If you are sure, it was that House, it might be perhaps her Woman stollen to the Park, unknown to her Lady.

*Ran.* My Acquaintance does usually begin with the Maid first, but now 'twas with the Mistress, I assure you.

*Vin.* The Mistress! I tell you, she has not been out of her doors since *Valentines* flight; she is his Mistress, the great Heiress *Christina*.

*Ran.* I tell you then again I followed that *Christina*, from the Park home, where I talk'd with her half an hour, and intend to see her to morrow again.

*Val.* Would she talk with him too? [Behind.]

*Vin.* It cannot be.

*Ran.* *Christina*, do you call her? Faith I am sorry she is an Heiress, lest it should bring the scandal of interest, and design of lucre upon my Love.

*Vin.* No, no, her face and vertues will free you from that censure; but however, 'tis not fairly done to Rival your Friend *Valentine* in his absence; and when he is present, you know 'twill be dangerous, by my Lord *Clerimont's* example; faith if you have seen her, I would not advise you to attempt it again.

*Ran.* You may be merry, Sir, you are not in Love; your advice I came not for, nor will I for your assistance; good night.

*Val.* Here's your *Penelope*, the Woman that [Ex. Ranger.] had not seen the Sun, nor face of Man, since my departure; for it seems she goes out in the night, when the Sun is absent, and faces are not distinguish'd.

*Vin.* Why, do you believe him?

*Val.* Shou'd I believe you?

*Vin.* 'Twere more for your interest, and you wou'd be less deceiv'd; if you believe him, you must doubt the chastity of all the fine Women in Town, and five miles about.

*Val.* His reports of them, will little invalidate his testimony with me.

*Vin.* He spares not the Innocents in Bibs and Aprons (I'll secure you) he has made (at best) some gross mistake concerning *Christina*, which to Morrow will discover; in the mean time let us go sleep.

*Val.* I will not hinder you, because I cannot enjoy it my self;

Hunger, Revenge, to sleep are petty Foes,  
But only Death the jealous Eyes can close.

[Exeunt.]

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## ACT III. SCENE I.

### *Crofsbites House.*

*Enter Mrs. Joyner, Mrs. Crofsbite.*

*Joy.* Good Morrow, Gossip.

*Cro.* Good Morrow; but why up so early, good Gossip?

*Joy.* My care and passionate concern for you, and yours, wou'd not let me rest (in truly.)

*Cro.* For me and mine?

*Joy.* You know, we have known one another long; I think it be some nine and thirty years since you were married.

*Cro.* Nine and thirty years old, Mistrifs? I'de have you to know, I am no far born Child; and if the Register had not been burn'd in the last great fire, alas; but my face needs no Register sure: nine and thirty years old, said you, Mistrifs?

*Joy.* I said you had been so long married; but, indeed, you bear your years as well as any she in *Pepper-Alley*.

*Cro.* Nine and thirty, Mistrifs.

*Joy.* This it is; a woman, now-adays, had rather you should find her faulty with a man, I warrant you, than discover her age, I warrant you.

*Cro.* Marry and 'tis the greater secret far; tell a Miser he is rich, and a Woman she is old; you will get no money of him, nor kindness of her: to tell me I was nine and thirty (I say no more) 'twas unneighbourly done of you, Mistrifs.

*Joy.* My memory confesses my age, it seems, as much as my face, for I thought——

*Cro.* Pray talk, nor think no more of any ones Age; but say, what brought you hither so early?

*Joy.* How does my sweet God-daughter? poor wretch.

*Cro.* Well, very well.

*Joy.* Ah sweet Creature; alas, alas, I am sorry for her.

*Cro.* Why, what has she done to deserve your sorrow, or my reprehension?

*Lucy comes to the dor.*

*Lucy.* What, are they talking of me?

*[Behind.*

*Joy.* In short, she was seen going into the Meeting-house of the Wicked, otherwise called the Play-House, hand in hand, with that vile Fellow *Dapperwit*.

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*Croſ.* Mr. *Dapperwit*; let me tell you, if 'twere not for Maſter *Dapperwit*, we might have liv'd all this Vacation upon Green Cheefe, Tripe, and Ox-cheek; if he had it, we ſhould not want it; but poor Gentleman, it often goes hard with him, for he's a Wit.

*Joy.* So then, you are the Dog to be fed, while the houſe is broken up; I ſay beware, the ſweet bits you ſwallow, will make your daughters belly ſwell, Miſtreſs; and after all your Junkets, there will be a bone for you to pick, Miſtreſs.

*Croſ.* Sure, Maſter *Dapperwit* is no ſuch manner of Man?

*Joy.* He is a Wit, you ſay, and what are Wits? but contemnners of Matrons, Seducers, or Defamers of married Women, and Deſlourers of helpleſs Virgins, even in the Streets, upon the very Bulks; Affronterers of midnight Magiſtracy, and Breakers of Windows in a word.

*Croſ.* But he is a little-Wit, a modeſt-Wit, and they do no ſuch outrageous things as your great Wits do.

*Joy.* Nay, I dare ſay, he will not ſay himſelf he is a little Wit, if you aſk him.

*Lucy.* Nay, I cannot hear this with patience; with your pardon, [*Aſide.* Mother, you are as much miſtaken, as my God-mother in Mr. *Dapperwit*; for he is as great a Wit as any, and in what he ſpeaks or writes, as happy as any; I can aſſure you, he contemns all your tearing Wits, in compariſon of himſelf.

*Joy.* Alas, poor young wretch, I cannot blame thee ſo much as thy Mother, for thou art not thy ſelf; his bewitching Madrigals have charm'd thee into ſome Heatheniſh Imp with a hard name.

*Lucy.* Nymph, you mean, God-mother.

*Joy.* But you Goffip, know what's what; Yeſterday, as I told you, a fine Old Alderman of the City, ſeeing your Daughter in ſo ill hands as *Dapperwit*'s, was Zealouſly, and in pure Charity, bent upon her redemption; and has ſent me to tell you, he will take her into his care, and relieve your neceſſities, if you think good.

*Croſ.* Will he relieve all our neceſſities?

*Joy.* All.

*Croſ.* Mine, as well as my Daughter's?

*Joy.* Yes.

*Croſ.* Well fare his heart; d'y hear, Daughter, Mrs. *Joyner* has ſatisfy'd me clearly; *Dapperwit* is a vile Fellow, and in ſhort, you muſt put an end to that ſcandalous familiarity between you.

*Lucy.* Leave ſweet Mr. *Dapperwit*— Oh furious ingratitude! was not he the Man that gave me my firſt Farrenden Gown, put me out of Worſted Stockings, and plain Handkerchiefs, taught me to dreſs, talk, and move well.

*Croſ.* He has taught you to talk indeed; but, Huſwife, I will not have my pleaſure diſputed.



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*Joyn.* Nay, indeed you are too tart with her, poor sweet Soul.

*Lucy.* He taught me to rehearse too, wou'd have brought me into the Play-house, where I might have had as good luck as others: I might have had good Cloaths, Plate, Jewels, and things so well about me; that my Neighbours, the little Gentlemens Wives, of fifteen hundred, or Two thousand pound a year, should have retir'd into the Country, sick with envy, of my prosperity and greatness.

*Joyn.* If you follow your mothers counsel, you are like to enjoy all you talk of sooner, than by *Dapperwit's* assistance; a poor wretch that goes on tick for the Paper he writes his *Lampoons* on; and the very Ale and Coffee that inspires him, as they say.

*Crof.* I am credibly informed so, indeed, Madam *Joyner*.

*Joyn.* Well, I have discharg'd my Conscience; good Morrow to you both. [Exeunt.]

*Enter Dapperwit, Ranger; Crofbites Dining-room.*

*Dap.* This is the Cabinet, in which I hide my Jewel, a small House, in an obscure, little, retired street too.

*Ran.* Vulgarly an Alley.

*Dap.* Nay, I hid my Mistresses with as much care, as a Spark of the Town do's his money from his Dun, after a good hand at Play; and nothing but you cou'd have wrought upon me for a sight of her, let me perish.

*Ran.* My obligation to you is great; do not lessen it by delays, of the favour you promised.

*Dap.* But do not censure my honour, for if you had not been in a desperate condition—for as one nail must beat out another, one poyson expel another, one fire draw out another, one fit of drinking cure the sickness of another; so the Surfeit you took last night of *Christina's* Eyes, shall be cured by *Lucy's* this morning, or as——

*Ran.* Nay, I bar more similitudes.

*Dap.* What, in my Mistresses Lodging? that were as hard as to bar a young Parson in the Pulpit, the fifth of *November*, railing at the Church of *Rome*, or as hard as to put you to bed to *Lucy*, and defend you touching her, or as——

*Ran.* Or as hard as to make you hold your tongue— I shall not see your Mistresses, I see?

*Dap.* Miss *Lucy*, Miss *Lucy*—— [Knocks at the door, and returns.]  
the Devil take me, if good men (I say no more) have not been upon their knees to me, to see her, and you at last must obtain it.

*Ran.* I do not believe you.

*Dap.* 'Tis such as she, she is beautiful, without affectation; amorous without impertinency; airy, and brisk without impudence; frolick without rudeness; and in a word, the justest creature breathing to her assignation.

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*Ran.* You praise her, as if you had a mind to part with her; and yet you resolve, I see, to keep her to your self.

*Dap.* Keep her, poor Creature, she cannot leave me; and rather then leave her, I wou'd leave writing Lampoons or Sonnets almost.

*Ran.* Well, I'll leave you with her then.

*Dap.* What, will you go without seeing her?

*Ran.* Rather then stay without seeing her.

*Dap.* Yes, yes, you shall see her; but let me perish if I have not been offered a hundred Guinies, for a sight of her; by—— I say no more.

*Ran.* I understand you now; if the favour be to be [*Aside.*  
purchased, then I'll bid all I have about me for't.

*Dap.* Fye, fye, *Mr. Ranger*, you are pleasant 'ifaith; do you think I would sell the sight of my rarity? like those Gentlemen who hang out Flags at *Charing-cross*, or like——

*Ran.* Nay, then I'm gone again.

*Dap.* What, you take it ill I refuse your money? rather than that shou'd be, give us it; but take notice I will borrow it; now I think on't, *Lucy* wants a Gown, and some Knacks.

*Ran.* Here.

*Dap.* But I must pay it you again; I will not take it, unless you engage your honour, I shall pay it you again.

*Ran.* You must pardon me; I will not engage my honour for such a trifle; go fetch her out.

*Dap.* Well, she's a ravishing Creature, such Eyes, and lips, *Mr. Ranger*.

*Ran.* Prethee go.

*Dap.* Such neck and breasts, *Mr. Ranger*.

*Ran.* Again, prethee go.

*Dap.* Such feet, legs, and thighs, *Mr. Ranger*.

*Ran.* Prethee let me see 'em.

*Dap.* And a mouth no bigger than your Ring; I need say no more.

*Ran.* Wou'd thou wer't never to speak again.

*Dap.* And then so neat, so sweet a Creature in bed, that to my knowledge, she do's not change her Sheets in half a year.

*Ran.* I thank you for that allay to my impatience.

*Dap.* Miss *Lucy*, Miss *Lucy*, Miss. [*Knocking at the door.*

*Ran.* Will she not open?

*Dap.* I am afraid, my pretty Miss is not stirring, and therefore will not admit us.

*Dap.* Fye, Fye, a quibble next your stomach in a morning; what if she shou'd hear us, wou'd you lose a Mistress for a quibble? that's more than I cou'd do, let me perish.

*Ran.* Is she not gone her walk to Lambs Conduit?

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*Dap.* She is within, I hear her.

*Ran.* But she will not hear you; she's as deaf, as if you were a Dun or a Constable.

*Dap.* Pish, give her but leave to gape, rub her Eyes, and put on her day-Pinner; the long patch under the left eye: awaken the Roses on her cheeks, with some Spanish wool, and warrant her breath with some Lemon Peil; the door flies off of the hinges, and she into my arms; she knows there is as much Artifice to keep a victory, as to gain it; and 'tis a sign she values the conquest of my heart.

*Ran.* I thought her Beauty had not stood in need of Art.

*Dap.* Beauty's a Coward, still without the help of Art, and may have the fortune of a Conquest, but cannot keep it; Beauty and Art can no more be asunder, than Love and Honour.

*Ran.* Or to speak more like your self, wit and judgment.

*Dap.* Don't you hear the door wag yet?

*Ran.* Not a whit.

*Dap.* Mifs, Mifs, 'tis your slave that calls; come, all this tricking for him; lend me your Comb, Mr. *Ranger*.

*Ran.* No, I am to be preferred to day, you are to set me off; you are in Possession; I will not lend you arms to keep me out——

*Dap.* A Pox, don't let me be ungrateful; if she has smugg'd her self up for me, let me Prune, and Flounce my Perruque a little for her; there's ne're a young fellow in the Town but will do as much for a meer stranger in the Play-House.

*Ran.* A Wits Wig has the privilege of being uncomb'd in the very Play-House, or in the presence——

*Dap.* But not in the presence of his Mistress; 'tis a greater neglect of her than himself; pray lend me your Comb.

*Ran.* I wou'd not have men of Wit, and Courage, make use of every Fops mean Arts, to keep, or gain a Mistress.

*Dap.* But don't you see every day, though a man have ne're so much Wit and Courage, his Mistress will revolt to those Fops that wear, and Comb Perruques well; I'll break off the bargain, and will not receive you, my Partner.

*Ran.* Therefore you see I am setting  
up for my self. *[Combs his Perruque.]*

*Dap.* She comes, she comes, pray, your Comb.

*[Snatches Ranger's Comb.]*

*Enter Mrs. Crossbite to them.*

*Crof.* Bargain, what are you offering us to sale?

*Dap.* A Pox, is't she? here take your Comb again then.

*[Returns the Comb.]*



## LOVE IN A WOOD

*Crof.* Wou'd you sell us? 'tis like you y'fads.

*Dap.* Sell thee, where shou'd we find a Chapman? go prithee Mother, call out my dear Mifs *Lucy*.

*Crof.* Your Mifs *Lucy*; I do not wonder you have the Conscience to bargain for us behind our backs, since you have the impudence to claim a propriety in us to my face.

*Ran.* How's this, *Dapperwit*?

*Dap.* Come, come, this Gentleman will not think the worfe of a Woman, for my acquaintance with her; he has seen me bring your Daughter to the Leur with a Chiney Orange, from one side of the Play-House, to the other.

*Crof.* I would have the Gentleman, and you to know, my Daughter is a Girl of reputation, though she has been seen in your Company; but is now so sensible of her past danger, that she is resolved never more to venture her Pitcher to the Well, as they say.

*Dap.* How's that Widow? I wonder at your new confidence.

*Crof.* I wonder at your old impudence, that where you have had so frequent repulses, you shou'd provoke another, and bring your Friend here to witness your disgrace.

*Dap.* Hark you Widow a little.

*Crof.* What, you have Mortgaged my Daughter to that Gentleman; and now wou'd offer me a snip to joyn in the security.

*Dap.* She over-heard me talk of a bargain; 'twas unlucky: *[Aside.* your wrath is grounded upon a Mistake: Mifs *Lucy* her self shall be judge, call her out pray.

*Crof.* She shall not, she will not come to you.

*Dap.* Till I hear it from her own mouth, I cannot believe it.

*Crof.* You shall hear her say't through the doer.

*Dap.* I shall doubt it, unless she say it to my face.

*Crof.* Shall we be troubled with you no more then?

*Dap.* If she command my death, I cannot dis-obey her.

*Crof.* Come out, Child. *[Lucy (holding down her head) to them.*

*Dap.* Your Servant, dearest Mifs, can you have?—

*Crof.* Let me ask her.

*Dap.* No, I'll ask her.

*Ran.* I'll throw up Crofs or Pile who shall ask her.

*Dap.* Can you have the heart to say, you will never more break a Cheesecake with me, at New Spring-garden, the Neat house, or *Chelfey*; never more sit in my lap at a New Play, never more wear a Suit of Knots of my choice; and last of all, never more pass away an Afternoon with me again, in the Green Garret? in—— do not forget the Green Garret.

*Lucy.* I wish I had never seen the Green Garret; Demm the Green Garret.

*Dap.* Demm the Green Garret, you are strangely alter'd.

*Lucy.* 'Tis you are alter'd.

## LOVE IN A WOOD

*Dap.* You have refus'd *Colby's* Mulberry Garden, and the French-houfes, for the Green Garret; and a little fomething in the Green Garret, pleas'd you more than the beft Treat the other places cou'd yield; and can you of a fudden quit the Green Garret?

*Lucy.* Since you have a defign to Pawn me for the Rent, 'tis time to remove my Goods.

*Dap.* Thou art extremely miftaken.

*Lucy.* Befides, I have heard fuch ftange things of you this Morning.

*Dap.* What things?

*Lucy.* I blufh to fpeak 'em.

*Dap.* I know my Innocence, therefore take my charge as a favour; what have I done?

*Lucy.* Then know, vile Wit, my Mother has confefs'd juft now, thou wer't falfe to me, to her too certain knowledge; and haft forc'd even her to be falfe to me too.

*Dap.* Faults in drink, *Lucy*, when we are not our felves, fhould not condemn us.

*Lucy.* And now to let me out to hire like Hackney; I tell you my own dear mother fhall bargain for me no more; there are as little as I can bargain for themfelves now-adays, as well as properer women.

*Crof.* Whifpering all this while; beware of his fnares again, come away, Child.

*Dap.* Sweet, dear, *Mifs*.

*Lucy.* Bargain for me; you have reckon'd without your Hoftefs, as they fay, bargain for me, bargain for me. [Exit Lucy.]

*Dap.* I muft return then, to treat with you.

*Crof.* Treat me no treatings, but take a word for all; you fhall no more difhonour my Daughter, nor moleft my Lodgings, as you have done at all hours.

*Dap.* Do you intend to change 'em, then, to *Bridewel*, or *Longs* powdering-Tub.

*Crof.* No, to a Bailifs Houfe, and then you'll be fo civil, I prefume, as not to trouble us.

*Ran.* Here, will you have my Comb again, *Dapperwit*.

*Dap.* A pox, I think Women take inconfancy from me, worfe than from any man breathing.

*Crof.* Pray, Sir, forget me, before you write your next Lampoon.

[Ex. Crof.]

*Sir Simon Addleplot in the drefs of a Clark.*

*To Ranger and Dapperwit.*

*Sir Sim.* Have I found you? have I found you, in your by-walks, faith and troth? I am almoft out of breath in following you; Gentlemen when

## LOVE IN A WOOD

they get into an Alley, walk so fast; as if they had more earnest business there, then in the broad streets.

*Dap.* How came this Sot hither? Fortune has sent him to ease my choler. [*Aside.*

You impudent Rascal, who are you? that dare intrude thus on us.

[*Strikes him.*

*Sir Sim.* Don't you know me, *Dapperwit*? sure you know me. [*Softly.*

*Dap.* Wilt thou dishonour me with thy Acquaintance too? thou rascally, insolent, pen and ink-man. [*Strikes him again.*

*Sir Sim.* Oh, oh sure, you know me, pray know me. [*Speak softly.*

*Dap.* By the fawcy familiarity, thou shou'dst be a Marker at a Tennis-Court, a Barber, or a Slave that fills Coffee.

*Sir Sim.* Oh, oh.

*Dap.* What art thou?

[*Kicks him.*

*Sir Sim.* Nay, I must not discover my self to *Ranger*, for a Kick or two; oh, pray hold, Sir, by that you will know me. [*Delivers him a Letter.*

*Dap.* How, Sir *Simon*!

*Sir Sim.* Mum, mum, make no excuses, Man, I wou'd not *Ranger* shou'd have known me for five hundred—Kicks.

*Dap.* Your disguise is so natural, I protest, it will excuse me.

*Sir Sim.* I know that, prythee make no excuses, I say; no ceremony between thee and I, Man; read the Letter.

*Dap.* What, you have not open'd it?

*Sir Sim.* Prythee don't be angry, the Seal is a little Crack'd; for I cou'd not help kissing Mrs. *Martha's* Letter, the word is, now or never, her Father she finds will be abroad all this day and she longs to see your friend, Sir *Simon Addleplot*: faith 'tis a pretty jest; While I am with her, and praising my self to her, at no ordinary rate; let thee and I alone, at an intrigue.

*Dap.* Tell her, I will not fail to meet her, at the place, and time, have a care of your charge; and manage your business like your self, for your self.

*Sir Sim.* I warrant you.

*Dap.* The gaining *Gripe's* Daughter, will make me support the loss of this young Jilt here. [*Aside.*

*Ran.* What fellow's that?

*Dap.* A Servant to a Friend of mine.

*Ran.* Methinks, he something resembles our Acquaintance, Sir *Simon*, but it is no complement to tell him so; for that Knight is the most egregious Coxcomb, that ever plaid with Ladies Fan.

*Sir Sim.* So; thanks to my disguise, I know my Enemies. [*Aside.*

*Ran.* The most incorrigible Ass, beyond the reproof of a kicking Rival, or a frowning Mistress; but if it be possible, thou dost use him worse then his Mistress, or Rival can; thou dost make such a Culley of him.



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*Sir Sim.* Do's he think so too?—

[*Aside.*

*Dap.* Go, friend, go about your business, [Ex. *Sir Simon.*  
a pox, you wou'd spoil all, just in the critical time of projection, he brings me here a Summons from his Mistress, to meet her in the evening; will you come to my Wedding?

*Ran.* Don't speak so loud, you'll break poor *Lucies* heart; poor creature, she cannot leave you, and rather than leave her, you shou'd leave writing of Lampoons, or Sonnets—almost.

*Dap.* Come, let her go, ungrateful baggage; but now you talk of Sonnets; I am no living Wit, if her love has not cost me two thousand Couplets at least.

*Ran.* But what wou'd you give now, for a new Satyr against women, ready made; 'twou'd be as convenient to buy Satyrs against women, ready made, as it is to buy Crevats ready ty'd.

*Dap.* Or as——

*Ran.* Hay, come away, come away, Mr. or as——

[*Exeunt.*

*Enter Mrs. Joyner, Gripe.*

*Gripe.* Peace, Plenty, and Pastime be within these Walls.

*Joy.* 'Tis a small House you see, and mean Furniture, for no Gallants are suffer'd to come hither; she might have had ere now, as good lodgings, as any in Town; her *Moreclack* Hangings, great Glasses, Cabinets, *China* embroider'd Beds, *Persia* Carpets, Gold-plate, and the like, if she wou'd have put her self forward; but your Worship may please, to make 'em remove to a place fit to receive one of your Worship's quality; for this is a little scandalous in truly.

*Gripe.* No, no, I like it well enough, I am not dainty; besides privacy, privacy, Mrs. Joyner, I love privacy in opposition to the Wicked, who hate it.

*Joy.* What do you look for, Sir?

[*Looks about.*

*Gripe.* Walls have ears, Walls have ears; but besides, I look for a private place to retire to, in time of need; oh here's one convenient.

[*Turns up a Hanging, and discovers the slender provisions of the Family.*

*Joy.* But you see poor innocent Souls, to what use they put it, not to hide Gallants.

*Gripe.* Temperance is the Nurse of Chastity.

*Joy.* But your Worship may please to mend their fare; and when you come, may make them entertain you, better than you see, they do themselves.

*Gripe.* No, I am not dainty, as I told you; I abominate Entertainments; no Entertainments, pray, Mrs. Joyner.

*Joy.* No.

[*Aside.*

*Gripe.* There can be no entertainment to me, more Luscious and Sav-

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oury, than the communion with that little Gentlewoman; will you call her out, I fast till I see her.

*Joyn.* But intruly your Worship, we shou'd have brought a Bottle or two of Rhenish, and some Naples Bisket, to have entertain'd the young Gentlewoman; 'tis the mode for Lovers to Treat their Mistresses.

*Gripe.* Modes, I tell you, Mrs. *Joyner*, I hate Modes and Forms.

*Joyn.* You must send for something to entertain her with.

*Gripe.* Again entertaining; we will be to each other a Feast.

*Joyn.* I shall be asham'd, intruly your Worship; besides, the young Gentlewoman will despise you.

*Gripe.* I shall content her, I warrant you, leave it to me.

*Joyn.* I am sure you will not content me, if you will not content her; 'tis as impossible for a man to love, and be a miser, as to love and be wife, as they say. *[Aside.*

*Gripe.* While you talk of Treats, you starve my Eyes; I long to see the fair One; fetch her hither.

*Joyn.* I am asham'd she shou'd find me so abominable a Lyar; I have so prays'd you to her, and above all your Vertues, your Liberality; which is so great a Vertue, that it often excuses Youth, Beauty, Courage, Wit, or any thing.

*Gripe.* Pish, pish, 'tis the vertue of Fools, every Fool can have it.

*Joyn.* And will your worship want it then? I told her——

*Gripe.* Why wou'd you tell her any thing of me? you know I am a modest Man; but come, if you will have me as extravagant as the wicked; take that and fetch us a Treat, as you call it.

*Joyn.* Upon my life a Groat, what will this purchase?

*Gripe.* Two Black-Pots of Ale, and a Cake, at the next Cellar: come, the Wine has Arsenick in't.

*Joyn.* Well, I am mistaken, and my hopes are abus'd: I never knew any Man so mortify'd a Miser, that he would deny his Letchery any thing; I must be even with thee then another way. *[Goes out. [Aside.*

*Gripe.* These useful old Women are more exorbitant, and craving in their desires, than the young ones in theirs; these Prodigals in white Peruques spoil 'em both; and that's the reason when the Squires come under my cluches, I make 'em pay for their folly and mine, and 'tis but Conscience: Oh here comes the fair One at last.

*Enter Joyner leading in Lucy, who hangs backward as she enters.*

*Lucy.* Oh Lord, there's a man, God-mother!

*Joyn.* Come in, Child, thou art so bashful——

*Lucy.* My Mother is from home too, I dare not.

*Joyn.* If she were here, she'd teach you better manners.

*Lucy.* I'm afraid she'd be angry.

## LOVE IN A WOOD

*Joyn.* To see you so much an Afs; come along, I say.

*Gripe.* Nay, speak to her gently; if you won't, I will.

*Lucy.* Thank you, Sir.

*Gripe.* Pretty Innocent, there is, I see, one left yet of her Age; what hap have I! sweet, little Gentlewoman, come and sit down by me.

*Lucy.* I am better bred, I hope, Sir.

*Gripe.* You must sit down by me.

*Lucy.* I'd rather stand, if you please.

*Gripe.* To please me, you must sit, Sweetest.

*Lucy.* Not before my God-mother, sure.

*Gripe.* Wonderment of Innocence!

*Joyn.* A poor bashful Girl, Sir; I'm sorry she is not better taught.

*Gripe.* I am glad she is not taught; I'll teach her my self.

*Lucy.* Are you a Dancing-Master then, Sir? but if I shou'd be dull, and not move as you wou'd have me, you wou'd not beat me, Sir, I hope?

*Gripe.* Beat thee, hony-Suckle; I'll use thee thus, and thus, and thus; Ah, Mrs. *Joyner*, prethee go fetch our Treat now. [Kisses her.]

*Joyn.* A Treat of a Groat, I will not wag.

*Gripe.* Why don't you go? here, take more money, and fetch what you will; take here, half a Crown.

*Joyn.* What will half a Crown do?

*Gripe.* Take a Crown then, an Angel, a Piece; be gone.

*Joyn.* A Treat only will not serve my turn, I must buy the poor Wretch there some toys.

*Gripe.* What toys? what? speak, quickly.

*Joyn.* Pendants, Neck-laces, Fans, Ribbons, Poynts, Laces, Stockings, Gloves——

*Gripe.* Hold, hold, before it comes to a Gown.

*Joyn.* Well remember'd, Sir, indeed she wants a Gown, for she has but that one to her back; for your own sake you should give her a new Gown; for variety of Dreffes, rouses desire, and makes an old Mistrefs seem every day a new one.

*Gripe.* For that reason she shall have no new Gown; for I am naturally constant, and as I am still the same, I love she shou'd be still the same; but here take half a piece for the other things.

*Joyn.* Half a Piece——

*Gripe.* Prethee be gone, take t'other Piece then; two Pieces, three Pieces, five; here, 'tis all I have.

*Joyn.* I must have the Broad-Seal Ring too, or I stir not.

*Gripe.* Insatiable Woman, will you have that too? Prethee spare me that, 'twas my Grandfather's.

*Joyn.* That's false, he had ne're a Coat; so now I go; this is but a violent fit, and will not hold. [Aside.]



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*Lucy.* Oh, whither do you go, God-mother? will you leave me alone?  
*Joyner.* The Gentleman will not hurt you; you may venture your self with him alone. [Ex. Joyner.]

*Lucy.* I think I may, God-mother; what, will you lock me in, Sir? don't lock me in, Sir. [Fumbling at the dore, locks it.—]

*Gripe.* 'Tis a private lesson, I must teach you, fair.

*Lucy.* I don't see your Fiddle, Sir, where is your little Kitt?

*Gripe.* I'll shew it thee presently Sweetest;  
Necessity, Mother of invention; [Gripe setting a Chair against the door.  
Come my dearest. [Takes her in his Arms.]

*Lucy.* What do you mean, Sir? don't hurt me, Sir, will you—Oh, Oh, you will kill me! Murder, Murder, oh, oh—help, help, oh—  
[Crys out.]

*The dore broke open; Enter Crofsbite, and two Men in Aprons, her Landlord, and his Prentice.*

*Crofs.* What, Murder my Daughter, Villain?

*Lucy.* I wish he had murder'd me, oh, oh—

*Crofs.* What has he done?

*Lucy.* Why wou'd you go out, and leave me alone? unfortunate woman that I am.

*Gripe.* How now, what will this end in? [Aside.]

*Crofs.* Who brought him in?

*Lucy.* That Witch, that Treacherous false Woman, my God-mother, who has betray'd me, sold me to his lust; oh, oh—

*Crofs.* Have you ravish'd my Daughter then, you old Goat? ravish'd my Daughter, ravish'd my Daughter, speak, Villain.

*Gripe.* By yea, and by nay, no such matter.

*Crofs.* A canting Rogue too; take notice, Landlord, he has ravish'd my Daughter, you see her all in tears and distraction;  
And see there the wicked Engine of the filthy Execution;

[Pointing to the Chair.]

*Jeremy,* call up my Neighbours, and the Constable,  
False Villain, thou shalt dye for't.

*Gripe.* Hold, hold; nay, I am caught. [Aside.]

*Crofs.* Go, go, make haste—

*Lucy.* Oh, oh—

*Crofs.* Poor wretch, go quickly.

*Gripe.* Hold, hold; thou young Spawn of the old Serpent; Wicked, as I thought thee Innocent; wilt thou say I wou'd have ravish'd thee?

*Lucy.* I will swear you did ravish me.

*Gripe.* I thought so, Treacherous *Eve*, then I am gone, I must shift as well as I can.

## LOVE IN A WOOD

*Lucy.* Oh, oh——

*Crof.* Will none of you call up the Neighbours, and the Authority of the Alley?

*Gripe.* Hold, I'll give you Twenty Mark among you, to let me go.

*Crof.* Villain, nothing shall buy thy life.

*Land.* But stay, Mrs. *Crofbite*, let me talk with you.

*Lucy.* Oh, oh——

*Land.* Come, Sir, I am your Friend; in a word, I have appeas'd her, and she shall be contented with a little sum.

*Gripe.* What is it? what is it?

*Land.* But five hundred pound.

*Gripe.* But five hundred pound; hang me then, hang me rather.

*Land.* You will say I have been your friend.

*Pren.* The Constable, and Neighbors are coming.

*Gripe.* How, how; will you not take a hundred? pray use conscience in your ways. [*Kneels to Crofbite.*

*Crof.* I scorn your money, I will not take a thousand.

*Gripe.* My Enemies are many, and I shall be a scandal to the Faithful, as a laughing-stock to the wicked; [*Aside.*

Go, prepare your Engines for my Persecution;  
I'll give you the best security I can.

*Land.* The instruments are drawing in the other room,  
If you please to go thither.

*Crof.* Indeed, now I consider; a Portion will do my Daughter more good, than his death; that wou'd but publish her shame; money will cover it, *probatum est*, as they say—let me tell you, Sir, 'tis a charitable thing to give a young Maid a Portion. [*Exeunt Omnes.*

*The Scene changes to Lydia's Lodging.*

*Enter Lydia, my Lady Flippant.*

*Lyd.* 'Tis as hard for a Woman to conceal her indignation from her apostate Lover, as to conceal her Love from her faithful servant.

*Flip.* Or almost as hard as it is, for the prating fellows now adays, to conceal the favours of obliging Ladies.

*Lyd.* If *Ranger* shou'd come up, (I saw him just now in the street) the discovery of my Anger to him now, wou'd be as mean, as the discovery of my Love to him before.

*Flip.* Though I did so mean a thing, as to love a Fellow, I wou'd not do so mean a thing, as to confess it, certainly, by my trouble to part with him; If I confess Love, it should be before they left me.

*Lyd.* So you wou'd deserve to be left, before you were; but cou'd you ever do so mean a thing, as to confess love to any?

## LOVE IN A WOOD

*Flip.* Yes; but I never did so mean a thing, as really to love any?

*Lyd.* You had once a Husband.

*Flip.* Fye, Madam, do you think me so ill bred, as to love a Husband.

*Lyd.* You had a Widows heart, before you were a Widow I see.

*Flip.* I shou'd rather make an adventure of my honour, with a Gallant, for a Gown, a new Coach, a Neck-lase, than clap my Husbands cheeks for them, or sit in his lap; I shou'd be as asham'd to be caught in such a posture, with a Husband, as a brisk well bred Spark of the Town, wou'd be, to be caught on his knees at prayers, unless to his Mistress.

*To them, Ranger, Dapperwit.*

*Lyd.* Mr. *Ranger*, 'twas obligingly done of you.

*Ran.* Indeed, Cousin, I had kept my promise with you, last night, but this Gentleman knows——

*Lyd.* You mistake me, but you shall not lessen any favour you do me; you are going to excuse your not coming to me last night, when I take it as a particular obligation, that though you threatned me with a visit, upon consideration you were so civil, as not to trouble me.

*Dap.* This is an unlucky morning with me; here's my eternal persecution, the Widow *Flippant*. *[Aside.*

*Flip.* What, Mr. *Dapperwit* !

*Ran.* Indeed, Cousin, besides my business, another cause, I did not wait on you, was, my apprehension, you were gone to the Park, notwithstanding your promise to the contrary.

*Lyd.* Therefore, you went to the Park, to visit me there, notwithstanding your promise to the contrary.

*Ran.* Who, I at the Park? when I had promis'd to wait upon you at your lodging; but were you at the Park, Madam?

*Lyd.* Who, I at the Park? when I had promis'd to wait for you at home; I was no more at the Park then you were; were you at the Park ?

*Ran.* The Park had been a dismal desert to me, notwithstanding all the good company in't; if I had wanted yours.

*Lyd.* Because it has been the constant endeavour of men, to keep Women ignorant, they think us so, but 'tis that encreases our inquisitiveness, and makes us know them ignorant, as false; he is as impudent a dissembler as the Widow *Flippant*, who is making her importunate addressees, in vain, for aught I see. *[Aside.*

*Flippant driving Dapperwit from one side of the Stage, to the other.*

*Flip.* Dear, Mr. *Dapperwit*, merciful Mr. *Dapperwit*.

*Dap.* Unmerciful Lady *Flippant*.

*Flip.* Will you be satisfied?



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*Dap.* Won't you be satisfied.

*Flip.* That a Wit shou'd be jealous! that a Wit shou'd be jealous! there's never a brisk young fellow in the Town, though no Wit, Heaven knows; but thinks too well of himself, to think ill of his Wife, or Mistrefs; now that a Wit shou'd lessen his opinion of himself, for shame.

[*Aside to Dapperwit.*

*Dap.* I promis'd to bring you off, but I find it enough to shift for my self——

[*Softly apart to Ranger.*

*Lyd.* What, out of breath, Madam?

*Flip.* I have been defending our cause, Madam; I have beat him out of the Pit; I do so mumble these prating, cenforious fellows, they call Wits, when I meet with them.

*Dap.* Her Ladyship indeed, is the only thing in Petty-coats, I dread, 'twas well for me there was Company in the Room; for I dare no more venture my self with her alone, then a Culley that has been bit, dares venture himself in a Tavern, with an old Rook.

*Flip.* I am the revenger of our Sex, certainly.

*Dap.* And the most insatiable one, I ever knew, Madam; I dare not stand your fury longer; Mr. *Ranger*, I will go before and make a new appointment with your Friends that expect you at dinner, at the *French-House*, 'tis fit business: still wait on Love.

*Ran.* Do so—but now I think on't, Sir *Thomas* goes out of Town this Afternoon, and I shall not see him here again these three months.

*Lyd.* Nay, pray take him with you, Sir.

*Flip.* No, Sir, you shall not take the Gentleman from his Mistrefs: [do not go yet, sweet Mr. *Dapperwit*.] [*Aside.*

*Lyd.* Take him with you, Sir; I suppose his business may be there, to borrow, or win, mony, and I ought not to be his hinderance; for when he has none, he has his desperate designs upon that little I have; for want of mony, makes as devout Lovers as Christians.

*Dap.* I hope, Madam, he offers you no less security, than his liberty.

*Lyd.* His liberty, as poor a pawn to take up mony on, as honour; he is like the desperate Banke-Routs of this Age, who if they can get peoples Fortunes into their hands, care not though they spend them in Goale, all their lives.

*Flip.* And the poor crediting Ladies, when they have parted with their mony, must be contented with a pitiful composition, or starve for all them.

*Ran.* But Widows are commonly so wise, as to be sure their men are solvable before they trust 'em.

*Flip.* Can you blame 'em; I declare, I will trust no man, pray do not take it ill, Gentlemen; Quacks in their Bills, and Poets in the titles of their Plays, do not more disappoint us, then Gallants with their promises; but I trust none.

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*Dap.* Nay, she's a very Jew in that particular ; to my knowledge, shee'll know her man, over and over gain, before she trust him.

*Ran.* Well, my dearest Cousin, good morrow; when I stay from you, so long again, blame me to purpose, and be extreamly angry; for nothing can make me amends for the loss of your Company, but your reprehension of my absence; I'll take such a Chiding, as kindly, as *Russian Wives*, do beating.

*Lyd.* If you were my Husband, I cou'd not take your absence more kindly, then I do.

*Ran.* And if you were my Wife, I wou'd trust you as much out of my fight, as I cou'd, to shew my opinion of your virtue.

*Flip.* A well-bred Gentleman, I warrant; will you go then, cruel Mr. *Dapperwit* ?

*Lyd.* Have I not dissembled well, *Leonor* ?

[*Ex. Ranger and Dapperwit. Apart.*]

*Leo.* But, Madam, to what purpose; why do you not put him to his tryal, and see what he can say for himself ?

*Lyd.* I am afraid lest my proofs, and his guilt, shou'd make him desperate, and so contemn that pardon, which he cou'd not hope for.

*Leo.* 'Tis unjust to condemn him, before you hear him.

*Lyd.* I will reprieve him till I have more evidence.

*Leo.* How will you get it?

*Lyd.* I will write him a Letter in *Christina's* name, desiring to meet him; when I shall soon discover, if his love to her be of a longer standing, than since last night; and if it be not, I will not longer trust him with the vanity, to think she gave him the occasion, to follow her home from the Park; so will at once disabuse him and my self.

*Leo.* What care the jealous take in making sure of ills, which they, but in imagination, cannot undergo.

*Lyd.* Misfortunes are least dreadful, when most near.

'Tis less to undergo the ill, then fear.

[*Exeunt.*]

# LOVE IN A WOOD

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## ACT IV. SCENE I.

### Gripe's *House*.

*Enter Mrs. Joyner, and Gripe, in a Blew Gown and Night Cap.*

*Joy.* **W**Hat not well, your Worship? this it is, you will be laying out your self beyond your strength; you have taken a Surfeit of the little Gentlewoman, I find; indeed, you shou'd not have been so immoderate in your embraces, your Worship is something in years, intruly.

*Gripe.* Graceless, Perfidious Woman, what mak'st thou here? art thou not afraid to be us'd like an Informer, since thou hast made me pay thee for betraying me?

*Joy.* Betray your Worship, what do you mean? I an Informer, I scorn your words.

*Gripe.* Woman, I say again, thou art as Treacherous as an Informer, and more unreasonable; for he lets us have something for our money, before he disturbs us.

*Joy.* Your money, I'me sure, was laid out faithfully; and I went away because I wou'd not disturb you.

*Gripe.* I had not grudg'd you the money I gave you, but the five hundred pound; the five hundred pound, inconfionable false woman; the five hundred pound; you cheated, trappan'd, rob'd me of the five hundred pound.

*Joy.* I cheat you, I rob you; well remember what you say, you shall answer it before Mr. *Double-Cap*, and the best of——

*Gripe.* Oh impudent woman, speak softly!

*Joy.* I will not speak softly for innocence is loud, as well as bare-fac'd; is this your return, after you have made me a meer drudge to your filthy lusts?

*Gripe.* Speak softly, my Sister, Daughter and Servants will hear.

*Joy.* I wou'd have witneses, to take notice, that you blast my good name, which was as white as a Tulip, and as sweet as the head of your Cane; before you wrought me to the carrying on the work of your fleshly carnal seekings.

*Gripe.* Softly, softly, they are coming in.

*Enter Flippant and Martha.*

*Flip.* What's the matter, Brother?



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*Gripe.* Nothing, nothing, Sister, only the Godly woman is fallen into a fit of Zeal, against the enormous transgressions of the Age; go, go, you do not love to hear vanity reprov'd; pray be gone.

*Joy.* Pray stay, Madam, that you may know——

*Gripe.* Hold, hold, here are five Guinies for thee,  
Pray say nothing.

[*Aside.* To Joyner.

Sister, pray be gone, I say; wou'd you prejudice

Your own reputation, to injure mine?

[*Ex.* Flippant and Martha.

*Joy.* Wou'd you prejudice your own Soul to wrong my repute intruly?

[*She seems to weep.*

*Gripe.* Pray have me in excuse; indeed, I thought, you had a share of the five hundred pound, because you took away my Seal Ring, which they made me send, together, with a Note to my Cash-keeper for five hundred pound; besides, I thought none, but you, knew it was my wonted token to send for money by.

*Joy.* 'Tis unlucky I shou'd forget it, and leave it on the Table; but oh the Harlotry! did she make that use of it then? 'twas no wonder you did not stay till I came back.

*Gripe.* I stay'd till the money releas'd me.

*Joy.* Have they the money then? five hundred pound!

*Gripe.* Too certain.

*Joy.* They told me not a word of it; and have you no way to retrieve it?

*Gripe.* Not any.

*Joy.* I am glad of it.

[*Aside.*

Is there no Law but against Saints?

*Gripe.* I will not for five hundred pound, publish my transgression my self; lest I shou'd be thought to glory in't; though, I must confess, 'twould tempt a man to conform to publick praying and finning; since 'tis so chargeable to pray, and sin in private.

*Joy.* But are you resolv'd to give off, a loser?

*Gripe.* How shall I help it?

*Joy.* Nay, I'll see you shall have, what the young jade has, for your money, I'll make 'um use some conscience however; take a man's money for nothing?

*Gripe.* Thou say'st honestly indeed; and shall I have my penniworths out of the little Gentlewoman for all this?

*Joy.* I'll be engag'd body for body for her, and you shall take the forfeiture on me else.

*Gripe.* No, no, I'll rather take your word, Mrs. Joyner.

*Joy.* Go in and dress your self Smug, and leave the rest to me.

*Gripe.* No man breathing would give off a loser, as she says.

[*Exeunt.*

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*Enter Sir Simon Addleplot, sitting at a Desk writing as a Clerk, my Lady Flippant jogging him.*

*Sir Sim.* 'Tis a Lord's Mortgage, and therefore requires the more haft; pray do not jog me, Madam.

*Flip.* Dull Rascal.

[*Aside.*

*Sir Sim.* They cannot stay for money, as other Folks; if you will not let me make an end on't, I shall lose my expedition fee.

*Flip.* There are some Clerks wou'd have understood me before this.

[*Aside.*

*Sir Sim.* Nay, pray be quiet, Madam; if you squeeze me so to the wall, I cannot write.

*Flip.* 'Tis much for the honour of the Gentlemen of this Age, that we Persons of Quality are forc'd to descend to the importuning of a Clerk, a Butler, Coachman, or Footman; while the Rogues are as dull of apprehension too, as an unfledg'd Country Squire, amongst his Mothers Maids.

[*Aside.* [*Jogs him again.*

*Sir Sim.* Again, Let me tell you, Madam, familiarity breeds contempt; you'll never leave, till you have made me fawcy.

*Flip.* I wou'd I cou'd see that.

*Sir Sim.* I vow and swear then, get you gone; or I'll add a black patch, or two to those on your face.

I shall have no time to get Mrs. *Martha* out, for her.

[*Aside.*

*Flip.* Will you, Sir, will you?

[*Jogs him again.*

*Sir Sim.* I must have a plot for her, she is a coy Woman.

[*Aside.*

I vow and swear if you pass this Creviss, I'll kiss you in plain English.

*Flip.* I wou'd I cou'd see that, do you despise me?

[*Steps to him.*

[*He kisses her.*

*Sir Sim.* How's this? I vow and swear, she kisses as tamely as Mrs. *Ticklish*, and with her mouth open too.

[*Aside.*

*Flip.* I thought you wou'd have been ashamed, to have done so to your Masters own Sister.

*Sir Sim.* I hope you'll be quiet now, Madam?

*Flip.* Nay, I'll be reveng'd of you sure.

*Sir Sim.* If you come again, I shall do more to you then that; I'll pursue my plot, and try if she be honest.

[*Aside.*

*Flip.* You do more to me then that; nay, if you'll do more to me then that——

[*She throws down his Ink, and runs out, he follows her.*

*Enter Joyner.*

*Joyner.* I must visit my young Clyants in the mean time.

*Sir Simon returns holding up his hands.*

*Joyner.* What's the matter, Sir *Simon*?

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*Sir Sim.* Lord, who wou'd have thought it?

*Joy.* What aile you, *Sir Simon*?

*Sir Sim.* I have made such a discovery, *Mrs. Joyner*.

*Joy.* What is't?

*Sir Sim.* Such an one, that makes me at once glad, and forry; I am forry my Lady *Flippant* is nought, but I'me glad I know it; thanks still to my disguise.

*Joy.* Fye, fye.

*Sir Sim.* Nay, this hand can tell——

*Joy.* But how!

*Sir Sim.* She threw down my Ink glafs, and ran away into the next room; I follow'd her, and in revenge, threw her down upon the bed; but in fhort, all that I cou'd do to her, would not make her squeek.

*Joy.* She was out of breath man, she was out of breath.

*Sir Sim.* Ah, *Mrs. Joyner*, say no more, say no more of that.

*Enter Flippant.*

*Flip.* You rude, unmannerly Rascal.

*Joy.* You see she complains now.

*Sir Sim.* I know why, *Mrs. Joyner*, I know why. [*Apart.*

*Flip.* I'll have you turn'd out of the House, you are not fit for my brother's service.

*Sir Sim.* Not for yours, you mean, *Madam*. [*Aside.*

*Flip.* I'll go and acquaint my Brother——

*Joy.* Hold, hold, *Madam*, speak not so loud, 'tis *Sir Simon Addleplot*, your Lover, who has taken this disguise on purpose to be near you; and to watch, and supplant his Rivals.

*Flip.* What a beast was I, I cou'd not discover it, you have undone me; why wou'd you not tell me sooner of it? [*Aside to Joyner.*

*Joy.* I thought he had been discernable enough.

*Flip.* I protest I knew him not; for I must confess to you, my eyes are none of the best, since I have us'd the last new wash of Mercury water; what will he think of me?

*Joy.* Let me alone with him; come, come, did you think you cou'd disguise your self from my Lady's knowledg; she knew you, Man, or else you had ne're had those liberties; alas, poor Lady, she cannot resist you.

*Flip.* 'Tis my weakness.

*Sir Sim.* How's this? but here comes my Master.

*Enter Gripe and Martha.*

*Gripe.* Come, *Mrs. Joyner*, are you ready to go?

*Joy.* I am ever ready when your Worship commands.



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*Flip.* Brother, if you go to t'other end of the Town, you'l set me down near the Play-houfe.

*Gripe.* The Play-houfe, do you think I will be seen near the Play-houfe?

*Flip.* You shall set me down in *Lincolns-Inn-Fields* then, for I have earnest bufinefs there; (When I come home again, I'll laugh at you foundly, *Sir Simon.*)

[*Apart.*

*Sir Sim.* Has *Joyner* betray'd me then? 'tis time to look to my hits.

[*Aside.*

*Gripe.* *Martha*, be fure you ftay within now; if you go out, you shall never come into my dores again.

*Mart.* No, I will not, Sir; I'll ne're come into your dores again, if once I fhould go out.

*Gripe.* 'Tis well faid, Girl.

[*Ex. Gripe, Joyner, Flip.*

*Sir Sim.* 'Twas prettily faid, I underftand you, they are dull, and have no intrigue in 'em; but dear, fweet Mrs. *Martha*, 'tis time we were gone, you have ftolen away your Scarfs, and Hood from your Maid, I hope.

*Mart.* Nay, I am ready, but——

*Sir Sim.* Come, come, *Sir Simon Addleplot*, poor Gentleman, is an impatient man to my knowledge.

*Mart.* Well, my venture is great, I'me fure, for a man I know not; but pray, *Jonas*, do not deceive me; is he fo fine a Gentleman, as you fay he is?

*Sir Sim.* Pifh, pifh, he is the——Gentleman of the Town, faith and troth.

*Mart.* But may I take your word, *Jonas*?

*Sir Sim.* 'Tis not my word, 'tis the word of all the Town.

*Mart.* Excufe me, *Jonas*, for that; I never heard any fpeak well of him, but Mr. *Dapperwit*, and you.

*Sir Sim.* That's becaufe he has been a Rival to all men, and a Gallant to all Ladies; Rivals, and deferted Miftreffes, never fpeak well of a Man.

*Mart.* Has he been fo general in his Amours, his kindnefs is not to be valu'd then?

*Sir Sim.* The more by you, becaufe 'tis for you he deferts all the reft, faith and troth.

*Mart.* You plead better for him, then he cou'd for himfelf; I believe, for indeed they fay, he is no better then an Ideot.

*Sir Sim.* Then believe me, Madam, for no body knows him better then I; he has as much Wit, Courage, and as good a Meen to the full, as I have; he an Ideot?

*Mart.* The common Gull, fo perfpicuous a Fop, the Women find him out, for none of 'em will marry him.

*Sir Sim.* You may fee now, how he and you are abus'd; for that he is not Married, is a fign of his Wit; and for being perfpicuous, 'tis falfe,

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he is as mysterious as a new Parliament Man, or a young States-Man, newly taken from a Coffee-house, or Tennis-court.

*Mart.* But is it a sign of his Wit because he is not Married?

*Sir Sim.* Yes, yes, your Women of the Town ravish your Fops; There's not one about the Town unmarried, that has any thing.

*Mart.* It may be then he has spent his Estate.

*Sir Sim.* How unluckily guefs'd.

[*Aside.*

If he had, he has a head can retrieve it again.

*Mart.* Besides, they say, he has had the modish distemper.

*Sir Sim.* He can cure it with the best *French* Chyrurgion in Town.

*Mart.* Has his practice on himself, been so much?

*Sir Sim.* Come, come.

Fame, like deserted Jilt, does still belye Men,  
Who doubts her man, must be advis'd by *Hymen*.  
For he knows best of any, how to try men.

[*Exeunt.*

*The Scene, The Old Pell Mell.*

*Enter Ranger and Dapperwit.*

*Ran.* Now the *Lucy's* have renounc'd us; hey for the *Christina's*, she cannot use me worse, than your honourable Mistrefs did you.

*Dap.* A Pox, some young Heir, or another, has promis'd her Marriage; there are so many Fools in the World, 'tis impossible for a man of Wit to keep his Wench, from being a Lady, let me perish.

*Ran.* But have you no other Acquaintance that sticks to her vocation, in spite of temptations of honour, or filthy lucre; I declare, I make honourable Love, meerly out of necessity; as your Rooks play on the square, rather then not play at all.

[*To them Leonore, Lydia's woman mask'd, with a Letter in her hand.*

*Dap.* Come, the Devil will not lose a Gamester; here's ready money for you, push freely.

*Rang.* Thou'rt as well met, as if by assignation.

[*To her.*

*Leon.* And you are as well met, as if you were the man I look'd for.

*Rang.* Kind Rogue.—

*Leon.* Sweet Sir.

*Rang.* Come, I am thy Prisoner, (without more words) shew but thy warrant.

[*Goes to pull off her Mask.*

*Leo.* You mistake, Sir, here is my Pass.

[*Gives him the Letter.*

*Ran.* A Letter, and directed to me.

[*Reads.*

*I cannot put up the injuries, and affronts you did me last night; (a challenge upon my life, and by such a messenger) therefore conjure you by your Honour, at eight a Clock precisely, this Evening, to send your man to St. James's Gate,*

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to wait for me with a Chair, to conduct me, to what place you shall think most fit, for the giving of satisfaction to the injur'd Christina.

*Christina!* I am amaz'd! what is't a Clock, *Dapperwit*?

*Dap.* It wants not half an hour of eight.

*Ran.* Go then back, my pretty Herauld, [To the Maid.  
and tell my fair Enemy, the service she designs my man, is only fit for my Friend here; of whose Faith and Honour, she may be secure of; he shall, immediately, go wait for her at St. James's Gate? whilst I go to prepare a place for our ran-counter, and my self to dye at her feet: [Ex. Leonore.  
*Dapperwit*, dear *Dapperwit*.

*Dap.* What lucky Surprisal's this?

*Ran.* Prethee ask no questions, till I have more leisure, and less astonishment; I know, you will not deny to be an instrument in my happiness.

*Dap.* No, let me perish, I take as much pleasure to bring Lovers together, as an old Woman, that as a Bankrupt Gamester loves to look on, though he has no advantage by the play; or as a Bully that fights not himself, yet takes pleasure to set people together by the ears; or as——

*Ran.* S'death, is this a time for similitudes?

*Dap.* You have made me miscarry of a good thought, now let me perish.

*Ran.* Go presently to St. James's gate, where you are to expect the coming of a Lady ('tis *Christina*) accompany'd by that woman you saw ev'n now; she will permit you to put her into a Chair, and then conduct her to my lodging, while I go before to remove some Spies, and prepare it for her reception.

*Dap.* Your lodging; had you not better carry her to *Vincent's*, 'tis hard by, and there a vizard Mask has as free egress and regress, as at the Play-house.

*Ran.* Faith, though it be not very prudent, yet she shall come thither in my vindication; for he wou'd not believe I had seen her last night.

*Dap.* To have a fine woman, and not tell on't as you say, Mr. *Ranger*—

*Ran.* Go, and bring her to *Vincent's* lodging, there I'll expect you.

[Exeunt severally.

Enter Christina, Isabel, her Woman.

*Ifab.* This is the door, Madam, here Mr. *Vincent* lodges.

*Chris.* 'Tis no matter, we will pass it by, lest the people of our lodgings shou'd watch us; but if he shou'd not be here now.

*Ifab.* Who, Mr. *Valentine*, Madam? I warrant you, my intelligencer dares not fail me.

*Chris.* Did he come last night, said he?

*Ifab.* Last night late.

*Chri.* And not see me yet; nay, not send to me; 'tis false, he is not come; I wish he were not. I know not which I shou'd take more



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unkindly from him, exposing his life to his revengeful Enemies; or being almost four and twenty hours so near me, and not let me know't.

*Ifab.* A Lovers dangers are the only secrets kept from his Mistress; he came not to you, because he wou'd not purchase his happiness with your fear and apprehensions.

*Chris.* Nay, he is come, I see, since you are come about again of his side.

*Ifab.* Will you go in, Madam, and disprove me, if you can; 'tis better than standing in the street.

*Chris.* We'll go a little farther first, and return.

[*Exeunt.*]

Vincent's Lodging.

*Enter Vincent and Valentine.*

*Vin.* I told you I had sent my Man to *Christina's*, this Morning, to enquire of her Maid, (who seldom denies him a secret) if her Lady had been at the Park last night; which she peremptorily answered to the contrary, and assur'd him, she had not stirr'd out since your departure.

*Val.* Will not Chamber-maids lye, *Vincent*?

*Vin.* Will not *Ranger* lie, *Valentine*?

*Val.* The circumstances of his story prov'd it true.

*Vin.* Do you think so old a Master in the faculty, as he, will want the varnish of probability for his lies?

*Val.* Do you think a Woman, having the advantage of her Sex, and Education, under such a Mistress, will want Impudence to disavow a truth, that might be prejudicial to that Mistress?

*Vin.* But if both testimonies are fallible; why will you needs believe his? we are apter to believe the things we wou'd have then those we wou'd not.

*Val.* My ill luck has taught me to credit my misfortunes, and doubt my happiness.

*Vin.* But Fortune we know inconstant.

*Val.* And all of her Sex.

*Vin.* Will you judge of Fortune by your experience, and not do your Mistress the same justice? go see her, and satisfy your self and her; for if she be innocent, consider how culpable you are, not only in your censures of her, but in not seeing her since your coming.

*Val.* If she be innocent, I shou'd be afraid to surprize her, for her sake; if false, I shou'd be afraid to surprize her, for my own.

*Vin.* To be jealous, and not inquisitive, is as hard as to love extreemly, and not to be something jealous.

*Val.* Inquisitiveness as seldom cures jealousy, as drinking in a Fever quenches the thirst.

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*Vin.* If she were at the Park last night, 'tis probable she'll not miss this; go watch her House, see who goes out, who in; while I in the mean time search out *Ranger*; who, I'll pawn my Life, upon more discourse, shall avow his mistake; here he is, go in, how luckily is he come?

*Enter Ranger.*

*Valentine retires to the door behind, over hearing them.*

*Vin. Ranger*, you have prevented me; I was going to look you out, between the Scenes at the Play-House, the Coffee-house, Tennis-Court, or *Gifford's*.

*Ran.* Do you want a pretence to go to a Bawdy-house? but I have other visits to make.

*Vin.* I forget, I shou'd rather have fought you in *Christina's* Lodgings, ha, ha, ha.

*Ran.* Well, well, I am just come to tell you that *Christina*——

*Vin.* Proves not by day-light, the kind Lady you follow'd last night out of the Park.

*Ran.* I have better news for you, to my thinking.

*Vin.* What is't?

*Ran.* Not that I have been in *Christina's* lodging this morning; but that she'll be presently here in your lodging with me.

*Val.* How!

*[Behind.*

*Vin.* You see now, his report was a jest, a meer jest:

*[Drawing back to the door, where Valentine stood, and speaking softly to him.*

well, must my lodging be your Vaulting School still; thou hast appointed a Wench to come hither, I find.

*[To Ran.*

*Ran.* A Wench; you seem'd to have more reverence for *Christina* last night.

*Vin.* Now you talk of *Christina*, prethee tell me what was the meaning of thy last night's Romance of *Christina*.

*Ran.* You shall know the meaning of all, when *Christina* comes; she'll be here presently.

*Vin.* Who will, *Christina*?

*Ran.* Yes, *Christina*.

*Vin.* Ha, ha, ha.

*Ran.* Incredible envy, thou art as envious as an impotent Letcher at a Wedding.

*Vin.* Thou art either mad, or as vain as a *French-man*, newly return'd home from a *Campaign*, or obliging *England*.

*Ran.* Thou art as envious as a Rival; but if thou art mine, there's that will make you desist;

*[Gives him the Letter.*

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and if you are not my Rival; intrusting you with such a secret, will, I know, oblige you to keep it, and assist me against all other interests.

*Vin.* Do you think I take your secret as an obligation? don't I know, Lovers, Travellers, and Poets, will give money to be heard; but what's the Paper? a Lampoon upon *Christina*, hatch'd last night betwixt Squire *Dapperwit* and you, because her maid us'd you scurvily.

*Ran.* No, 'tis only a Letter from her, to shew, my Company was not so disgusting to her last night, but that she desires it again to day.

*Val.* A Letter from her.

[*Behind.*

*Vin.* A Letter from *Christina*;

[*Reads.*

Ha, ha, ha.

*Ran.* Nay, 'tis pleasant.

*Vin.* You mistake, I laugh at you not the Letter.

*Ran.* I am like the winning Gamester, so pleas'd with my luck, I will not quarrel with any, who calls me a Fool for't.

*Vin.* Is this the stile of a woman of honour?

*Ran.* It may be, for ought you know; I'm sure, 'tis well if your female correspondents can read.

*Vin.* I must confess, I have none of the little Letters, half name, or title, like your Spanish Epistles Dedicatory; but that a man so frequent in honourable Intrigues, as you are, should not know the summons of an impudent common Woman, from that of a person of honour.

*Ran.* *Christina* is so much a Person of Honour, she'll own what she has writ, when she comes.

*Vin.* But will she come hither indeed?

*Ran.* Immediately, you'll excuse my liberty with you; I cou'd not conceal such a happiness, from such a Friend as you, lest you shou'd have taken it unkindly.

*Vin.* Faith, you have oblig'd me indeed; for you, and others wou'd often have made me believe your honourable Intrigues, but never did me the honour to convince me of 'em before.

*Ran.* You are merry, I find, yet.

*Vin.* When you are happy, I cannot be otherwise.

*Ran.* But I lose time, I shou'd lay a little Person in ambush, that lives hard by, in case *Christina* shou'd be impatient to be reveng'd of her Friends, as it often happens with a discontented Heiress; Women like old Souldiers, more nimbly execute, then they resolve.

[*Going out.*

*Vin.* What now, you will not dis-appoint a Woman of *Christina*'s quality?

*Ran.* I'll be here before she comes, I warrant you.

[*Ex. Ran.*

*Vin.* I do believe you truly: what think you *Valentine*?

*Val.* I think, since she has the Courage to challenge him; she'll have the honour of being first in the Field.

*Vin.* Fye, your opinion of her must be as bad, as *Ranger* of himself is



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good, to think she wou'd write him; I long till his *bona-roba* comes, that you may be both dif-abus'd.

*Val.* And I have not patience to stay her coming, lest you shou'd be dif-abus'd.

*Enter Christina and Isabel.*

*Vin.* Here she is I'faith; I'm glad she's come.

*Val.* And I'm sorry; but I will to my post again, lest she shou'd say she came to me.

*Vin.* By Heavens, *Christina* her self, 'tis she! [*Aside.*

[*Christina pulls off her Mask.*

*Val.* 'Tis she; curs'd be these eyes, more curs'd, than when they first betray'd me to that false bewitching face. [*Behind.*

*Chrif.* You may wonder, Sir, to see me here——

*Vin.* I must confess I do.

*Chrif.* But the confidence your Friend has in you, is the cause of mine; and yet some blushes it do's cost me, to come to seek a Man.

*Val.* Modest Creature. [*Behind.*

*Vin.* How am I deceiv'd! [*Aside.*

*Chrif.* Where is he, Sir, why does he not appear to keep me in countenance? pray call him, Sir, 'tis something hard if he shou'd know I'm here.

*Vin.* I hardly can, my self, believe you are here, Madam.

*Chrif.* If my visit be troublesome, or unseasonable, 'tis your Friends fault, I design'd it not to you, Sir; pray, call him out, that he may excuse it, and take it on himself, together with my shame.

*Vin.* How impatient she is! [*Aside.*

*Chrif.* Or do you delay the happiness I ask, to make it more welcom? I have stay'd too long for it already, and cannot more desire it; dear Sir, call him out, where is he? above, or here within? I'll snatch the favour which you will not give: [*Goes to the dore, and discovers Valentine.*

What do you hide your self for shame?

*Val.* I must confess I do.

*Chrif.* To see me come hither——

*Val.* I acknowledge it. [*Val. offers to go out.*

*Chrif.* Before you came to me; but whither do you go? come I can forgive you.

*Val.* But I cannot forgive you.

*Chrif.* Whither do you go? you need not forge a quarrel, to prevent mine to you; nor need you try if I wou'd follow you; you know I will, I have, you see.

*Val.* That impudence should look so like innocence. [*Aside.*

*Chrif.* Whither wou'd you go? why wou'd you go?

*Val.* To call your servant to you.

*Chrif.* She is here, what wou'd you with her?

## LOVE IN A WOOD

*Val.* I mean your Lover, the man you came to meet.

*Chrisf.* Oh Heavens! what Lover? what Man? I came to seek no man but you, whom I had too long lost.

*Val.* You cou'd not know that I was here.

*Chrisf.* Ask her, 'twas she that told me.

[*Points to Isabel.*]

*Val.* How cou'd she know?

*Chrisf.* That you shall know hereafter.

*Val.* No, you thought me too far out of the way, to disturb your assignation; and I assure you, Madam, 'twas my ill fortune not my design; and that it may appear so, I do withdraw, (as in all good breeding, and civility, I am oblig'd) for sure your wish'd for Lover's coming.

*Chrisf.* What do you mean? are you a weary of that title?

*Val.* I am asham'd of it, since it grows common.

[*Going out.*]

*Chrisf.* Nay, you will not, shall not go.

*Val.* My stay might give him jealousy, and so do you injury, and him the greatest in the World; Heavens forbid! I wou'd not make a Man jealous; for though you call a thousand vows, and oaths, and tears, to witness, (as you safely may) that you have not the least of love for me; yet if he ever knew, how I have lov'd you, sure he wou'd not, cou'd not believe you.

*Chrisf.* I do confess, your Riddle is too hard for me to solve; therefore you are oblig'd to do't your self.

*Val.* I wish it were capable of any other interpretation, than what you know already.

*Chrisf.* Is this that generous good *Valentine*, who has disguis'd him so.

[*She weeps.*]

*Vin.* Nay, I must with-hold you then:

[*Stops Val. going out.*]

methinks she shou'd be innocent; her tongue, and eyes, together, with that flood that swells 'em, do vindicate her heart.

*Val.* They shew but their long practice of dissimulation.

[*Going out.*]

*Vin.* Come back; I hear *Ranger* coming up; stay but till he comes.

*Val.* Do you think I have the patience of an Alderman?

*Vin.* You may go out this way, when you will, by the back-stairs; but stay a little, till———Oh, here he comes.

*Ranger enters.*

*Val.* My revenge will now detain me.

[*Valen. retires again.*]

*Upon Ranger's entrance, Christina puts on her Mask.*

*Ran.* What, come already? where is *Dapperwit*?

[*Aside.*]

The blessing's double that comes quickly; I did not yet expect you here, otherwise I had not done my self the injury to be absent; but I hope, Madam, I have not made you stay long for me.

*Chrisf.* I have not staid at all for you.

## LOVE IN A WOOD

*Ran.* I am glad of it, Madam.

*Chris.* Is not this that troublesome stranger, who [To *Isabel*.  
Last night follow'd the Lady into my lodgings? 'tis he. [Aside.

[Removing from him to t'other side.  
*Ran.* Why do's she remove so disdainfully from me? [Aside.  
I find you take it ill, I was not at your coming here, Madam.

*Chris.* Indeed I do not, you are mistaken, Sir.

*Ran.* Confirm me by a smile then, Madam; remove that Cloud, which makes me apprehend [Goes to take off her Mask.  
foul weather: Mr. *Vincent*, pray retire; 'tis you keep on the Ladies Mask, and no displeasure, which she has for me; yet, Madam, you need not distrust his honour, or his faith; but do not keep the Lady under constraint; pray leave us a little, Master *Vincent*.

*Chris.* You must not leave us, Sir; wou'd you leave me with a stranger?

*Val.* How's that! [Behind.

*Ran.* I've done amiss, I find, to bring her hither, [Aside.  
Madam, I understand you—— [Apart to *Christina*.

*Chris.* Sir, I do not understand you.

*Ran.* You wou'd not be known to Mr. *Vincent*.

*Chris.* 'Tis your acquaintance I wou'd avoid.

*Ran.* Dull Brute, that I was, to bring her hither: [Aside.  
I have found my error, Madam; give me but a new appointment, where I may meet you by and by, and straight I will withdraw, as if I knew you not. [Softly to her.

*Chris.* Why, do you know me?

*Ran.* I must not own it. [Aside.  
No, Madam, but—— [Offers to whisper.

*Chris.* Whispering, Sir, argues an old Acquaintance; but I have not the vanity to be thought of yours, and resolve you shall never have the disparagement of mine: Mr. *Vincent*, pray let us go in here.

*Ran.* How's this! I am undone I see; but if I let her go thus, I shall be an eternal laughing stock to *Vincent*.

*Vin.* Do you not know him, Madam? I thought you had come hither on purpose to meet him.

*Chris.* To meet him!

*Vin.* By your own appointment.

*Chris.* What strange infatuation do's delude you all? you know, he said, he did not know me.

*Vin.* You writ to him, he has your Letter.

*Chris.* Then you know my name sure? yet you confes'd but now, you knew me not.

*Ran.* I must confes, your anger has disguis'd you, more then your Mask; for I thought to have met a kinder *Christina* here.



## LOVE IN A WOOD

*Chrif.* Heavens! how cou'd he know me in this place? he watch'd me hither sure; or is there any other of my name, that you may no longer mistake me, for your *Christina*? I'll pull of that which sooths your error.

[Pulls off her Mask.

*Ran.* Take but t'other vizard off too; I mean your anger, and I'll swear you are the same, and only *Christina*, which I wish'd, and thought to meet here.

*Chrif.* How cou'd you think to meet me here?

*Ran.* By virtue of this your Commission, [Gives her the Letter.  
which now, I see, was meant a real challenge; for you look, as if you wou'd fight with me.

*Chrif.* The Paper is a stranger to me, I never writ it; you are abus'd.

*Vin.* *Christina* is a Person of Honour, and will own what she has written, *Ranger*.

*Ran.* So, the Comedy begins; I shall be laugh'd at sufficiently, if I do not justifie my self; I must set my impudence to hers, she is resolv'd to deny all I see, and I have lost all hope of her. [Aside.

*Vin.* Come, faith *Ranger*—

*Ran.* You will deny too, Madam, that I follow'd you last night from the Park, to your lodging, where I stay'd with you till Morning; you never saw me before I warrant?

*Chrif.* That you rudely intruded, last night, into my lodging, I cannot deny; but I wonder you have the confidence to brag of it; sure you will not of your reception?

*Ran.* I never was so ill-bred, as to brag of my reception in a Ladies Chamber; not a word of that, Madam.

*Val.* How! if he lies, I revenge her; if it be true, I revenge my self.

[Valentine draws his Sword, which Vincent seeing, thrusts him back, and shuts the door upon him before he was discover'd by *Ranger*.

*Enter Lydia and her Woman, stopping at the dore.*

*Lyd.* What do I see! *Christina* with him! a Counter-plot to mine, to make me, and it, ridiculous; 'tis true, I find they have been long Acquainted, and I long abus'd; but since she intends a triumph, in spight, as well as shame (not emulation) I retire; she deserves no envy, who will be shortly in my condition; his natural inconstancy, will prove my best revenge on her—on both.

[Exeunt *Lydia* with her *Woman*.

*Dapperwit* to them.

*Dap.* *Christina*'s going away again; what's the matter?

*Ran.* What do you mean?

*Dap.* I scarce had paid the Chair-Men, and was coming up after her, but I met her on the stairs, in as much haste, as if she had been frightn'd.

## LOVE IN A WOOD

*Ran.* Who do you talk of?

*Dap.* *Christina*, whom I took up in a Chair, just now at St. *James's* Gate.

*Ran.* Thou art mad, here she is, this is *Christina*.

*Dap.* I must confess, I did not see her face; but I am sure the Lady is gone, that I brought just now.

*Ran.* I tell you, again, this is she; did you bring two?

*Chrif.* I came in no Chair, had no guide, but my Woman there.

*Vin.* When did you bring your Lady, *Dapperwit*?

*Dap.* Ev'n now, just now.

*Vin.* This Lady has been here half an hour.

*Ran.* He knows not what he says, he is mad, you are all so, I am so too.

*Vin.* 'Tis the best excuse you can make for your self, and by owning your mistake, you'll shew you are come to your self; I my self saw your Woman at the door, who but look'd in, and then immediately went down again, as your friend *Dapperwit* too affirms.

*Chrif.* You had best follow her, that look'd for you; and I'll go seek out him, I came to see; Mr. *Vincent*, pray let me in here.

*Ran.* 'Tis very fine, wondrous fine!

[*Christina goes out a little, and returns.*]

*Chrif.* Oh he is gone! Mr. *Vincent* follow him; he were yet more severe to me, in indangering his life, then in his censures of me; you know the power of his Enemies is great, as their malice; just Heaven preserve him from them, and me from this ill, or unlucky Man.

[*Ex. Christina, her Woman, and Vincent.*]

*Ran.* 'Tis well—nay, certainly, I shall never be master of my Senses more; but why do'st thou help to distract me too?

*Dap.* My astonishment was as great as yours, to see her go away again; I wou'd have stay'd her if I cou'd.

*Ran.* Yet, again, talking of a woman you met going out, when I talk of *Christina*.

*Dap.* I talk of *Christina* too.

*Ran.* She went out just now; the woman you found me with, was she.

*Dap.* That was not the *Christina* I brought just now.

*Ran.* You brought her, almost, half an hour ago; s'death, will you give me the lye?

*Dap.* A Lady disappointed by her Gallant, the night before her journey, cou'd not be more touchy with her Maid, or Husband, then you are with me now, after your dis-appointment; but if you thank me so, I'll go serve my self hereafter; for ought I know, I have dis-appointed Mrs. *Martha* for you, and may lose thirty thousand pound by the bargain: farewell, a raving Lover is fit for solitude.

[*Ex. Dap.*]

*Ran.* *Lydia*, triumph, I now am thine again; of Intrigues, honourable or dishonourable, and all sorts of rambling, I take my leave; when we are

## LOVE IN A WOOD

giddy, 'tis time to stand still: why shou'd we be so fond of the by-paths of Love? where we are still way-lay'd, with Surprizes, Trapans, Dangers, and Murdering dif-appointments:

Just as at Blind-mans Buff, we run at all,  
Whilst those that lead us, laugh to see us fall;  
And when we think, we hold the Lady fast,  
We find it but her Scarf, or Veil, at last.

[*Exeunt.*]

### ACT V. SCENE I.

#### *St. James's Park.*

*Enter Sir Simon Addleplot, leading Mrs. Martha, Dapperwit.*

*Sir Sim.* **A**T length, you see, I have freed the Captive Lady, for her longing Knight, Mr. *Dapperwit*, who brings off a Plot cleverly now.

*Dap.* I wish our Poets were half so good at it; Mrs. *Martha*; a thousand welcomes—— [*Dapperwit Kisses and Embraces Mrs. Martha.*]

*Sir Sim.* Hold, hold, Sir; your joy is a little too familiar, (faith and troth.)

*Dap.* Will you not let me salute Mrs. *Martha*?

*Mart.* What, *Jonas*, do you think I do not know good breeding? must I be taught by you?

*Sir Sim.* I wou'd have kept the Maiden-head of your lips, for your sweet Knight, Mrs. *Martha*, that's all; I dare swear, you never kifs'd any Man before, but your Father.

*Mart.* My sweet Knight, if he will be a Knight of mine, must be contented with what he finds, as well as other Knights.

*Sir Sim.* So smart already, faith and troth!

*Mart.* Dear, Mr. *Dapperwit*, I am over-joy'd to see you; but I thank honest *Jonas* for't.

*Sir Sim.* How she hugs him!

[*Aside.*]

*Mart.* Poor Mr. *Dapperwit*. I thought I shou'd never have seen you again; but I thank honest *Jonas* there——

[*She hugs Dapperwit.*]

*Sir Sim.* Do not thank me, Mrs. *Martha*, any more than I thank you.

*Mart.* I wou'd not be ungrateful, *Jonas*.

*Sir Sim.* Then reserve your kindness, only, for your Worthy Noble



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Brave, Heroick Knight who loves you only, and only deserves your kindness.

*Mart.* I will shew my kindness to my Worthy, Brave, Heroick Knight, in being kind to his Friend, his dear Friend, who help'd him to me.

[*Hugs Dap. again.*

*Sir Sim.* But, Mistress *Martha*, he is not to help him always; though he helps him to be married, he is not to help him when he is married.

*Mart.* What, Mr. *Dapperwit*, will you love my worthy Knight, less after marriage, than before? that were against the custom; for marriage gets a Man Friends, instead of losing those he has.

*Dap.* I will ever be his Servant, and yours, Dear Madam, do not doubt me.

*Mart.* I do not, sweet, dear, Mr. *Dapperwit*; but I shou'd not have seen you these two-days if it had not been for honest *Jonas*, there—

[*She Kisses Dap.*

*Sir Sim.* For shame, though she be young and foolish, do not you wrong me to my face.

[*Apart to Dap.*

*Dap.* Wou'd you have me so ill bred, as to repulse her innocent kindness; what a thing it is to want Wit!

[*Aside.*

*Sir Sim.* A Pox, I must make haste to discover my self, or I shall discover, what I wou'd not discover; but if I shou'd discover my self in this habit, 'twou'd not be to my advantage; but I'll go, put on my own cloaths, and look like a Knight:

[*Aside.*

Well, Mrs. *Martha*, I'll go seek out your Knight; are you not impatient to see him?

[*To her.*

*Mart.* Wives must be obedient, let him take his own time.

*Sir Sim.* Can you trust your self, a turn or two, with Master *Dapperwit*?

*Mart.* Yes, yes, *Jonas*, as long as you will.

*Sir Sim.* But I wou'd not trust you with him, if I could help it; [*Aside.*

So marry'd Wight, sees what he dares not blame;

And cannot budge for fear, nor stay for shame.

[*Ex. Sir Sim.*

*Dap.* I am glad he is gone, that I may laugh; 'tis such a miracle of Fops, that his conversation shou'd be pleasant to me, even when it hindred me of yours.

*Mart.* Indeed, I'm glad he is gone too, as pleasant as he is.

*Dap.* I know why, I know why, sweet Mrs. *Martha*; I warrant you, you had rather have the Parsons Company, than his? now you are out of your Fathers House, 'tis time to leave being a Hypocrite.

*Mart.* Well for the jests sake, to dis-appoint my Knight, I wou'd not care if I dis-appointed my self of a Ladyship.

*Dap.* Come, I will not keep you on the Tenters, I know you have a mind to make sure of me; I have a little Chaplain, I wish he were a Bishop,

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or one of the Fryars, to perfect our revenge upon that Zealous Jew, your Father.

*Mart.* Do not speak ill of my Father, he has been your Friend, I'm sure.

*Dap.* My Friend——

*Mart.* His hard usage of me, conspir'd with your good Meen, and Wit, and to avoid slavery under him, I stoop to your yoke.

*Dap.* I will be obliged to your Father, for nothing but a Portion, nor to you for your love; 'twas due to my Merit.

*Mart.* You shew your self Sir *Simon's* original, if 'twere not for that vanity——

*Dap.* I shou'd be no Wit, 'tis the badge of my calling; for you can no more find a man of wit without vanity, than a fine woman without affectation: But let us go, before the Knight comes again.

*Mart.* Let us go before my Father comes, he soon will have the intelligence.

*Dap.* Stay, let me think a little.

[*Pauses.*

*Mart.* What are you thinking of? you shou'd have thought before this time, or, I shou'd have thought rather.

*Dap.* Peace, Peace.

*Mart.* What are you thinking of?

*Dap.* I am thinking, what a Wit without vanity is like; he is like——

*Mart.* You do not think we are in a publick place, and may be surpriz'd, and prevented by my Father's Scouts.

*Dap.* What, wou'd you have me lose my thought?

*Mart.* You wou'd rather lose your Mistress, it seems.

*Dap.* He is like——I think I'm a Sot to night, let me perish.

*Mart.* Nay, if you are so in love with your thought. [*Offers to go.*

*Dap.* Are you so impatient to be my Wife? he is like—he is like—a Picture without shadows, or, or—a Face without Patches—or a Diamond without a Foyl; these are new thoughts now, these are new.

*Mart.* You are wedded already to your thoughts, I see, good night.

*Dap.* Madam, do not take it ill;

For loss of happy thought, there's no amends.

For his new jest, true Wit will lose old Friends.

That's new again, the thought's new.

[*Exeunt.*

*Enter Gripe, leading Mrs. Lucy, Joyner, Crossbite following.*

*Gripe.* Mrs. *Joyner*, I can conform to this mode of publick walking by Moon-light, because one is not known.

*Lucy.* Why, are you ashamed of your Company.

*Gripe.* No, Pretty one; because in the dark, or as it were the dark, there is no envy, nor scandal; I wou'd neither lose you, nor my reputation.

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*Joy.* Your reputation; indeed, your Worship, 'tis well known, there are as grave men, as your Worship; nay, men in office too, that adjourn their cares, and businesſes, to come and unbend themselves at night here, with a little vizard mask.

*Gripe.* I do believe it, I do believe it, Mrs. *Joyner*.

*Lucy.* I God-mother, and carries, and treats her at Mulberry Garden.

*Croſ.* Nay, do's not only treat her, but gives her his whole gleanings of that day.

*Gripe.* They may, they may, Mrs. *Croſbite*, they take above fix in the hundred.

*Croſ.* Nay, there are thoſe of ſo much worth, and honour, and love, that they'll take it from their Wives and Children, to give it to their Miſſes; now your Worship has no Wife, and but one Child.

*Gripe.* Still for my Edification.

[*Aſide.*

*Joy.* That's true indeed, for I know a great Lady, that cannot follow her Husband abroad to his Haunts, becauſe her Farrendine is ſo ragged and greaſie; whiſt his Miſtreſs is as fine as ſippence, in her embroidered Satens.

*Gripe.* Politickly done of him indeed; if the truth were known, he is a Stateſ-Man by that, umph——

*Croſ.* Truly, your women of quality, are very troubleſom to their Huſbands; I have heard 'em complain, they will allow them no ſeparate maintainance, though the honourable Jilts, themſelves, will not marry without it.

*Joy.* Come, come, Miſtreſs, ſometimes 'tis the craft of thoſe Gentlemen, to complain of their Wives expences, to excuſe their own narrowneſs to their Miſſes; but your Daughter has a Gallant can make no excuſe.

*Gripe.* So, Mrs. *Joyner*—my Friend, Mrs. *Joyner*——

*Croſ.* I hope, indeed, he'll give my Daughter no cauſe to dun him; for poor wretch, ſhe is as modeſt as her Mother.

*Gripe.* I profeſs, I believe it.

*Lucy.* But, I have the boldneſs to ask him for a Treat; come, Gallant, we muſt walk towards the Mulberry Gard'n.

*Gripe.* So—I am afraid, little Miſtreſs, the rooms are all taken up by this time.

*Joy.* Will you ſhame your ſelf again ?

[*Aſide to Gripe.*

*Lucy.* If the rooms be full, we'll have an arbor.

*Gripe.* At this time of night; beſides, the Waiters will ne'r come near you.

*Lucy.* They will be obſervant of good Cuſtomers, as we ſhall be; come along.

*Gripe.* Indeed, and verily, little Miſtreſs, I wou'd go, but that I ſhou'd be forſworn, if I did.



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*Joyner.* That's so pitiful an excuse——

*Gripe.* In truth, I have forsworn the place, ever since I was pawn'd there for a reckoning.

*Lucy.* You have broken many an Oath for the good old cause, and will you boggle at one for your poor, little Mifs? come along.

*Lady Flippant behind.*

*Flip.* Unfortunate Lady, that I am! I have left the Herd on purpose to be chas'd, and have wandred this hour here; but the Park affords not so much as a Satyr for me, (and that's strange) no Burgundy Man, or drunken Scourer will reel my way; the Rag-Women, and Synder-Women, have better luck then I—but who are these? if this mungril light do's not deceive me, 'tis my brother, 'tis he, there's *Joyner* too, and two other Women; I'll follow 'em; it must be he, for this world hath nothing like him; I know not what the Devil may be in the other. [*Exeunt omnes.*]

*Enter Sir Simon Addleplot in fine cloaths, Dapperwit, and Mrs. Martha, unseen by him at the door.*

*Sir Sim.* Well, after all my seeking, I can find those I wou'd not find; I'm sure 'twas old *Gripe*, and *Joyner* with him, and the Widow follow'd; he wou'd not have been here, but to have fought his Daughter, sure; but vigilant *Dapperwit* has spy'd him too, and has, no doubt, secur'd her from him.

*Dap.* And you.

[*Behind.*]

*Sir Sim.* The Rogue is as good at hiding, as I am at stealing a Mistress; 'tis a vain conceited Fellow, yet I think, 'tis an honest Fellow: but again, he is a damnable Whoring Fellow; and what opportunity this air, and darkness may encline 'em to, Heaven knows; for I have heard the Rogue say himself, a Lady will no more shew her modesty in the dark, then a *Spaniard* his courage.

*Dap.* Ha, ha, ha——

*Sir Sim.* Nay, if you are there my true Friend, I'll forgive your harkning, if you'll forgive my censures; I speak to you, dear, Madam *Martha*; dear, dear—Behold your worthy Knight.

*Mart.* That's far from neighbours.

*Sir Sim.* I's come to reap the fruit of all his labours.

*Mart.* I cannot see the Knight; well, but I'm sure I hear *Jonas*.

*Sir Sim.* I am no *Jonas*, Mrs. *Martha*.

*Mart.* The night is not so dark, nor the Perruque so big, but I can discern *Jonas*.

*Sir Sim.* Faith and troth, I am the very *Sir Simon Addleplot*, that is to marry you; the same, *Dapperwit* solicited you for; ask him else, my name is not *Jonas*.

## LOVE IN A WOOD

*Mart.* You think my youth, and simplicity, capable of this cheat; but let me tell you, *Jonas*, 'tis not your borrow'd cloaths, and titles, shall make me marry my Fathers man.

*Sir Sim.* Borrow'd title; I'll be sworn I bought it of my Landrefs, who was a Court Landrefs; but, indeed, my cloaths I have not pay'd for, therefore in that sense they are borrow'd.

*Mart.* Prethee, *Jonas*, let the jest end, or I shall be presently in earnest.

*Sir Sim.* Pray be in earnest, and let us go; the Parson, and Supper, stay for us, and I am a Knight in earnest.

*Mart.* You a Knight, insolent, fawcy Fool?

*Sir Sim.* The Devil take me, Mrs. *Martha*, if I am not a Knight now; a Knight Baronet too: a man ought, I see, to carry his Patent in his Pocket, when he goes to be marry'd, 'tis more necessary than a License; I am a Knight indeed, and indeed now, Mrs. *Martha*.

*Mart.* Indeed, and indeed, the trick will not pass, *Jonas*.

*Sir Sim.* Poor wretch, she's afraid, she shall not be a Lady: come, come, discover the Intrigue, *Dapperwit*.——

*Mart.* You need not discover the Intrigue, 'tis apparent already; unworthy Mr. *Dapperwit*, after my confidence repos'd in you; cou'd you be so little generous, as to betray me to my Father's man; but I'll be even with you.

*Sir Sim.* Do not accuse him, poor man, before you hear him; tell her the intrigue, man.

*Dap.* A Pox, she will not believe us.

*Sir Sim.* Will you not excuse your self? but I must not let it rest so; know then, Mrs. *Martha*——

*Mart.* Come, I forgive thee before thy confession, *Jonas*; you never had had the confidence to have design'd this cheat upon me, but from Mr. *Dapperwit*'s encouragement, 'twas his Plot.

*Sir Sim.* Nay, do not do me that wrong, Madam.

*Mart.* But since he has trapan'd me out of my Fathers House, he is like to keep me as long as I live; and so good night, *Jonas*.

*Sir Sim.* Hold, hold, why d'y' mean both? prethee tell her I am Sir *Simon*, and no *Jonas*.

*Dap.* A Pox, she will not believe us, I tell you.

*Sir Sim.* I have provided a Parson, and Supper, at Mulberry Gard'n, and invited all my Friends I cou'd meet in the Park.

*Dap.* Nay, rather than they shall be dis-appointed, there shall be a Bride and Bridegroom, to entertain 'em; Mrs. *Martha* and I'll go thither presently.

*Sir Sim.* Why, shall she be your Bride?

*Dap.* You see she will have it so.

*Sir Sim.* Will you make *Dapperwit* your Husband?

## LOVE IN A WOOD

*Mart.* Rather than my Father's man.

*Sir Sim.* Oh the Devil——

*Mart.* Nay, come along, *Jonas*, you shall make one at the Wedding, since you help'd to contrive it.

*Sir Sim.* Will you cheat your self, for fear of being cheated?

*Mart.* I am desperate now.

*Sir Sim.* Wilt thou let her do so ill a thing, *Dapperwit*, as to marry thee? open her eyes, prethee, and tell her I am a true Knight.

*Dap.* 'Twould be in vain, by my life, you have carry'd your self so like a natural Clerk—and so adieu, good *Jonas*. [*Ex. Martha, and Dapperwit.*]

*Sir Sim.* What, ruin'd by my own Plot, like an old Cavalier; yet like him too, I will plot on still, a plot of prevention, so I have it—her Father was here ev'n now, I'm sure; well—I'll go tell her Father of her, that I will;

And punish so her folly, and his treachery:  
Revenge is sweet, and makes amends for leachery.

[*Ex.*]

*Enter Lydia, and her Woman Leonore.*

*Lyd.* I wish, I had not come hither to night, *Leonore*.

*Leon.* Why did you, Madam? if the place be so dis-agreeable to you.

*Lyd.* We cannot help visiting the place often, where we have lost any thing we value; I lost *Ranger* here last night.

*Leon.* You thought you had lost him before, a great while ago; and therefore you ought to be the less troubled.

*Lyd.* But 'twas here, I miss'd him first, I'm sure.

*Leon.* Come, Madam, let not the loss vex you, he is not worth the looking after.

*Lyd.* It cannot but vex me yet, if I lost him by my own fault.

*Leon.* You had but too much care to keep him.

*Lyd.* It often happens, indeed, that too much care, is as bad as negligence; but I had rather be robb'd, than lose what I have carelessly.

*Leon.* But, I believe, you wou'd hang the Thief if you cou'd.

*Lyd.* Not if I cou'd have my own again.

*Leon.* I see, you wou'd be too merciful.

*Lyd.* I wish I were try'd.

*Leon.* But, Madam, if you please, we will wave the discourse; for people seldom (I suppose) talk with pleasure, of their real losses.

*Lyd.* 'Tis better then to ruminate on them; mine, I'm sure, will not out of head, nor heart.

*Leon.* Grief is so far from retrieving a loss, that it makes it greater; but the way to lessen it, is, by a comparison with others losses; here are Ladies, in the Park, of your Acquaintance, I doubt not, can compare with you; pray Madam, let us walk and find 'em out.



## LOVE IN A WOOD

*Lyd.* 'Tis the resentment, you say, makes the loss great, or little; and then I'm sure, there is none like mine; however go on. [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Vincent and Valentine.*

*Vin.* I am glad I have found you, for now I am prepar'd to lead you out of the dark and all your trouble; I have good news.

*Val.* You are as unmerciful, as the Physician, who with new Arts, keeps his miserable Patient alive, and in hopes, when he knows the disease is incurable.

*Vin.* And you, like the melancholy Patient, mistrust, and hate your Physician, because he will not comply with your despair: but I'll cure your jealousy now.

*Val.* You know, all Diseases grow worse by relapses.

*Vin.* Trust me once more.

*Val.* Well, you may try your experiments upon me.

*Vin.* Just as I shut the door upon you, the Woman, *Ranger*, expected, came up stairs; but finding another Woman in discourse with him, went down again, I suppose, as jealous of him, as you of *Christina*.

*Val.* How do's it appear she came to *Ranger*?

*Vin.* Thus, *Dapperwit* came up after who had brought her, just then, in a Chair from St. James's by *Ranger's* appointment; and it is certain your *Christina* came to you.

*Val.* How can that be? for she knew not I was in the Kingdom.

*Vin.* My Man confesses, when I sent him to enquire of her woman, about her Lady's being here in the Park last night; he told her you were come, and she, it seems, told her Mistress.

*Val.* That might be—— [*Aside.*]  
But did not *Christina* confess, *Ranger* was in her lodging last night?

*Vin.* By intrusion, which she had more particularly inform'd me of, if her apprehensions of your danger had not posted me after you; she not having yet (as I suppose) heard of *Clerimont's* recovery: I left her, poor Creature, at home, distracted with a thousand fears for your life and love.

*Val.* Her love, I'm sure, has cost me more fears, than my life; yet that little danger is not past, (as you think) till the great one be over.

*Vin.* Open but your Eyes, and the Fantastick Goblin's vanish'd, and all your idle fears, will turn to shame; for Jealousie is the basest cowardize.

*Val.* I had rather, indeed, blush for my self, than her.

*Vin.* I'm sure you will have more reason——But is not that *Ranger* there?

*Ranger enters, follow'd by Christina and her Woman, after them Lydia and her Woman.*

*Val.* I think it is.

*Vin.* I suppose, his Friend *Dapperwit* is not far off; I will examine them

## LOVE IN A WOOD

both before you, and not leave so much, as the shadow of a doubt; *Ranger's* astonishment at my lodging, confess'd his mistake.

*Val.* His astonishment might proceed from *Christina's* unexpected strangeness to him.

*Vin.* He shall satisfy you now himself to the contrary, I warrant you, have but patience.

*Val.* I had rather, indeed, he shou'd satisfy my doubts, then my revenge; therefore I can have patience.

*Vin.* But what Women are those that follow him ?

*Val.* Stay a little——

*Ran.* *Lydia, Lydia*——poor *Lydia*.

*Lyd.* If she be my Rival, 'tis some comfort yet, [To her Maid.  
to see her follow him, rather than he her.

*Leon.* But if you follow them a little longer, for your comfort, you shall see them go hand in hand.

*Chris.* Sir, Sir——

[To Ranger.

*Leon.* She calls to him already.

*Lyd.* But he do's not hear, you see; let us go a little nearer.

*Vin.* Sure it is *Ranger* ?

*Val.* As sure as the Woman that follows him closest, is *Christina*.

*Vin.* For shame, talk not of *Christina*; I left her just now at home, surrounded with so many fears and griefs, she cou'd not stir.

*Val.* She is come, it may be, to divert them here in the Park; I'm sure 'tis she.

*Vin.* When the Moon, at this instant, scarce affords light enough to distinguish a Man from a tree, how can you know her?

*Val.* How can you know *Ranger*, then?

*Vin.* I heard him speak.

*Val.* So you may her too; I'll secure you, if you will draw but a little nearer; she came, doubtless, to no other end but to speak with him; observe——

*Chris.* Sir, I have follow'd you hitherto; [To Ranger.  
but now, I must desire you to follow me out of the Company, for I wou'd not be over-heard, nor disturb'd.

*Ran.* Ha! is not this *Christina's* voice? it is I am sure, I cannot be deceived now——dear Madam——

*Vin.* It is she indeed.

[Apart to Val.

*Val.* Is it so?

*Chris.* Come, Sir——

[To Ranger.

*Val.* Nay, I'll follow you too, though not invited.

[Aside.

*Lyd.* I must not, cannot stay behind.

[Aside. [Exeunt.

*They all go off together in a huddle, hastily;*

*Christina, her Woman, and Valentine, return on the other side.*

## LOVE IN A WOOD

*Chris.* Come along, Sir.

*Val.* So I must stick to her when all is done; her new Servant has lost her in the crowd, she has gone too fast for him; so much my revenge is swifter than his love: now shall I not only have the deserted Lovers revenge, of dis-appointing her of her new Man; but an opportunity infallibly at once, to discover her falseness, and confront her impudence. [*Aside.*]

*Chris.* Pray come along, Sir, I am in haste.

*Val.* So eager, indeed—I with that Cloud may yet withhold the Moon, that this false Woman, may not discover me, before I do her. [*Aside.*]

*Chris.* Here no one can hear us, and I'm sure we cannot see one another.

*Val.* 'Sdeath, what have I giddily run my self upon? 'Tis rather a tryal of my self than her; I cannot undergo it. [*Aside.*]

*Chris.* Come nearer, Sir.

*Val.* Hell and vengeance, I cannot suffer it, I cannot. [*Aside.*]

*Chris.* Come, come; yet nearer, pray come nearer.

*Val.* It is impossible, I cannot hold; I must discover my self, rather than her infamy.

*Chris.* You are conscious, it seems, of the wrong you have done me, and are alham'd, though in the dark. [*Speaks, walking slowly.*]

*Val.* How's this! [*Aside.*]

*Chris.* I'm glad to find it so; for all my business with you, is to show you your late mistakes, and force a confession from you, of those unmanly injuries you have done me.

*Val.* What! I think she's honest; or do's she know me? sure she cannot. [*Aside.*]

*Chris.* First, your intrusion, last night, into my lodging, which, I suppose, has begot your other gross mistakes.

*Val.* No, she takes me for *Ranger*, I see again. [*Aside.*]

*Chris.* You are to know then, (since needs you must) it was not me you follow'd last night to my lodging, from the Park, but some Kinswoman of yours, it seems; whose fear of being discover'd by you, prevail'd with me to personate her, while she withdrew, our Habits and our Statures being much alike; which I did with as much difficulty, as she us'd opportunity to make me; and all this, my Lady *Flippant* can witness, who was then with your Cousin.

*Val.* I am glad to hear this—— [*Aside.*]

*Chris.* Now, what your claim to me, at Mr. *Vincent's* lodging, meant; the letter, and promises, you unworthily, or erroneously lay'd to my charge, you must explain to me and others, or——

*Val.* How's this! I hope I shall discover no guilt but my own; she wou'd not speak in threats to a Lover—— [*Aside.*]

*Chris.* Was it because you found me in Mr. *Vincent's* lodgings, you took a liberty to use me, like one of your common Visitants? But know, I came



## LOVE IN A WOOD

no more to Mr. *Vincent*, then to you; yet, I confess, my visit was intended to a man— A brave man, till you made him use a woman ill, worthy the love of a Princess; till you made him censure mine; good as Angels, till you made him unjust; why—in the name of honour, wou'd you do't?

*Val.* How happily, am I dis-appointed! poor injur'd *Christina*. [*Aside.*

*Chrisf.* He wou'd have fought me out first, if you had not made him flye from me; our mutual love, confirm'd by a contract, made our hearts inseparable; till you rudely, if not maliciously, thrust in upon us, and broke the close, and happy knot: I had lost him before for a month, now for ever. [*She weeps.*

*Val.* My joy, and pity makes me as mute, as my shame; yet I must discover my self. [*Aside.*

*Chrisf.* Your silence, is a confession of your guilt.

*Val.* I own it. [*Aside.*

*Chrisf.* But that will not serve my turn; for strait you must go clear your self, and me, to him you have injur'd in me; if he has not made too much haste from me, to be found again; you must, I say, for he is a man that will have satisfaction; and in satisfying him, you do me.

*Val.* Then he is satisfy'd.

*Chrisf.* How! is it you? then I am not satisfy'd.

*Val.* Will you be worse than your word?

*Chrisf.* I gave it not to you.

*Val.* Come, dear *Christina*, the Jealous, like the Drunkard, has his punishment, with his offence. *To them Vincent.*

*Vin. Valentine, Mr. Valentine.*

*Val. Vincent—*

*Vin.* Where have you been all this while?

[*Valentine holds Christina by the hand, who seems to struggle to get from him.*

*Val.* Here, with my injur'd *Christina*.

*Vin.* She's behind with *Ranger*, who is forc'd to speak all the tender things himself; for she affords him not a word.

*Val.* Pish, Pish, *Vincent*, who is blind now? who deceiv'd now?

*Vin.* You are, for I'm sure *Christina* is with him; come back and see.

[*They go out at one dore, and return at the other.*

*Ranger to Lydia.*

*Ran.* Still mock'd, still abus'd! did you not bid me follow you, where we might not be disturb'd, nor over-heard? and now not allow me a word?

*Vincent to Valentine.*

*Vin.* Did you hear him?

[*Apart to Val.*

*Val.* Yes, yes, peace—

[*Apart to Vin.*

## LOVE IN A WOOD

*Ran.* Difowning your Letter, and me, at *Vincent's* lodging, declaring you came to meet another there, and not me; with a great deal of fuch affronting unkindnefs, might be reasonable enough, becaufe you wou'd not intruft *Vincent* with our love, but now, when no body fees us, nor hears us, why this unfeafonable fhynefs——

*Lyd.* It feems, fhe did not expect him there, but had appointed to meet another; I wifh it were fo. [*Aside.*

*Ran.* I have not Patience; do you defign thus to revenge my intrusion into your lodging laft night? fure if you had then been difpleas'd with my Company, you wou'd not have invited your felf to't again by a Letter? or is this a punifhment for bringing you to a houfe, fo near your own, where, it feems, you were known too? I do confefs, it was a fault; but make me fuffer any Penance, but your Silence, becaufe it is the certain mark of a Miftrefs's lafting difpleafure——

*Lyd.* My——is not yet come. [*Aside.*

*Ran.* Not yet a word? you did not ufe me fo unkindly laft night, when you chid me out of your Houfe, and with indignation bid me be gone; now, you bid me follow you, and yet will have nothing to fay to me; and I am more deceiv'd this day and night, then I was laft night; when, I muft confefs, I follow'd you for another——

*Lyd.* I'm glad to hear that. [*Aside.*

*Ran.* One that wou'd have us'd me better; whose love, I have ungratefully abus'd for yours; yet from no other reafon, but my natural inconstancy——

Poor *Lydia*, *Lydia*—— [*Aside.*

*Lyd.* He mutter'd my name fure, and with a figh. [*Aside.*

*Ran.* But as laft night, by following (as I thought) her, I found you: fo this night, by following you in vain, I do refolve, if I can find her again, to keep her for ever.

*Lyd.* Now I am obliged, and brought in debt to his inconstancy: faith, now cannot I hold out any longer, I muft difcover my felf.

*Ran.* But, Madam, becaufe I intend to fee you no more, I'll take my leave of you for good and all; fince you will not fpeak I'll try if you will fqueek—— [*Aside.*  
[*Goes to throw her down, fhe fqueeks.*

*Lyd.* Mr. *Ranger*, Mr. *Ranger*——

*Vin.* Fye, fye, you need not ravifh *Chriftina* fure, that loves you fo.

*Ran.* Is it fhe! *Lydia* all this while? how am I gull'd, and *Vincent* in the Plot too?

*Lyd.* Now falfe *Ranger*.

*Ran.* Now falfe *Chriftina* too; you thought I did not know you now, becaufe I offer'd you fuch an unufual civility.

*Lyd.* You knew me, I warrant you knew too, that I was the *Chriftina*

## LOVE IN A WOOD

you follow'd out of the Park last night; that I was the *Christina* that writ the letter too.

*Ran.* Certainly, therefore I wou'd have taken my revenge, you see, for your tricks.

*Val.* Is not this the same woman that took refuge in your House last night, Madam ? [To Christina.

*Chrisf.* The very same.

*Val.* What, Mr. *Ranger*, we have chop'd, and chang'd, and hid our *Christina*'s so long, and often, that at last, we have drawn each of us our own?

*Ran.* Mr. *Valentine* in *England*! the truth on't is, you have jugged together, and drawn without my knowledge; but since she will have it so, she shall wear me for good and all now. [Goes to take her by the hand.

*Lyd.* Come not near me.

*Ran.* Nay, you need not be afraid, I wou'd ravish you, now I know you.

*Lyd.* And yet, *Leonore*, I think 'tis but justice, to pardon the fault, I made him commit? [Apart to Leonore, Ranger listens.

*Ran.* You consider it right, Cousin; for indeed, you are but merciful to your self in it.

*Lyd.* Yet, if I wou'd be rigorous, though I made the blot, your overfight has lost the game.

*Ran.* But 'twas rash Womans play, Cousin, and cught not to be play'd again, let me tell you. [Dap. to them.

*Dap.* Who's there? who's there?

*Ran.* *Dapperwit*.

*Dap.* Mr. *Ranger*, I am glad I have met with you; for I have left my Bride just now, in the House at Mulbery Garden, to come and pick up some of my Friends in the Park here, to sup with us.

*Ran.* Your Bride! are you marry'd then? where is your Bride?

*Dap.* Here at Mulbery Garden, I say, where you, these Ladies, and Gentlemen, shall all be welcome, if you will afford me the honour of your Company.

*Ran.* With all our hearts; but who have you marry'd, *Lucy*.

*Dap.* What, do you think I wou'd marry a Wench? I have marry'd an Heirefs worth thirty thousand pound, let me perish.

*Vin.* An Heirefs worth thirty thousand pound!

*Dap.* Mr. *Vincent*, your Servant, you here too?

*Ran.* Nay, we are more of your acquaintance here (I think) go, we'll follow you, for if you have not dismiss'd your Parson, perhaps we may make him more work.

[Exeunt.



## LOVE IN A WOOD

*The Scene changes to the Dining-room, in Mulberry-Garden-house.*

*Enter Sir Simon Addleplot, Gripe, Mrs. Martha, Joyner, Crofsbite, Lucy.*

*Sir Sim.* 'Tis as I told you, Sir, you fee.

*Gripe.* Oh gracelefs Babe, marry'd to a Wit ! an idle, loytering, flandering, foul-mouth'd, beggarly Wit; Oh that my child fhould ever live to marry a Wit!

*Joy.* Indeed, your Worship had better feen her fairly buried, as they fay.

*Crofs.* If my Daughter, there, fhould have done fo, I wou'd not have gi'n her a groat.

*Gripe.* Marry a Wit!

*Sir Sim.* Mrs. *Joyner*, do not let me lofe the [To Joyner.  
Widow too; for if you do, (betwixt friends) I and my fmall annuity are both blown up; it will follow my Eftate. [Afide.

*Joy.* I warrant you. [Afide.

*Flip.* Let us make fure of Sir *Simon* to night, [To Joyner.  
Or—— [Afide.

*Joy.* You need not fear it, like the Lawyers, while my Clients endeavour to cheat one another; I in juftice cheat 'em both. [Afide.

*Gripe.* Marry a Wit!

*Enter Dapperwit, Ranger, and Lydia, Valentine, Chriftina, and Vincent.*

*Dapperwit ftops 'em, and they ftand all behind.*

*Dap.* What is he here, *Lucy* and her Mother? [Afide.

*Gripe.* Tell me how thou cam'ft to marry a Wit?

*Mart.* Pray be not angry, Sir, and I'll give you a good reafon.

*Gripe.* Reafon for marrying a Wit!

*Mart.* Indeed, I found my felf fix months gone with Child, and faw no hopes of your getting me a Husband, or elfe I had not married a Wit, Sir.

*Joy.* Then you were the Wit. [Afide.

*Gripe.* Had you that reafon? nay, then—— [Holding up his hands.

*Dap.* How's that ! [Afide.

*Ran.* Who wou'd have thought, *Dapperwit*, you wou'd have married a Wench? [Afide.

*Dap.* Well, thirty thoufand pound will make me amends; I have known my betters wink, and fall on for five or fix. [To Ran.

What, you are come, Sir, to give me joy? [To Gripe and the reft.  
you Mrs. *Lucy*, you and you? well, unbid guefts are doubly welcom——

Sir *Simon*, I made bold to invite thefe Ladies, [To Sir Simon.  
and Gentlemen, for you muft know, Mr. *Ranger*, this worthy Sir *Simon*,

## LOVE IN A WOOD

do's not only give me my Wedding-Supper, but my Mistrefs too; and is as it were my Father.

*Sir Sim.* Then I am as it were a Grand-father to your new Wives, *hans en kelder*; to which you are but as it were a Father; there's for you again, Sir—ha ha——

*Ran.* Ha, ha, ha——

[*To Vincent.*

*Dap.* Fools sometimes say unhappy things, If we wou'd mind 'em, but—what, Melancholy at your Daughters Wedding, Sir?

*Gripe.* How deplorable is my condition?

[*Aside.*

*Dap.* Nay, if you will rob me of my Wench, Sir, can you blame me for robbing you of your Daughter? I cannot be without a Woman.

*Gripe.* My Daughter, my Reputation, and my Money gone—but the last is dearest to me; yet at once I may retrieve that, and be reveng'd for the loss of the other; and all this by marrying *Lucy* here: I shall get my five hundred pound again, and get Heirs to exclude my Daughter, and frustrate *Dapperwit*; besides, 'tis agreed on all hands, 'tis cheaper keeping a Wife than a Wench.

[*Aside.*

*Dap.* If you are so melancholy, Sir, we will have the Fiddles, and a Dance to divert you; come.

### *A Dance.*

*Gripe.* Indeed, you have put me so upon a merry pin, that I resolve to marry too.

*Flip.* Nay, if my Brother come to marrying once, I may too; I swore I wou'd, when he did, little thinking——

*Sir Sim.* I take you at your word, Madam.

*Flip.* Well, but if I had thought you wou'd have been so quick with me——

*Gripe.* Where is your Parson?

*Dap.* What, you wou'd not revenge your self upon the Parson.

*Gripe.* No, I wou'd have the Parson revenge me upon you; he shou'd marry me.

*Dap.* I am glad you are so frolick, Sir; but who wou'd you marry?

*Gripe.* This innocent Lady.

[*Pointing to Lucy.*

*Dap.* That innocent Lady?

*Gripe.* Nay, I am impatient, Mrs. *Joyner*, pray fetch him up if he be yet in the house.

*Dap.* We were not marry'd here; but you cannot be in earnest.

*Gripe.* You'll find it so; since you have robb'd me of my House-keeper, I must get another.

*Dap.* Why? she was my Wench.

*Gripe.* I'll make her honest then.

## LOVE IN A WOOD

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*Crofs.* Upon my repute he never saw her before; but will your Worship marry my Daughter then?

*Gripe.* I promise her, and you, before all this good company, to morrow I will make her my Wife.

*Dap.* How!

*Ran.* Our Ladies, Sir, I suppose, expect the same Promise from us.

[*To Val.*

*Val.* They may be sure of us without a Promise; but let us (if we can) obtain theirs, to be sure of them.

*Dap.* But will you marry her to morrow?—

[*To Gripe.*

*Gripe.* I will verily.

*Dap.* I am undone then, ruin'd let me perish.

*Sir Sim.* No, you may hire a little room in *Covent-Garden*, and set up a *Coffee-House*; you, and your Wife, will be sure of the Wits custom.

*Dap.* Abus'd by him, I have abus'd!

Fortune our Foe, we cannot over-wit,  
By none but thee, our projects are Crofs-bit.

*Val.* Come, dear Madam, what yet angry? Jealousie sure is much more pardonable before Marriage then after it; but to morrow, by the help of the Parson, you'll put me out of all my fears.

*Chrif.* I am afraid then you wou'd give me my revenge, and make me jealous of you; and I had rather suspect your Faith, then you shou'd mine.

*Ran.* Cousin *Lydia*, I had rather suspect your Faith too, then you shou'd mine; therefore let us e'en marry to morrow, that I may have my turn of watching, doging, standing under the window at the dore, behind the hanging, or—

*Lyd.* But if I cou'd be desperate now, and give you up my liberty, cou'd you find in your heart to quit all other engagements, and voluntarily turn your self over to one woman, and she a Wife too? cou'd you away with the insupportable bondage of Matrimony?

*Ran.* You talk of Matrimony as irreverently, as my Lady *Flippant*? the bondage of Matrimony, no—

*The end of Marriage, now is liberty,  
And two are bound—to set each other free.*

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## LOVE IN A WOOD

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### EPILOGUE Spoken by *Dapperwit*.

NOW my Brisk Brothers of the Pit, you'll say,  
I'm come to speak a good word for the Play;  
But (Gallants) let me perish, if I do,  
For I have Wit, and judgment, just like you;  
Wit never partial, judgment free and bold,  
For fear or friendship never bought or sold,  
Nor by good Nature e're to be Cajol'd.  
Good Nature in a Critick were a crime,  
Like mercy in a Judge, and renders him  
Guilty of all those faults, he do's forgive:  
Besides, if Thief from Gallows you reprieve,  
He'll cut your Throat? so Poet fav'd from shame,  
In damn'd Lampoon, will murder your good name.  
Yet in true spight to him, and to his Play,  
(Good faith) you shou'd not rayl at 'em to day;  
But to be more his Foe, seem most his Friend,  
And so maliciously, the Play commend,  
That he may be betray'd to Writing on,  
And Poet let him be, to be undone.

FINIS

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THE  
GENTLEMAN  
Dancing-Master  
A  
COMEDY

Acted at the Duke's Theatre

---

By Mr. Wycherley

---

Horat.—*Non satis est risu diducere rictum*  
*Auditoris : & est quædam tamen hic quoq ; virtus.*

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## Source

THE relations between *The Gentleman Dancing-Master* and *El Maestro de Danzar* have already been fully discussed in the Introduction, but perhaps it were not superfluous to repeat that Wycherley is by no means so indebted to Calderon's comedy as has often been stated, particularly by those who had no acquaintance with the Spanish play. For the rest *The Gentleman Dancing-Master* is wholly original.

The Hon. James Howard in his capital play *The English Mounsieur* (4to, 1674, but acted at least eight years earlier), has ridiculed the Gallomaniac with a good deal of humour and point.

In that delightful comedy *Marriage à-la-Mode*, produced at Lincoln's Inn Fields about Easter, 1672, Dryden has introduced "an affected Lady," Melantha, of whom it is said, "No Lady can be so curious of a new Fashion, as she is of a new *French Word*; she's the very Mint of the Nation; and as fast as any Bullion comes out of *France*, Coins it immediately into our Language." But Dryden is in no way indebted to Wycherley. Both poets were, indeed, satirizing a current foppery. Dryden is the more subtle and delicate in his humour; Wycherley's strokes are harder and more bold. By those who witnessed the revival of *Marriage à-la-Mode* in 1920, Athene Seyler's superb performance of Melantha can never be forgotten.

Mrs. Centlivre in her long-lived comedy *The Busy-Body*, which was produced at Drury Lane 12 May, 1709, and which still kept the stage in the nineteenth century, has borrowed the Spanish merchant, Sir Jealous Traffick (Bullock), and several incidents from Wycherley.

On 8 December, 1762, there was produced at Covent Garden *Love in a Village*, a ballad opera by Isaac Bickerstaffe. This charming pastiche is largely taken from Charles Johnson's *The Village Opera*, which was originally given at Drury Lane, 6 February, 1729, and only achieved a run of four nights. It must be confessed that Bickerstaffe has vastly improved his borrowings, for *The Village Opera* is a mediocre work. *Love in a Village* is also something indebted to a comedy by Marivaux, *Le Jeu de l'amour et du hasard* (1730), whose intrigue concerns a double disguise which causes the hero and heroine to think that the one has fallen in love with the soubrette, and the other with the valet. But the amusing episode in the second Act of his opera, where Eustace is passed off by Lucinda as a music-master, Bickerstaffe entirely owes to Wycherley's *The Gentleman Dancing-Master*, whence also he has taken the whole character of Mrs. Caution, whom he names Deborah Woodcock. In Johnson's *The Village Opera* Lady Wiseacre, acted by Mrs. Shireburn, is merely a lay figure with some half a dozen speeches of little importance. Deborah Woodcock, first played by Mrs. Walker, was a favourite character with such celebrated comic actresses as Mrs. Love and Mrs. Davenport. *Love in a Village* remained popular for wellnigh a century, and a recent revival (December, 1920) at the Everyman Theatre, Hampstead, has given much pleasure. In particular the spirited performance of Mrs. A. B. Tapping as the antiquated aunt was deservedly applauded.

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# Theatrical History

ON Thursday, 9 November, 1671, the Duke's Company opened their new theatre in Dorset Garden with a revival of *Sir Martin Mar-all*, which proved a very great success and, says Downes, "continued 3 days together, with a full audience each day; notwithstanding it had been acted 30 days before in *Lincolns-Inn-Fields*, and above 4 times at Court." The first new play given at Dorset Garden was Crowne's heroic tragedy *The History of Charles the Eighth of France*, with Betterton as Charles the Eighth and Mrs. Betterton Isabella. This was probably produced early in December; "it was all new cloath'd, yet lasted but 6 days together, but 'twas acted now and then afterwards." So we find that it was seen at Court on 17 May and 17 September, 1672.

The next new play was Ravenscroft's farcical *The Citizen turn'd Gentleman*, a free amalgamation of *Monsieur de Porceaugnac* with *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme*, in which Nokes as Old Jorden immensely diverted both Court and Town. "It continued acting 9 days with a full house." This production was in January, 1672.

On 25 January, 1672, the Theatre Royal, Bridges Street, was destroyed with immense loss by a terrible fire, and for the time being Killigrew's company seemed without hope or home. It was not until Monday, 26 February, that they were able to open at the Lincoln's Inn Fields playhouse, whence Betterton had migrated to new quarters more than three months before. No writer has ever attempted to explain why of Wycherley's four comedies *The Gentleman Dancing-Master* alone should have been produced by the Duke's Company when the other three were given by the rival actors. But here we have an ample explanation. *The Gentleman Dancing-Master* was put on the stage in March, 1672, and for a month past Dorset Garden had been the only available theatre in London. Downes notes: "The third new Play acted there was *The Gentleman Dancing Master*, wrote by Mr. *Witcherley*, it lasted but 6 days, being liked but indifferently, it was laid by to make room for other new ones."

The date is also fixed by the Epilogue:

*You good men o' th' Exchange, on whom alone  
We must depend, when Sparks to Sea are gone.*

War had been declared against the Dutch in March, 1672, and the Court interest was strongly to popularize the outbreak of hostilities. This couplet predicts that all the gallants and cavaliers will soon be actively engaged, and again emphasizes this with

*all Gentlemen must pack to Sea.*

It should be remarked that *The Gentleman Dancing-Master* is the only one of Wycherley's plays to be printed without a cast. No doubt, as Genest suggested, Edward Angel created Don Diego and James Nokes Monsieur de Paris. It were merest guess-work to attempt to apportion the remaining rôles.

There were revivals of *The Gentleman Dancing-Master* at Drury Lane in 1692-3 and again in 1702.

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# PROLOGUE

To the CITY,

Newly after the Removal of the Duke's Company  
from *Lincoln-Inn-fields* to their new Theatre, near  
*Salisbury-Court*.

OUR Author (like us) finding 'twould scarce do,  
At t'other end o'th' Town, is come to you;  
And since 'tis his last Tryal, has that Wit  
To throw himself on a substantial Pit.  
Where needy Wit, or Critick dare not come,  
Lest Neighbour i'the Cloak, with looks so grum,  
Shou'd prve a Dunne;  
Where Punk in Vizor dare not rant and tear  
To put us out, since Bridewel is so near;  
In short, we shall be heard, be understood,  
If not, shall be admir'd and that's as good;  
For you to senseless Plays have still been kind,  
Nay, where no sense was, you a Jest wou'd find:  
And never was it heard of, that the City  
Did ever take occasion to be witty  
Upon dull Poet, or stiff Players Action,  
But still with claps oppos'd the hissing Faction.  
But if you his'd, 'twas at the Pit, not Stage,  
So, with the Poet, damn'd the damning Age,  
And still we know are ready to ingage  
Against the flouting, ticking Gentry who  
Citizen, Player, Poet, wou'd undo,  
The Poet, no; unless by commendation;  
For on the Change, Wits have no reputation;  
And rather than be branded for a Wit,  
He with you, able men, wou'd credit get.



# The Persons

|                                       |   |                                                                                                                                                        |
|---------------------------------------|---|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| Mr. Gerard.                           | { | Young Gentlemen of the Town, and Friends.                                                                                                              |
| Mr. Martin.                           |   |                                                                                                                                                        |
| Mr. Parris, or Monsieur<br>De Parris. | { | A vain Coxcomb, and rich City-Heir, newly returned from <i>France</i> , and mightily affected with the <i>French</i> Language and Fashions.            |
| Mr. James Formal, or<br>Don Diego.    | { | An old rich <i>Spanish</i> Merchant newly returned home, as much affected with the Habit and Customs of <i>Spain</i> , and Uncle to <i>De Parris</i> . |
| Mrs. Hippolita.                       |   | <i>Formal's</i> Daughter.                                                                                                                              |
| Mrs. Caution.                         | { | <i>Formal's</i> Sister, an impertinent precise Old Woman.                                                                                              |
| Prue.                                 |   | <i>Hippolita's</i> Maid.                                                                                                                               |
| Mrs. Flirt.                           | { | Two Common Women of the Town.                                                                                                                          |
| Mrs. Flounce.                         |   |                                                                                                                                                        |
| A little Black-a-more,                |   | Lacquey to <i>Formal</i> .                                                                                                                             |
| A Parson.                             |   |                                                                                                                                                        |
| A French Scullion.                    |   |                                                                                                                                                        |
| Servants, Waiter, and Attendants.     |   |                                                                                                                                                        |

SCENE London.

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# THE GENTLEMAN

## Dancing-Master.

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### ACT I. SCENE I.

*Don Diego's House in the Evening.*

*Enter Hippolita and Prue her Maid.*

*Hipp.* **T**O confine a Woman juſt in her rambling Age! take away her liberty at the very time ſhe ſhou'd uſe it! O barbarous Aunt! O unnatural Father; to ſhut up a poor Girl at fourteen, and hinder her budding; all things are ripen'd by the Sun; to ſhut up a poor Girl at fourteen!——

*Pru.* 'Tis true, Miſs, two poor young Creatures as we are!

*Hipp.* Not ſuffer'd to ſee a play in a twelve month!——

*Pru.* Nor to go to *Ponchinello* nor *Paradiſe*!——

*Hipp.* Nor to take a Ramble to the Park nor Mulberry-garden!

*Pru.* Nor to *Tatnam-Court* nor *Iſlington*!——

*Hipp.* Nor to eat a Sillybub in new Spring-garden with a Couſin!——

*Pru.* Nor to drink a Pint of Wine with a Friend at the Prince in the Sun!——

*Hipp.* Nor to hear a Fiddle in good Company!

*Pru.* Nor to hear the Organs and Tongs at the Gun in *Moorfields*!——

*Hipp.* Nay, not ſuffer'd to go to Church, becauſe the men are ſometimes there! little did I think I ſhould ever have long'd to go to Church!

*Pru.* Or I either, but between two Maids!——

*Hipp.* Nor ſee a man!——

*Pru.* Nor come near a man!——

*Hipp.* Nor hear of a man!——

*Pru.* No, Miſs, but to be deny'd a man! and to have no uſe at all of a man!——

*Hipp.* Hold, hold——your reſentment is as much greater than mine, as your experience has been greater; but all this while, what do we make of my Couſin, my Husband elect (as my Aunt ſays) we have had his Company theſe three days. Is he no man?

## THE GENTLEMAN DANCING-MASTER

*Pru.* No, faith, he's but a *Monfieur*, but you'll resolve your self that question within these three days: for by that time, he'll be your Husband, if your Father come to night?—

*Hipp.* Or if I provide not my self with another in the mean time! For Fathers seldom chuse well, and I will no more take my Father's choice in a Husband, than I would in a Gown or a Suit of Knots: so that if that Cousin of mine were not an ill contriv'd ugly Frekeish-fool, in being my Fathers choice, I shou'd hate him; besides he has almost made me out of love with mirth and good humour, for he debases it as much as a Jack-pudding; and Civility and good Breeding more than a City Dancing-Master.—

*Pru.* What, won't you marry him then, Madam ?

*Hipp.* Wou'dst thou have me marry a Fool! an Idiot ?

*Pru.* Lord! 'tis a sign you have been kept up indeed! and know little of the World, to refuse a man for a Husband only, because he's a Fool. Methinks he's a pretty apish kind of a Gentleman, like other Gentlemen, and handsom enough to lye with in the dark, when Husbands take their priviledges, and for the day-times you may take the priviledge of a Wife.

*Hipp.* Excellent Governess, you do understand the World, I see.

*Pru.* Then you shou'd be guided by me.

*Hipp.* Art thou in earnest then, damn'd Jade ? wou'dst thou have me marry him? well——there are more poor young Women undone and married to filthy Fellows, by the treachery and evil Counfel of Chamber-maids, than by the obstinacy and covetousness of Parents.

*Pru.* Does not your Father come on purpose out of *Spain* to marry you to him? Can you release your self from your Aunt or Father any other way? Have you a mind to be shut up as long as you live ? For my part (though you can hold out upon the Lime from the Walls here, Salt, old Shoes, and Oat-meal) I cannot live so, I must confess my patience is worn out—

*Hipp.* Alas! alas! poor *Prue*! your stomach lies another way, I will take pity of you, and get me a Husband very suddenly, who may have a Servant at your Service; but rather than marry my Cousin, I will be a Nun in the new Protestant Nunnery they talk of, where (they say) there will be no hopes of coming near a man.

*Pru.* But you can marry no body but your Cousin, Miss, your Father you expect to night, and be certain his *Spanish* policy and wariness, which has kept you up so close ever since you came from *Hackney-School*, will make sure of you within a day or two at farthest——

*Hipp.* Then 'tis time to think how to prevent him—stay—

*Pru.* In vain, vain Miss!

*Hipp.* If we knew but any man, any man, though he were but a little handsomer than the Devil, so that he were a Gentleman.

*Pru.* What if you did know any man, if you had an opportunity; cou'd



## THE GENTLEMAN DANCING-MASTER

you have confidence to speak to a man first? But if you cou'd, how cou'd you come to him, or he to you? nay, how cou'd you send to him? for though you cou'd write, which your Father in his *Spanish* prudence wou'd never permit you to learn, who shou'd carry the Letter? but we need not be concern'd for that, since we know not to whom to send it.

*Hipp.* Stay!——it must be so——I'll try however——

*Enter Monsieur de Paris.*

*Monf.* Servitèur, Servitèur, lá Cousinè, I come to give the *bon Soir*, as the *French* say.

*Hipp.* O Cousin, you know him, the fine Gentleman they talk of so much in Town.

*Pru.* What! will you talk to him of any man else?

*Monf.* I know all the beaux monde Cousinè.

*Hipp.* Mister——

*Monf.* Monsieur Tailleur! Monsieur *Efmit*, Monsieur——

*Hipp.* These are *French* men——

*Monf.* Non, non, vou'd you have me say Mr. *Taylor*, Mr. *Smith*, fie, fie, testè nòn——

*Hipp.* But don't you know the brave Gentleman they talk of so much in Town?

*Monf.* Who, Monsieur *Gerrard*?

*Hipp.* What kind of man is that Mr. *Gerrard*? and then I'll tell you.

*Monf.* Why——he is truly a pretty man, a pretty man——a pretty fo, so——kind of man, for an *English* man.

*Hipp.* How! a pretty man?

*Monf.* Why, he is conveniently tall—but——

*Hipp.* But, what?

*Monf.* And not ill shap'd—but——

*Hipp.* But what?

*Monf.* And handsom, as 'tis thought——but——

*Hipp.* But, what are your Exceptions to him?

*Monf.* I can't tell you, because they are innumerable, innumerable mon foy.

*Hipp.* Has he Wit?

*Monf.* Ay, ay, they say he's witty, brave and dè bèl humeür and well bred with all that—but——

*Hipp.* But what? he wants Judgment?

*Monf.* Non, non, they say he has good sense and judgment, but it is according to the account *Englis'*——for——

*Hipp.* For what?

*Monf.* For Jarniè——if I think it——

*Hipp.* Why?

## THE GENTLEMAN DANCING-MASTER

*Monf.* Why——why his Taylor lives within *Ludgate*——his Valet dè Chambrè is no *French*-man——and he has been feen at noon-day to go into an *English* Eating-houfe——

*Hipp.* Say you fo, Coufin?

*Monf.* Then for being well-bred you fhall judge——firft he can't dance a ftep, nor fmg a *French* Song, nor fwear a *French* Oatè, nor ufe the polite *French* word in his Converfation; and in fine, can't play at *Hombre*——but fpeaks bafe good *Englis*, with the commune homebred pronounciation, and in fine, to fay no more, he ne're carries a Snuff-box about with him.

*Hipp.* Indeed——

*Monf.* And yet this man has been abroad as much as any man, and does not make the leaft fhew of it, but a little in his Meen, not at all in his difcour Jerniè; he never talks fo much as of *St. Peter's* Church, and *Rome*, the *Efcorial*, or *Madrid*, nay not fo much as of *Henry IV.* of *Pont-Neuf*, *Paris*, and the new *Louvre*, nor of the *Grand Roy*.

*Hipp.* 'Tis for his commendation, if he does not talk of his Travels.

*Monf.* Auh, auh——Coufinè—he is confcious himfelf of his wants, becaufe he is very envious, for he cannot endure me——

*Hipp.* He fhall be my man then for that.

[*Afide.*

Ay, ay, 'tis the fame, *Prue*. No I know he can't endure you, Coufin——

*Monf.* How do you know it——who never ftir out. *Testè* non——

*Hipp.* Well——dear Coufin——if you will promife me never to tell my Aunt, I'll tell you——

*Monf.* I won't, I won't, Jarniè.

*Hipp.* Nor to be concern'd your felf, fo as to make a quarrel of it.

*Monf.* Non, non——

*Hipp.* Upon the word of a Gentleman.

*Monf.* Foy de Chevalier, I will not quarrel.

*Pru.* Lord, Mifs! I wonder you won't believe him without more ado?

*Hipp.* Then he has the hatred of a Rival for you.

*Monf.* Mal á peſte.

*Hipp.* You know my Chamber is backward, and has a door into the Gallery, which looks into the back yard of a Tavern, whence Mr. *Gerrard* once ſpying me at the Window, has often ſince attempted to come in at that Window by the help of the Leads of a low Building adjoining, and indeed 'twas as much as my Maid and I cou'd do to keep him out——

*Monf.* Àu lè Coquin!——

*Hipp.* But nothing is ſtronger than averſion; for I hate him perfectly, even as much as I love you——

*Pru.* I believe fo faith——but what deſign have we now on foot? [*Afide.*

*Hipp.* This difcovery is an Argument ſure of my love to you——

*Monf.* Ay, ay; fay no more, Coufin, I doubt not your amourè for me, becauſe I doubt not your judgment. But what's to be done with this

## THE GENTLEMAN DANCING-MASTER

Fanfaron—I know where he eats to night—I'll go find him out ventre bleu—

*Hipp.* Oh my dear Cousin, you will not make a quarrel of it? I thought what your promise wou'd come to!

*Monf.* Wou'd you have a man of Honour——

*Hipp.* Keep his promise?

*Monf.* And lose his Mistress, that were not for my honour, ma foy—

*Hipp.* Cousin, though you do me the injury to think I cou'd be false—do not do your self the injury to think any one cou'd be false to you—will you be afraid of losing your Mistress; to shew such a fear to your Rival, were for his honour, and not for yours sure.

*Monf.* Nay, Cousin I'de have you know I was never afraid of losing my Mistress in earnest——Let me see the man can get my Mistress from me Jarniè——but he that loves must seem a little jealous.

*Hipp.* Not to his Rival, those that have Jealousie, hide it from their Rivals.

*Monf.* But there are some who say Jealousy is no more to be hid than a Cough; but it shou'd never be discovered in me, if I had it, because it is not *French*, it is not *French* at all——ventre——bleu——

*Hipp.* No, you shou'd railly your Rival, and rather make a Jest of your Quarrel to him, and that I suppose is *French* too——

*Monf.* 'Tis so, 'tis so, Cousin, 'tis the veritable *French* Method; for your *Englis*, for want of Wit, drive every thing to a serious grum quarrel, and then wou'd make a Jest on't, when 'tis too late, when they can't laugh, Jarniè!——

*Hipp.* Yes, yes, I wou'd have you railly him soundly, do not spare him a jot——but shall you see him to night?

*Monf.* Ay, ay——

*Hipp.* Yes! pray be sure to see him for the Jest's sake——

*Monf.* I will—for I love a Jestè as well as any bel Esprit of 'em all—da.

*Hipp.* Ay, and railly him soundly; be sure you railly him soundly, and tell him, just thus——that the Lady he has so long courted, from the great Window of the *Ship-Tavern*, is to be your Wife to morrow, unless he come at his wonted hour of six in the morning to her Window to forbid the Banes; for 'tis the first and last time of asking: and if he come not, let him for ever hereafter stay away and hold his Tongue.

*Monf.* Hah, ha, ha, a vèr good Jestè, testè bleu.

*Hipp.* And if the Fool shou'd come again, I would tell him his own, I warrant you Cousin; my Gentleman shou'd be satisfied for good and all, I'de secure him.

*Monf.* Bòn, Bòn.

*Pru.* Well, well! young Mistress, you were not at *Hackney-School* for nothing I see; nor taken away for nothing: a Woman may soon be too old, but is never too young to shift for her self?

[*Aside.*



## THE GENTLEMAN DANCING-MASTER

*Monf.* Hah, ha, ha, Coufin, dou art a merry Grigg——ma foy——I long to be with *Gerrard*, and I am the best at improving a Jestè——I shall have such divertisement to night testè bleu.

*Hipp.* He'll deny, may be at first, that he never courted any such Lady.

*Monf.* Nay, I am sure he'll be asham'd of it: I shall make him look so fillily testè nòn——I long to find him out, adieu, adieu la Coufinè.

*Hipp.* Shall you be sure to find him?

*Monf.* Indubitablemènt I'll search the Town over, but I'll find him, hah, ha, ha——

[*Exit Monf. and returns.*]

But I'm afraid, Coufinè, if I shou'd tell him you are to be my Wife to morrow, he wou'd not come, now I am for having him come for the Jest's fake——ventrè——

*Hipp.* So am I, Coufin, for having him come too for the Jest's fake.

*Monf.* Well, well! leave it to me! ha, ha, ha.

*Enter Mrs. Caution.*

*Mrs. Caut.* What's all this gigling here?

*Monf.* Hay, do you tinkè we'll tell you, no fait, I warrant you testè nòn ha, ha, ha——

*Hipp.* My Coufin is over-joy'd, I suppose, that my Father is to come to night.

*Mrs. Caut.* I am afraid he will not come to night——but you'll stay and see, Nephew.

*Monf.* Non, non: I am to sup at tother end of the Town to night——la, la, la——ra, ra, ra——

[*Ex. Monf. singing.*]

*Mrs. Caut.* I wish the *French* Levity of this Young man may agree with your Father's *Spanish* Gravity.

*Hipp.* Just as your crabbed old age and my youth agree.

*Mrs. Caut.* Well, Malapert! I know you hate me, because I have been the Guardian of your Reputation. But your Husband may thank me one day.

*Hipp.* If he be not a Fool, he would rather be oblig'd to me for my vertue than to you, since, at long run he must whether he will or no.

*Mrs. Caut.* So, so!

*Hipp.* Nay, now I think on't; I'de have you to know, the poor man, whose'ere he is, will have little cause to thank you.

*Mrs. Caut.* No——

*Hipp.* No; for I never lived so wicked a life, as I have done this twelve month, since I have not seen a man.

*Mrs. Caut.* How! how! If you have not seen a man, how cou'd you be wicked? how cou'd you do any ill?

*Hipp.* No, I have done no ill, but I have paid it with thinking.

*Mrs. Caut.* O that's no hurt; to think is no hurt; the ancient, grave, and godly cannot help thoughts.

## THE GENTLEMAN DANCING-MASTER

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*Hipp.* I warrant, you have had 'em your self, Aunt.

*Mrs. Caut.* Yes, yes! when I cannot sleep.

*Hipp.* Ha, ha———I believe it, but know, I have had those thoughts sleeping and waking: for I have dream't of a man.

*Mrs. Caut.* No matter, no matter, so that it was but a dream, I have dream't my self; for you must know Widows are mightily given to dream, inasmuch that a dream is waggishly call'd the Widows Comfort.

*Hipp.* But I did not only dream Ih——— [Sighs.]

*Mrs. Caut.* How, how! did you more than dream! speak, young Harlotry; confess, did you more than dream? how could you do more than dream in this house? speak! confess.

*Hipp.* Well! I will then. Indeed, Aunt, I did not only dream, but I was pleas'd with my dream when I awak'd.

*Mrs. Caut.* Oh, is that all? nay, if a dream only will please you, you are a modest young Woman still, but have a care of a Vision.

*Hipp.* I; but to be delighted when we wake with a naughty dream, is a sin, Aunt; and I am so very scrupulous, that I wou'd as soon consent to a naughty man, as to a naughty dream.

*Mrs. Caut.* I do believe you.

*Hipp.* I am for going into the Throng of Temptations.

*Mrs. Caut.* There I believe you agen.

*Hipp.* And making my self so familiar with them, that I wou'd not be concern'd for 'em a whit.

*Mrs. Caut.* There I do not believe you.

*Hipp.* And would take all the innocent liberty of the Town, to tattle to your men under a Vizard in the Play-houses, and meet 'em at night in Masquerade.

*Mrs. Caut.* There I do believe you again, I know you wou'd be masquerading; but worse wou'd come on't, as it has done to others, who have been in a Masquerade, and are now Virgins but in Masquerade, and will not be their own Women agen as long as they live. The Children of this Age must be wise Children indeed, if they know their Fathers, since their Mothers themselves cannot inform 'em! O, the fatal Liberty of this masquerading Age when I was a young Woman.

*Hipp.* Come, come, do not blaspheme this masquerading Age, like an ill-bred City Dame, whose Husband is half broke by living in *Covent-Garden*, or who has been turn'd out of the *Temple* or *Lincolns-Inn* upon a masquerading Night: by what I've heard 'tis a pleasant-well-bred-complacent-free-frolick-good-natur'd-pretty-Age; and if you do not like it, leave it to us that do.

*Mrs. Caut.* Lord! how impudently you talk, Niece, I'm sure I remember when I was a Maid.

*Hipp.* Can you remember it, reverend Aunt?

## THE GENTLEMAN DANCING-MASTER

*Mrs. Caut.* Yes, modest Niece, that a raw young thing though almost at Womans estate, that was then at 30 or 35 years of age, would not so much as have look'd upon a Man.

*Hipp.* Above her Fathers Butler or Coach-man.

*Mrs. Caut.* Still taking me up! well thou art a mad Girl, and so good night. We may go to bed, for I suppose now your Father will not come to night. [Exit Mrs. Caution.]

*Hipp.* I am sorry for it, for I long to see him. But I lye; I had rather see *Gerrard* here, and yet I know not how I shall like him: if he [Aside.] has wit he will come, and if he has none he wou'd not be welcome.

[Ex. Hip. and Pru.]

SCENE changes to the French-House, a Table,  
Bottles, and Candles.

Enter Mr. Gerrard, Martin, and Monsieur de Parris.

*Monf.* 'Tis ver veritable, Jarniè, what the *French* say of you *English*, you use the debauch so much, it cannot have with you the *French* operation, you are never enjoyèè; but come, let us for once be enfiement galliard, and sing a *French* Sonnet, sings *la bouteille, bouteille, glou, glou.*

*Mart. to Gerrard.* What a melodious Fop it is?

*Monf.* Auh———you have no Complaisance.

*Ger.* No we can't sing, but we'll drink to you the Ladies health, whom (you say) I have so long courted at her Window.

*Monf.* Ay, there is your Complaisance; all your *English*. Complaisance is pledging Complaisance, ventre—but if I do

[Takes the Glafs.]

you reason here, will you do me reason to a little *French* Chan-son aboirè——I shall begin to you——*La boutellè, la boutellè——sings.*

*Mart. to Gerrard.* I had rather keep Company with a Set of wide-mouth'd drunken Cathedral Choristers.

*Ger.* Come, Sir, drink, and he shall do you reason to your *French* Song since you stand upon't sing him *Arthur of Bradely*, or *I am the Duke of Norfolk.*

*Monf.* Auh, Testè bleu an *English* Catch, fie fie, ventre——

*Ger.* He can sing no damn'd *French* Song.

*Monf.* Nor can I drink the damn'd *Englis'* Wine. [Sets down the Glafs.]

*Ger.* Yes, to that Ladies health, who has commanded me to wait upon her to-morrow at her Window, which looks (you say) into the inward Yard of the *Ship-Tavern*, near the end of what dee call't street.

*Monf.* Ay, ay, do you not know her, not you (vert & bleu.)

*Ger.* But 'pray repeat agen what she said.

*Monf.* Why, she said, she is to be marry'd to morrow to a person of Hon-



## THE GENTLEMAN DANCING-MASTER

our, a brave Gentleman, that shall be nameless and so, and so forth (little does he think who 'tis.) [aside.]

Ger. And what else?

Monf. That if you make not your appearance before her Window to morrow at your wonted hour of six in the morning to forbid the Banes, you must for ever hereafter stay away and hold your tongue, for 'tis the first and last time of asking, ha, ha, ha!

Ger. 'Tis all a Riddle to me; I should be unwilling to be fool'd by this Coxcomb. [aside.]

Monf. I won't tell him all she said, lest he shou'd not go, I wou'd fain have him go for the Jest's sake——ha, ha, ha. [aside.]

Ger. Her name is, you say, *Hippolita* Daughter to a rich *Spanish* Merchant.

Monf. Ay, ay, you don't know her, not you á d'autrè á d'autre ma foy——ha, ha, ha.

Ger. Well! I will be an easie Fool for once.

Mart. By all means go.

Monf. Ay, ay, by all means go——hah, ha, ha.

Ger. To be caught in a Fools Trap——I'll venture it. [Aside.]  
Come, 'tis her health. [Drinks to him.]

Monf. And to your good reception——teste bleu——ha, ha, ha.

Ger. Well, Monsieur! I'll say this for thee, thou hast made the best use of three months at *Paris*, as ever *English* Squire did.

Monf. Considering I was in a dam' *Englis'* Pention too.

Mart. Yet you have convers'd with some *French*, I see; Foot-men I suppose at the Fencing School, I judge it by your oaths.

Monf. *French* Foot-men! well, well, I had rather have the conversation of a *French* Foot-man than of an *English* Esquire, there's for you da——

Mart. I beg your pardon, *Monfieur*: I did not think the *French* Foot-men had been so much your Friends.

Ger. Yes, yes, I warrant they have oblig'd him at *Paris* much more than any of their Masters did. Well, there shall be no more said against the *French* Foot-men.

Monf. Non de Grace——you are alway turning the Nation *Francez* into ridicule, dat Nation so accompie, dat Nation which you imitate, so, dat in the conclusion you buttè turn your self into ridicule ma foy; if you are for de raillery, abuse the *Duch*, why not abuse the *Duch*? les grosse Villaines, Pandars, Insolents; but here in your *England* ma foy, you have more honeur, respecte, and estimation for the Dushè Swabber, who come to cheat your Nation, den for de Franch-Foot-man, who come to oblige your Nation.

Mart. Our Nation! then you disowne it for yours, it seems.

Monf. Well! wát of dát; are you the disobligeè by datè?

## THE GENTLEMAN DANCING-MASTER

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*Ger.* No, Monsieur, far from it; you cou'd not oblige us, nor your Country any other way then by disowning it.

*Monf.* It is de Brutalè Country, which abuse de *France* and reverence the *Dushe*; I will maintain, sustain, and justifie dat one little *Franch-Foot-man* have more *honeur*, courage, and generosfity, more good blood in his *vaineè*, an mush more good manners an' civility den all de *State General* togeder, Jarnie—dey are only wise and valiant wèn dey are drunkeè.

*Ger.* That is always.

*Monf.* But dey are never honestè wèn dey are drunkeè; dey are de only Rogue in de *Varldè*, who are not honestè wèn dey are drunk——ma foy.

*Ger.* I find you are well acquainted with them, Monsieur.

*Monf.* Ay, ay, I have made the tourè of *Holland*, but it was èn postè, derè was no staving for me testè non——for de Gentleman can no more live derè den de Toad in *Ir'land*, ma foy; for I did not see on' Chevalier in de whole Cuntreè: alway, you know, de Rebel hate de gens de quality; besides, I had make sufficient observation of the *Canaille barbare* de first nightè of my arrival at *Amsterdammè*. I did visit you must know one of de *Principal* of de *Stat General*, to whom I had recommendation from *England*, and did find his Excellence weighing Sope, Jarnie——ha, ha, ha.

*Ger.* Weighing Sope!

*Monf.* Weighing Sopè, ma foy, for he was a whole Sale Chandelee, and his Lady was taking the Tale of Chandels wid her own witer hands, ma foy, and de young Lady, his Excellence Daughters stringing Harring, stringing Harring, Jarnie——

*Ger.* So——h——and what were his Sons doing?

*Monf.* Auh——his Son (for he had but one) was making de Toure of *France*, *Espaigne*, *Italy*, an' *Germany* in a Coach and six, or rader now I think on't, gone of an Embassy hider to derè Master *Cromwell*, whom they did love and fear, because he was some-tingè de greater Rebel, bute now I talk of de *Rebellè*, none but de Rebel can love de *Rebellè*, and so mush for you and your Friend de *Dushe*, I'le say no more, and pray do you say no more of my Friend de *Franch*, not so mush as of my Friend the *Franch-Foot-man*——da——

*Ger.* No, no; but, Monsieur, now give me leave to admire thee, that in three months at *Paris* you could renounce your Language, Drinking, and your Country (for which we are not angry with you as I said), and come home so perfect a *French-man*, that the Drey-men of your Fathers own Brew-house wou'd be ready to knock thee in the head.

*Monf.* Vel, vel, my Father was a Merchant of his own Beer, as the Nobleste of *Franch* of their own Wine: but I can forgive you that Raillery, that Bob, since you say I have the *Eyrè Francèz*. But have I the *Eyrè Francèz*?

*Ger.* As much as any *French-Foot-man* of 'em all.

## THE GENTLEMAN DANCING-MASTER

*Monf.* And do I ſpeak agreeable ill *Engliſh* enough?

*Ger.* Very ill.

*Monf.* Veritablemènt!

*Ger.* Veritablemènt.

*Monf.* For you muſt know; 'tis as ill breeding now to ſpeak good *Engliſh* as to write good *Engliſh*, good ſenſe, or a good hand.

*Ger.* But indeed, methinks, you are not ſlovenly enough for a *Frenchman*.

*Monf.* Slovenly! you mean negligent?

*Ger.* No, I mean ſlovenly.

*Monf.* Then I will be more ſlovenly.

*Ger.* You know, to be a perfect *Frenchman*, you muſt never be ſilent, never fit ſtill and never be clean.

*Mart.* But you have forgot one main qualification of a true *Frenchman*, he ſhould never be ſound, that is, be very pockie too.

*Monf.* Oh! if dat be all, I am very pockie; pockie enough, Jarnie, that is the only *French* qualification may be had without going to *Paris*, mon foy.

*Enter a Waiter.*

*Wait.* Here are a couple of Ladies coming up to you, Sir.

*Ger.* To us! did you appoint any to come hither, *Martin*?

*Mart.* Not I.

*Ger.* Nor you, *Monſieur*!

*Monf.* Nor I.

*Ger.* Sirrah, tell your Maſter, if he cannot protect us from the Conſtable and theſe midnight Courſers, 'tis not a Houſe for us.

*Mart.* Tell 'em you have no body in the houſe, and ſhut the doors.

*Wait.* They'll not be ſatisfied with that, they'll break open the door, they ſearch'd laſt night all over the Houſe for my Lord *Fisk*, and Sir *Jefferſy Jantee*, who were fain to hide themſelves in the Bar under my Miſtreſſes Chair and Petticoats.

*Monf.* Wat do the Women hunt out the men ſo now?

*Mart.* Ay, ay, things are alter'd ſince you went to *Paris*, there's hardly a young Man in Town dares be known of his Lodging for 'em.

*Ger.* Bailiffs, Purſevants, or a City-Conſtable are modeſt people in compariſon of them.

*Mart.* And we are not ſo much afraid to be taken up by the Watch, as by the taring midnight Ramblers, or Houza-Women.

*Monf.* Jarnie——ha, ha, ha.

*Ger.* Where are they? I hope they are gone agen?

*Wait.* No, Sir, they are below at the Stair-foot, only ſwearing at their Coach-man.

*Ger.* Come, you Rogue! they are in Fee with you Waiters and no Gentleman can come hither, but they have intelligence ſtraight.



## THE GENTLEMAN DANCING-MASTER

*Wait.* Intelligence from us, Sir, they shou'd never come here if we cou'd help it. I am sure we wish 'em choak'd when we see them come in; for they bring such good stomachs from St. James's Park, or rambling about in the streets, that we poor Waiters have not a bit left; 'tis well if we can keep our money in our Pockets for 'em; I am sure I have paid seventeen and six pence in half Crowns for Coach hire at several times for a little damn'd taring Lady, and when I ask't her for it agen one morning in her Chamber, she bid me pay my self, for she had no money: but I wanted the Courage of a Gentleman; besides the Lord that kept her, was a good Customer to our House, and my Friend, and I made a Conscience of wronging him.

*Ger.* A man of Honour!

*Monf.* Vert & bleu, pleasent, pleasent, mon foy.

*Ger.* Go, go, Sirrah, shut the door, I hear'em coming up.

*Wait.* Indeed, I dare not; they'll kick me down stairs, if I should.

*Ger.* Go you, Rascal, I say.

*The Waiter shuts the door, 'tis thrust open agen, Enter Flounce and Flirte in Vizards, striking the Waiter, and come up to the Table.*

*Ger.* Flounce and Flirte upon my life. *[Aside.]*

Ladies, I am sorry you have no Volunteers in your Service; this is meer pressing, and argues a great necessity you have for men.

*Floun.* You need not be afraid, Sir, we will use no violence to you, you are not fit for our Service; we know you——

*Flirt.* The hot Service you have been in formerly, makes you unfit for ours now; besides, you begin to be something too old for us, we are for the brisk Hoaza's of seventeen or eighteen.

*Ger.* Nay, 'faith, I am not too old yet, but an old acquaintance will make any man old; besides, to tell you the truth, you are come a little too early for me, for I am not drunk yet; but there are your brisk young men who are always drunk, and perhaps have the happiness not to know you.

*Floun.* The happiness not to know us!

*Flirt.* The happiness not to know us!

*Ger.* Be not angry, Ladies; 'tis rather happiness to have pleasure to come, than to have it past, and therefore these Gentlemen are happy in not knowing you.

*Mart.* I'de have you to know, I do know the Ladies too, and I will not lose the honour of the Ladies acquaintance for any thing.

*Floun.* Not for the pleasure of beginning an acquaintance with us, as Mr. Gerrard says: but it is the general vanity of you Town-Fops to lay claim to all good acquaintance and persons of Honour; you cannot let a Woman pass in the Mall at midnight, but damn you, you know her strait, you know her; but you wou'd be damn'd before you wou'd say so much for one in a Mercers Shop.

# THE GENTLEMAN DANCING-MASTER

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*Ger.* He has spoken it in a *French-house*, where he has very good credit and I dare swear you may make him eat his words.

*Monf.* She does want a Gown indeed: she is in her *disshabillee*, this *disshabillee*, is a great Mode in *England*; the Women love the *disshabillee* as well as the men, *ma foy*. [Peeping under her Scarff.

*Flirt.* Well: if we should stay and sup with you, I warrant you wou'd be bragging of it to morrow amongst your Comrades that you had the Company of two Women of Quality at the *French-house*, and name us.

*Mart.* Pleasant Jilts. [Aside.

*Ger.* No upon our Honours, we should not brag of your Company.

*Floun.* Upon your Honours?

*Mart.* No faith.

*Floun.* Come, we will venture to sit down then: yet I know the vanity of you men; you cou'd not contain your selves from bragging.

*Ger.* No, no! you Women now adays have found out the pleasure of bragging, and will allow it the men no longer.

*Mart.* Therefore indeed we dare not stay to sup with you; for you wou'd be sure to tell on't.

*Ger.* And we are young men who stand upon our Reputations.

*Floun.* You are very pleasant, Gentlemen.

*Mart.* And for my part I am to be marry'd shortly, and know 'twould quickly come to my Mistresses's ear.

*Ger.* And for my part I must go visit to morrow morning be-times a new City-Mistress, and you know they are as inquisitive as precise in the City.

*Flirt.* Come, come! pray leave this fooling; sit down agen, and let us bespeak Supper.

*Ger.* No 'faith, I dare not.

*Mart.* Besides, we have supp'd.

*Floun.* No matter, we only desire you shou'd look on, while we eat, and put the glafs about, or so. [Ger. and Mar. offer to go out.

*Flirt.* Pray, stay.

*Ger.* Upon my life I dare not.

*Floun.* Upon our Honours we will not tell, if you are in earnest.

*Ger.* P'fhaw, p'fhaw—I know the vanity of you Women, you cou'd not contain your selves from bragging.

*Monf.* *Ma foy!* is it certain! ha, ha, ha! hark you Madam! can't you fare-well, but you must cry Roast-meat?

You'll spoil your Trade by bragging of your gains,  
The silent Sow (Madam) does eat most Grains.

—da—

*Flirt.* Your Servant, Monsieur Fop.

*Floun.* Nay, faith, do not go, we will no more tell——

## THE GENTLEMAN DANCING-MASTER

*Monf.* Then you would of a Clapè, if you had it, dat's the only secreet you can keep Jarnie.

*Mart.* I am glad we are rid of these Jilts.

*Ger.* And we have taken a very ridiculous occasion.

*Monf.* Wàt! must we leave the Lady then, dis is dam Civilitie *Englis'* mon foy.

*Flirt.* Nay, Sir, you have too much of the *French* Eyre to have so little honour and good breeding. *[Pulling him back.]*

*Monf.* Deè you tinkè so then sweet Madam, I have muh of de *French* Eyre?

*Flirt.* More then any *French*-man breathing.

*Monf.* Auh, you are the curtoise Dame, mort-bleu, I shall stay then, if you think so. Monsieur *Gerrard*, you will be certain to see the Lady to morrow, pray not forget, ha, ha, ha.

*Ger.* No, no, Sir.

*Mart.* You will go then?

*Ger.* I will go on a Fools Errand for once. *[Exeunt Gerrard and Martin.]*

*Floun.* What will you eat, Sir?

*Monf.* Wát you please, Madamè.

*Floun.* De hear, Waiter, then some young Partridge.

*Wait.* What else, Madam?

*Flirt.* Some Ruffes.

*Wait.* What else, Madam?

*Flirt.* Some young Pheasants.

*Wait.* What else, Madam?

*Flirt.* Some young Rabits, I love Rabits.

*Wait.* What else, Madam?

*Floun.* Stay——

*Monf.* Dis *Englis* Waiter wit his wát else, Madam, will ruine me, testè non. *[Aside.]*

*Wait.* What else, Madam?

*Monf.* Wát else, Madam, agen! call up the *French* Waiter.

*Wait.* What else, Madam?

*Monf.* Again, call up the *French* Waiter or Quesinièr, morttestè-ventrè, vitè, vitè——Auh, Madam, the stupidity of the *Englis'* Waiter, I hate the *Englis'* Waiter, mon foy. *[Ex. Waiter.]*

*Flirt.* Be not in passion, dear Monsieur.

*Monf.* I kifs your hand obligeante, Madam.

*Enter a French Scullion.*

Cherè Pierot, Serviteur, Serviteur,  
or ca a manger.

*[Kisses the Scullion.]*

*Scull.* En voulez vous de Cram Schiquin.



## THE GENTLEMAN DANCING-MASTER

*Floun.* Yes.

*Scull.* De Partrifh, de Fayfan, de Quailles.

*Monf.* This Bougre vil ruinè me too, but he fpeak wit dát bel Eyrè and graccè. I cannot bid him hold his tongue, ventre, c'est affey, Pierot, vat-èn.

[*Ex.* *Scull.* and returns.]

*Scull.* And de litèl plate dè——

*Monf.* Jarnie, vat-èn.

[*Exit* *Scull.* and returns.]

*Scull.* And de litèl plate dè——

*Monf.* De grace go dy way.

[*Exit* *Scull.* and returns.]

*Scull.* And de litèl dè——

*Monf.* De Fourmage, de Brie, vat-èn, go, go.

*Floun.* What's that Cheefe that stinks?

*Monf.* Ay, ay, be fure it stinkè extremèté, Pierot vat-èn; but ftaÿ till I drink dy health, here's to dat pretty Fellow's health, Madam.

*Flirt.* Muft we drink the Scullion's health?

*Monf.* Auh, you will not be difobligeant, Madam, he is the Quifinier for a Cardinal or *French* Abbot.

[*drinks.*]

*Floun.* But how fhall we divertife our felves till Supper be ready?

*Flirt.* Can we have better Divertifement than this Gentleman?

*Floun.* But I think we had better carry the Gentleman home with us, and becaufe it is already late, fup at home, and divertife the Gentleman at Cards, till it be ready, de' hear, Waiter, let it be brought when 'tis ready to my Lodging hard by, in *Mustard-Alley*, at the Sign of the *Crooked-Billet*!

*Monf.* At the *Crooked-Billet*!

*Flirt.* Come, Sir, come.

*Monf.* Mort-bleu, I have take the Vow (fince my laft Clap) never to go again to the Bourdel.

*Floun.* What is the Bourdel?

*Monf.* How call you the name of your Houfe?

*Flirt.* The *Crooked-Billet*.

*Monf.* No, no, the——Bawdy-houfe, vert and bleu.

*Floun.* How, our Lodging! we'd have you know——

*Monf.* Auh, mor-bleu, I wou'd not know it, de *Crookè-Billet*, hah, ha.

*Flirt.* Come, Sir.

*Monf.* Befides, if I go wit you to the Bourdel, you will tell, mort-blue.

*Floun.* Fie, fie, come along.

*Monf.* Befide, I am to be marry'd within thefe two days, if you fhould tell now.

*Flirt.* Come, come along, we will not tell.

*Monf.* But will you promife then to have the care of my honour, pray, good Madam, have de care of my honeur, pray have de care of my honeur. Will you have care of my honeur? pray have de care of my honeur, and do not tell, if you can help it; pray, dear Madam, do not tell. [*Kneels to 'em.*]

## THE GENTLEMAN DANCING-MASTER

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*Flirt.* I wou'd not tell for fear of losing you, my Love for you will make me secret.

*Monf.* Why, do you love me?

*Flirt.* Indeed I cannot help telling you now what my modesty ought to conceal, but my eyes wou'd disclose it too. I have a passion for you, Sir.

*Monf.* A passion for me!

*Flirt.* An extreme passion, dear Sir, you are so *French*, so mightily *French*, so agreeable *French*; but I'll tell you more of my heart at home: come along.

*Monf.* But is your patiòn sincere?

*Flirt.* The truest in the World.

*Monf.* Well then, I'll venture my body wit thee for one night.

*Flirt.* For one night, don't you believe that, and so you wou'd leave me to morrow; but I love you so, I cannot part with you, you must keep me for good and all, if you will have me. I can't leave you for my heart.

*Monf.* How, keep, Jarniè, de Whore *Englis'* have notingè but keepè, keepè in dere mouths now a-days, testè non: formerly 'twas enoughe to keep de shild, ma foy.

*Flirt.* Nay, I will be kept, else—but come we'll talk on't at home.

*Monf.* Umh———so, so, ver vèl de Amourè of de Whore does alway end in keep, ha! keep, may foy, keep, ha———

*The Punck that entertains you wit' her passion,  
Is like kind Host who makes the Invitation,  
At your own cost, to his fort bon Collation.*

[*Ex.*]

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## ACT II. SCENE I.

### Don Diego's House in the Morning.

*Enter Don Diego in the Spanish Habit, Mrs. Caution his Sister.*

*Don Dieg.* **H**Ave you had a *Spanish* care of the Honour of my Family? that is to say, have you kept my Daughter close in my absence? as I directed.

*Caut.* I have, Sir; but it was as much as I cou'd do.

*Don.* I knew that; for 'twas as much as I cou'd do to keep up her Mother. I that have been in *Spain*, look you.

*Caut.* Nay, 'tis a hard task to keep up an *English* Woman.

## THE GENTLEMAN DANCING-MASTER

*Don.* As hard as it is for those who are not kept up to be honest, look you con *Licentia* Sister.

*Caut.* How now, Brother ! I am fure my Husband never kept me up.

*Don.* I knew that, therefore I cryed con *Licentia* Sister, as the *Spaniards* have it.

*Caut.* But you *Spaniards* are too censorious, Brother.

*Don.* You *English* Women, Sister, give us too much cause (look you) but you are fure my Daughter has not seen a man since my departure ?

*Caut.* No, not so much as a Church-man.

*Don.* As a Church-man (*Voto*) I thank you for that, not a Church-man ! not a Church-man !

*Caut.* No, not so much as a Church-man ; but of any, one wou'd think one might trust a Church-man.

*Don.* No, we are bold enough in trusting them with our Souls, I'll never trust 'em with the body of my Daughter, look you *Guarda*, you see what comes of trusting Church-men here in *England* ; and 'tis because the Women govern the Families, that Chaplains are so much in fashion. Trust a Church-man——trust a Coward with your honour, a Fool, with your secret, a Gamester with your purse, as soon as a Priest with your Wife or Daughter, look you, *Guarda*, I am no Fool, look you.

*Caut.* Nay, I know you are a wife man, Brother.

*Don.* Why, Sister, I have been fifteen years in *Spain* for it, at several times, look you : Now, in *Spain*, he is wise enough that is grave ; politick enough, that says little ; and honourable enough that is jealous ; and though I say it, that shou'd not say it, I am as grave, grum and jealous, as any *Spaniard* breathing.

*Caut.* I know you are, Brother.

*Don.* And I will be a *Spaniard* in every thing still, and will not conform, not I, to their ill-favour'd *English* Customs, for I will wear my *Spanish* Habit still, I will stroke my *Spanish* Whiskers still, and I will eat my *Spanish* Olio still ; and my Daughter shall go a Maid to her Husbands Bed, let the *English* Custom be what 'twill : I wou'd fain see any finical cunning, insinuating Monsieur, of the age, debauch, or steal away my Daughter ; but well, has she seen my Cousin ? How long has he been in *England* ?

*Caut.* These three days.

*Don.* And she has seen him, has she ? I was contented he shou'd see her intending him for her Husband ; but she has seen no body else upon your certain knowledge ?

*Caut.* No, no, alas ! how shou'd she ? 'ts impossible she shou'd.

*Don.* Where is her Chamber ? pray let me see her.

*Caut.* You'll find her, poor Creature, asleep, I warrant you : or if awake, thinking no hurt, nor of your coming this morning.

*Don.* Let us go to her, I long to see her, poor innocent Wretch. [*Exeunt.*



## THE GENTLEMAN DANCING-MASTER

*Enter Hippolita, Gerrard, and Prue at a distance.*

*Ger.* Am I not come upon your own Summons, Madam? and yet receive me so?

*Hipp.* My Summons, Sir? no I assure you; and if you do not like your reception, I cannot help it; for I am not us'd to receive men, I'de have you to know.

*Ger.* She is beautiful beyond all things I ever saw.

[*Aside.*

*Hipp.* I like him extremely.

[*Aside.*

*Ger.* Come, fairest, why do you frown?

*Hipp.* Because I am angry.

*Ger.* I am come on purpose to please you then, do not receive me so unkindly.

*Hipp.* I tell you, I do not use to receive men; there has not been a man in the House before, but my Cousin, this twelve-month, I'de have you to know.

*Ger.* Then you ought to bid me the more welcome, I'de have you to know.

*Hipp.* What do you mock me too? I know I am but a home-bred-simple Girl, but I thought you Gallants of the Town had been better bred, than to mock a poor Girl in her Fathers own house. I have heard indeed 'tis a part of good breeding to mock people behind their backs, but not to their faces.

*Ger.* Pretty Creature! she has not only the Beauty but the Innocency of an Angel. Mock you, dear Miss! no, I only repeated the [*Aside.* words, because they were yours sweet Miss, what we like we imitate.

*Hipp.* Dear Miss! sweet Miss! how came you and I so well acquainted? This is one of your confident Tricks too, as I have been told, you'll be acquainted with a Woman in the time you can help her over a Bench in the Play-house, or to her Coach: but I need not wonder at your confidence, since you cou'd come in at the great Gallery-window just now. But pray who shall pay for the glafs you have broken?

*Ger.* Pretty Creature! your Father might have made the Window, bigger then, since he has so fine a Daughter, and will not allow people to come in at the door to her.

*Hipp.* A pleasant Man! well, 'tis harder playing the Hypocrite with him, I see, than with my Aunt or Father; and if dissimulation were not very natural to a Woman, I'm sure I cou'd not use it at this time; but the mask of simplicity and innocency is as useful to an intriguing Woman, as the mask of Religion to a States-man, they say.

[*aside.*

*Ger.* Why do you look away, dearest Miss?

*Hipp.* Because you quarrell'd with me just now for frowning upon you, and I cannot help it, if I look upon you.

## THE GENTLEMAN DANCING-MASTER

*Ger.* O let me see that Face at any rate.

*Hipp.* Wou'd you have me frown upon you? for I shall be sure to do't.

*Ger.* Come, I'll stand fair: you have done your worst to my heart already.

*Hipp.* Now I dare not look upon him, least I shou'd not be able to keep my word. [aside.]

*Ger.* Come, I am ready, and yet I am afraid of her frowns. [aside.]  
Come, look, Ih——am ready, Ih——am ready.

*Hipp.* But I am not ready. [aside.]

*Ger.* Turn, dear Mifs, Come, Ih——am ready.

*Hipp.* Are you ready then? I'll look. [Turns upon him.]  
No faith, I cannot frown upon him if I shou'd be hang'd. [aside.]

*Ger.* Dear Mifs, I thank you, that look has no terrour in't.

*Hipp.* No, I cannot frown for my heart for blushing, I don't use to look upon men, you must know.

*Ger.* If it were possible any thing cou'd, those blushes wou'd add to her Beauty: well, bashfulness is the only out-of-fashion thing that is agreeable. [aside.]

*Hipp.* Ih——h——like this man strangely, I was going to say lov'd him. Courage then, *Hippolita*, make use of the only opportunity thou canst have to enfranchise thy self: Women formerly (they say) never knew how to make use of their time till it was past, but let it not be said so of a young Woman of this Age; my damn'd Aunt will be stirring presently: well then, courage, I say; *Hippolita*, thou art full fourteen years old, shift for thy self. [aside.]

*Ger.* So, I have look'd upon her so long, till I am grown bashful too; Love and Modesty come together like Money and Covetousness, and the more we have, the less we can shew it. I dare not look her in the face now, nor speak a word. [aside.]

*Hipp.* What, Sir, methinks you look away now.

*Ger.* Because you wou'd not look upon me, Mifs.

*Hipp.* Nay, I hope you can't look me in the face, since you have done so rude a thing as to come in at the Window upon me; come, come, when once we Women find the men bashful, then we take heart; now I can look upon you as long as you will; let's see if you can frown upon me now!

*Ger.* Lovely Innocency! No, you may swear I can't frown upon you, Mifs.

*Hipp.* So I knew you were ashamed of what you have done; well, since you are ashamed, and because you did not come of your own head, but were sent by my Cousin, you say.

*Ger.* Which I wonder at. [aside.]

*Hipp.* For all these reasons I do forgive you.

*Ger.* In token of your forgiveness then (dearest Mifs) let me have the honour to kiss your hand.

## THE GENTLEMAN DANCING-MASTER

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*Hipp.* Nay, there 'tis, you men are like our little Shock-dogs, if we don't keep you off from us, but use you a little kindly, you grow so fiddling, and so troublesome, there is no enduring you.

*Ger.* O dear Miss, if I am like your Shock-dog, let it be in his Privileges.

*Hipp.* Why, I'd have you know he does not lye with me.

*Ger.* 'Twas well guess'd, Miss, for one so innocent.

*Hipp.* No, I always kick him off from the Bed, and never will let him come near it; for of late indeed (I do not know what's the reason) I don't much care for my Shock-dog nor my Babies.

*Ger.* O then, Miss, I may have hopes; for after the Shock-dog and the Babies, 'tis the mans turn to be below'd.

*Hipp.* Why cou'd you be so good-natur'd as to come after my Shock-dog in my Love? it may be indeed, rather than after one of your Brother-men.

*Ger.* Hah, ha, ha——poor Creature, a Wonder of Innocency!

*Hipp.* But I see you are humble, because you wou'd kifs my hand.

*Ger.* No, I am ambitious therefore.

*Hipp.* Well, all this fooling but loses time, I must make better use of it.

I wou'd let you kifs my hand, but then I'm afraid you wou'd take hold of me and carry me away. *[aside.*

*Ger.* Indeed I wou'd not.

*Hipp.* Come I know you wou'd.

*Ger.* Truly I wou'd not.

*Hipp.* You wou'd, you wou'd, I know you wou'd.

*Ger.* I'll swear I wo' not——by——

*Hipp.* Nay, don't swear for you'll be the apter to do it then, I wou'd not have him forswear it neither; he does not like me sure well enough to carry me away. *[aside.*

*Ger.* Dear Miss, let me kifs your hand.

*Hipp.* I am sure you wou'd carry me away, if I shou'd.

*Ger.* Be not afraid of it.

*Hipp.* Nay! I am afraid of the contrary; either he dislikes me, and therefore will not be troubled with me, or what is as bad, he loves me, and is dull, or fearful to displease me. *[aside.*

*Ger.* Trust me, sweetest; I can use no violence to you.

*Hipp.* Nay, I am sure you wou'd carry me away, what shou'd you come in at the Window for, if you did not mean to steal me?

*Ger.* If I shou'd endeavour it, you might cry out, and I shou'd be prevented.

*Hipp.* Dull, dull man of the Town! are all like thee? *[aside.*  
He is as dull as a Country Squire at Questions and Commands. No, if I shou'd cry out never so loud; this is quite at the further end of the House and there no body cou'd hear me.



# THE GENTLEMAN DANCING-MASTER

*Ger.* I will not give you the occasion, Dearest.

*Hipp.* Well! I will quicken thy sense, if it be possible. [*aside.*  
Nay, I know you come to steal me away; because I am an Heiress, and have twelve hundred pound a year, lately left me by my Mothers Brother, which my Father cannot meddle with, and which is the chiefest reason (I suppose) why he keeps me up so close.

*Ger.* Ha!

[*aside.*

*Hipp.* So———this has made him consider, O money, powerful money! how the ugly, old, crooked, straight, handsome young Women are beholding to thee?

*Ger.* Twelve hundred pound a year——

*Hipp.* Besides, I have been told my Fortune, and the Woman said I shou'd be stoln away, because she says 'tis the Fate of Heiresses to be stoln away.

*Ger.* Twelve hundred pound a year——

[*aside.*

*Hipp.* Nay more, she described the man to me, that was to do it, and he was as like you as cou'd be! have you any Brothers?

*Ger.* Not any! 'twas I, I warrant you, Sweetest.

*Hipp.* So he understands himself now.

*Ger.* Well, Madam, since 'twas foretold you, what do you think on't? 'tis in vain, you know, to resist Fate.

*Hipp.* I do know indeed they say, 'tis to no purpose: besides the Woman that told me my Fortune, or you have bewitch'd me.—Ih—think. [*sighs.*

*Ger.* My Soul, my Life, 'tis you have Charms powerful as numberless, especially those of your innocency irresistible, and do surprise the wary'st Heart; such mine was, while I cou'd call it mine, but now 'tis yours for ever.

*Hipp.* Well, well, get you gone then, I'll keep it safe for your sake.

*Ger.* Nay, you must go with me, sweetest.

*Hipp.* Well, I see you will part with the Jewel; but you'll have the keeping of the Cabinet to which you commit it.

*Ger.* Come, come, my Dearest, let us be gone: Fortune as well as Women must be taken in the humour.

*Enter Prue running hastily to stop 'em. Don Diego and Mrs. Caution immediately after.*

*Pru.* O Miss, Miss! your Father, it seems, is just now arriv'd, and here is coming in upon you.

*Hipp.* My Father!

*Don.* My Daughter! and a man!

*Caut.* A man! a man in the House!

*Ger.* Ha!———what mean these! a *Spaniard*.

*Hipp.* What shall I do? stay——nay, pray stir not from me; but lead me about, as if you lead me a Corant. [*Leads her about.*

## THE GENTLEMAN DANCING-MASTER

*Don.* Is this your Government, Sister, and this your innocent Charge, that hath not seen the face of a man this twelve-month, *En hora mala.*

*Caut.* O fure it is not a man, it cannot be a man! [*Puts on her Spectacles.*]

*Don.* It cannot be a man! if he be not a man he's a Devil; he has her lovingly by the hand too, Valga me el Cielo.

*Hipp.* Do not seem to mind them, but dance on, or lead me about still.

*Ger.* What de'e mean by't? [*apart to Hipp.*]

*Don.* Hey! they are frolick, a dancing.

*Caut.* Indeed they are dancing, I think, why Niece?

*Don.* Nay, hold a little: I'll make 'em dance in the Devils name, but it shall not be la Gaillarda! [*Draws his Sword, Caution holds him.*]

*Caut.* O Niece! why Niece!

*Ger.* Do you hear her? what do you mean? [*apart to Hipp.*]

*Hipp.* Take no notice of them; but walk about still, and sing a little, sing a Corant.

*Ger.* I can't sing; but I'll hum, if you will.

*Don.* Are you so merry? Well, I'll be with you, en hora mala.

*Caut.* Oh Niece, Niece, why Niece, Oh——

*Don.* Why, Daughter, my dainty Daughter, my shame, my ruine, my plague. [*Struggling gets from Caution, goes towards 'em with his Sword drawn.*]

*Hipp.* Mind him not, but dance and sing on.

*Ger.* A pretty time to dance and sing indeed, when I have a *Spaniard* with naked Toledo at my tail: no, pray excuse me, Mifs, from fooling any longer.

*Hipp.* O my Father! my Father! poor Father! you are welcome pray give me your blessing. [*Turning about.*]

*Don.* My blessing, en hora mala.

*Hipp.* What, am I not your Daughter, Sir?

*Don.* My Daughter, mi mal, mi muertè.

*Hipp.* My name's *Hippolita*, Sir, I don't own your *Spanish* names; but pray Father, why do you frighten one so! you know I don't love to see a Sword: what do you mean to do with that ugly thing out?

*Don.* I'll shew you, Trayidor Ladron, demi houra, thou dy'ft.

[*Runs at Ger.*]

*Ger.* Not if I can help it, good *Don*; but by the names you give me, I find you mistake your man, I suppose some *Spaniard* has affronted you.

[*Draws.*]

*Don.* None but thee, Ladron, and thou dy'ft for't.

[*Fight.*]

*Caut.* Oh, oh, oh——help, help, help.

*Hipp.* Oh——what will you kill my poor Dancing-Master? [*Kneels.*]

*Don.* A Dancing-master, he's a Fencing master rather, I think. But is he your Dancing-master? Umph——

*Ger.* So much Wit and Innocency were never together before. [*aside.*]

# THE GENTLEMAN DANCING-MASTER

*Don.* Is he a Dancing-master?

[*Pausing.*

*Caut.* Is he a Dancing-master? He does not look like a Dancing-master.

*Hipp.* Pish———you don't know a Dancing-master, you have not seen one these three score years, I warrant.

*Caut.* No matter; but he does not look like a Dancing-master.

*Don.* Nay, nay, Dancing-masters look like Gentlemen, enough, Sister; but he's no Dancing-master by drawing his Sword so briskly: those tripping outsides of Gentlemen are like Gentlemen enough in every thing but in drawing a Sword, and since he is a Gentleman, he shall dye by mine.

*Hipp.* Oh, hold, hold.

[*Fight agen.*

*Caut.* Hold, hold! pray, Brother let's talk with him a little first, I warrant you I shall trap him, and if he confesses, you may kill him; for those that confess, they say, ought to be hang'd——let's see——

*Ger.* Poor *Hippolita*, I wish I had not had this occasion of admiring thy Wit; I have increased my Love, whilst I have lost my hopes, the common Fate of poor Lovers.

[*Aside.*

*Caut.* Come, you are guilty by that hanging down of your head. Speak, are you a Dancing-master? Speak, speak, a Dancing-master?

*Ger.* Yes, forsooth, I am a Dancing-master, ay, ay——

*Don.* How do's it appear?

*Hipp.* Why there is his Fiddle, there upon the Table, Father.

*Caut.* No busie-body, but it is not——that is my Nephews Fiddle.

*Hipp.* Why, he lent it to my Cousin; I tell you it is his.

*Caut.* Nay, it may be indeed, he might lend it him, for ought I know.

*Don.* I, I, but ask him, Sister, if he be a Dancing-master, where?

*Caut.* Pray, Brother, let me alone with him, I know what to ask him, sure!

*Don.* What will you be wiser then I? nay, then stand away. Come, if you are a Dancing-master; where's your School? adondè, adondè.

*Caut.* Why, he'll say, may be, he has ne'er a one.

*Don.* Who ask'd you, nimble Chaps? So you have put an Excuse in his head.

*Ger.* Indeed, Sir, 'tis no Excuse, I have no School.

*Caut.* Well! but who sent you, how came you hither?

*Ger.* There I am puzl'd indeed.

[*aside.*

*Caut.* How came you hither, I say? how——

*Ger.* Why, how, how, how shou'd I come hither?

*Don.* Ay, how shou'd he come hither? upon his Legs.

*Caut.* So, so, now you have put an Excuse in his head too, that you have, so you have, but stay——

*Don.* Nay, with your favour, Mistress, I'll ask him now.

*Caut.* Y' facks; but you shan't, I'll ask him, and ask you no favour that I will.



## THE GENTLEMAN DANCING-MASTER

*Don.* Y' fackins; but you shan't ask him, if you go there to, look you, you Prattle-box you, I'll ask him.

*Caut.* I will ask him, I say, come.

*Don.* Where.

*Caut.* What.

*Don.* Mine's a shrewd question.

*Caut.* Mine's as shrewd as yours.

*Don.* Nay then we shall have it, come, answer me, where's your Lodging? come, come, Sir.

*Caut.* A shrewd question indeed, at the Surgeons Arms I warrant in—— for 'tis Spring-time, you know.

*Don.* Must you make lyes for him?

*Caut.* But come, Sir, what's your Name? answer me to that, come.

*Don.* His Name, why 'tis an easie matter to tell you a false Name, I hope.

*Caut.* So, must you teach him to cheat us?

*Don.* Why did you say my questions were not shrewd questions then?

*Caut.* And why wou'd you not let me ask him the question then? Brother.

Brother, ever while you live for all your *Spanish* wisdom, let an old Woman make discoveries, the young Fellows cannot cheat us in any thing, I'de have you to know; set your old Woman still to grope out an Intrigue, because you know the Mother found her Daughter in the Oven: a word to the wife, Brother.

*Don.* Come, come, leave this tattling; he has dishonour'd my Family, debauch'd my Daughter, and what if he cou'd excuse himself? the *Spanish* Proverb says, Excuses neither satisfy Creditors nor the injur'd; the wounds of Honour must have blood and wounds, St. Jago para mi.

[*Kisses the Crofs of his Sword, and runs at Gerrard.*]

*Hipp.* Oh hold! dear Father, and I'll confess all.

*Ger.* She will not, sure, after all.

[*Aside.*]

*Hipp.* My Cousin sent him, because, as he said, he wou'd have me recover my Dancing a little before our Wedding, having made a Vow he wou'd never marry a Wife who cou'd not dance a Corant. I am sure I was unwilling, but he wou'd have him come, saying, I was to be his Wife, as soon as you came, and therefore expected obedience from me.

*Don.* Indeed the venture is most his, and the shame wou'd be most his; for I know here in *England* 'tis not the custom of the Father to be much concern'd what the Daughter does, but I will be a *Spaniard* still.

*Hipp.* Did not you hear him say last night he wou'd send me one this morning?

*Caut.* No not I sure. If I had, he had never come here.

*Hipp.* Indeed, Aunt, you grow old, I see, your memory fails you very much. Did not you hear him, *Prue*, say he wou'd send him to me?

## THE GENTLEMAN DANCING-MASTER

*Prue.* Yes, I'll be sworn did I.

*Hipp.* Look you there, Aunt.

*Caut.* I wonder I should not remember it.

*Don.* Come, come, you are a doting old Fool.

*Caut.* So, so, the fault will be mine now. But pray, Mistress, how did he come in: I am sure I had the Keys of the Doors, which till your Father came in, were not open'd to day.

*Hipp.* He came in just after my Father, I suppose.

*Caut.* It might be indeed while the Porters brought in the things, and I was talking with you.

*Don.* O might he so, forsooth; you are a brave Governantè, look you, you a *Duenna voto*——and not know who comes in and out.

*Caut.* So, 'twas my fault, I know.

*Don.* Your Maid was in the Room with you! was she not, Child?

*Hipp.* Yes indeed, and indeed, Father, all the while.

*Don.* Well, Child, I am satisfi'd then; but I hope he does not use the Dancing-masters tricks of squeezing your hands, setting your Legs and Feet, by handling your Thighs, and seeing your Legs.

*Hipp.* No indeed, Father; I'd give him a Box on the Ear, if he shou'd.

*Don.* Poor Innocent! Well I am contented you shou'd learn to dance; since, for ought I know, you shall be marry'd to morrow, or the next day at farthest, by that time you may recover a Corant, a Saraband I wou'd say; and since your Cousin too will have a dancing Wife, it shall be so, and I'll see you dance my self, you shall be my Charge these two days, and then I dare venture you in the hand of any Dancing-master, even a sawcy *French* Dancing-master, look you.

*Caut.* Well, have a care though; for this man is not drefs'd like a Dancing-master.

*Don.* Go, go, you dote, are they not (for the most part) better drefs'd and prouder than many a good Gentleman? you wou'd be wiser than I, wou'd you *Querno*——

*Caut.* Well, I say only look to't, look to't.

*Don.* Hey, hey! come, Friend, to your bus'ness, teach her her Lesson over again, let's see.

*Hipp.* Come, Master.

*Don.* Come, come, let's see your *English* Method, I understand something of Dancing my self——come.

*Hipp.* Come, Master.

*Ger.* I shall betray you yet, dearest Miss, for I know not a step, I cou'd never dance.

[*apart to Hipp.*

*Hipp.* No!

*Don.* Come, come, Child.

*Hipp.* Indeed I'm asham'd, Father.

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*Don.* You must not be ashamed, Child, you'll never dance well, if you are ashamed.

*Hipp.* Indeed I can't help it, Father.

*Don.* Come, come, I say, go to't.

*Hipp.* Indeed I can't, Father, before you; 'tis my first Lesson, and I shall do it so ill: pray, good Father, go into the next Room for this once, and the next time my Master comes, you shall see I shall be confident enough.

*Don.* Poor-foolish-innocent Creature; well, well, I will, Child, who but a *Spanish* kind of a Father could have so innocent a Daughter, in *England*? well I would fain see any one steal or debauch my Daughter from me.

*Hipp.* Nay, won't you go, Father!

*Don.* Yes, yes, I go, Child, we will all go but your Maid; you can dance before your Maid.

*Hipp.* Yes, yes, Father, a Maid at most times with her Mistress is no body. [Ex. Diego and Mrs. Caution.]

*Ger.* He peeps yet at the door.

*Hipp.* Nay, Father, you peep, indeed you must not see me, when we have done you shall come in. [She pulls the door to.]

*Pru.* Indeed, little Mistress, like the young Kitten, you see, you play'd with your prey, till you had almost lost it!

*Hipp.* 'Tis true, a good old Mouster like you, had taken it up, and run away with it presently.

*Ger.* Let me adore you, dearest Miss, and give you——

[Going to embrace her.]

*Hipp.* No, no embracing good Mr. that ought to be the last Lesson you are to teach me, I have heard.

*Ger.* Though an after-Game be the more tedious and dangerous, 'tis won, Miss, with the more honour and pleasure; for all that I repent we were put to't; the coming in of your Father as he did, was the most unlucky thing that ever befel me.

*Hipp.* What, then you think I would have gone with you.

*Ger.* Yes, and will go with me yet, I hope, courage, Miss, we have yet an opportunity, and the Gallery-window is yet open.

*Hipp.* No, no, if I went, I would go for good and all; but now my Father will soon come in again, and may quickly overtake us, besides, now I think on't, you are a Stranger to me. I know not where you live, nor whither you might carry me; for ought I know, you might be a Spirit, and carry me to *Barbadoes*.

*Ger.* No, dear Miss, I would carry you to Court, the Play-Houses, and Hide-Park——

*Hipp.* Nay, I know 'tis the trick of all you that Spirit Women away to speak 'em mighty fair at first; but when you have got 'em in your Clutches,



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you carry 'em into *Yorkshire, Wales, or Cornwall*, which is as bad as to *Barbadoes*, and rather than be served so, I would be a Pris'ner in *London* still as I am.

*Ger.* I see the Air of this Town, without the pleasures of it, is enough to infect Women with an aversion for the Country. Well Miss, since it seems you have some diffidence in me, give me leave to visit you as your Dancing-master, now you have honour'd me with the Character, and under that, I may have your Father's permission to see you, till you may better know me and my heart, and have a better opportunity to reward it.

*Hipp.* I am afraid, to know your heart, would require a great deal of time, and my Father intends to marry me, very suddenly, to my Cousin who sent you hither.

*Ger.* Pray, sweet Miss, let us make the better use of our time, if it be short: but how shall we do with that Cousin of yours in the mean time, we must needs charm him?

*Hipp.* Leave that to me!

*Ger.* But what's worse! How shall I be able to act a Dancing-master? who ever wanted inclination and patience to learn my self.

*Hipp.* A Dancing-School, in half an hour, will furnish you with terms of the Art. Besides, Love (as I have heard say) supplies his Scholars with all sorts of Capacities they have need of in spite of Nature, but what has Love to do with you?

*Ger.* Love, indeed, has made a grave Gouty Statesman fight Duels; the Souldier flye from his Colours, a Pedant a fine Gentleman; nay, and the very Lawyer a Poet, and therefore may make me a Dancing-Master.

*Hipp.* If he were your Master.

*Ger.* I'm sure, dearest Miss, there is nothing else which I cannot do for you already, and therefore may hope to succeed in that.

*Enter Don Diego.*

*Don.* Come, have you done?

*Hipp.* O! My Father agen.

*Don.* Come, now let us see you Dance.

*Hipp.* Indeed, I am not perfect yet, pray excuse me till the next time my Master comes: But when must he come agen, Father?

*Don.* Let me see, Friend, you must needs come after Dinner agen, and then at Night agen, and so three times to morrow too. If she be not marry'd to morrow (which I am to consider of) she will Dance a Corant in twice or thrice teaching more, will she now? For 'tis but a twelve-month since she came from *Hackney-School*.

*Ger.* We will lose no time, I warrant you, Sir, if she be to be marry'd to morrow.

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*Don.* Truly, I think, she may be marry'd to morrow, therefore I would not have you lose any time, look you.

*Ger.* You need not caution me I warrant you, Sir, sweet Scholar, your humble Servant, I will not fail you immediately after Dinner.

*Don.* No, no, pray do not, and I will not fail to satisfy you very well, look you.

*Hipp.* He does not doubt his reward, Father, for his pains. If you should not, I would make that good to him.

*Don.* Come, let us go in to your Aunt, I must talk with you both together, Child. *[Ex. Ger. Don.]*

*Hipp.* I follow you, Sir.

*Pru.* Here's the Gentlewoman o'th' next House come to see you, Mistress.

*Hipp.* She's come, as if she came expressly to sing the new Song she sung last Night; I must hear it, for 'tis to my purpose now. *[Aside.]*  
Madam, your Servant, I dream't all night of the Song you sung last, the new Song against delays in Love: pray let's hear it again.

## SING S.

### 1.

*Since we poor slavish Women know  
Our men we cannot pick and choose,  
To him we like, why say we no?  
And both our time and Lover lose.*

*With feign'd repulses, and delays  
A Lover's appetite we pall;  
And if too long the Gallant stays,  
His stomach's gone for good and all.*

### 2.

*Or our impatient am'rous Guest,  
Unknown to us, away may steal,  
And rather than stay for a Feast,  
Take up with some coarse ready meal.*

*When opportunity is kind,  
Let prudent Woman be so too;  
And if the man be to your mind,  
Till needs you must, ne're let him go.*

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3.

*The Match soon made is happy still.  
For only Love has there to do;  
Let no one marry 'gainst her will,  
But stand off, when her Parents woo.*

*And only to their Suits be coy,  
For she whom Foynter can obtain,  
To let a Fop her Bed enjoy,  
Is but a lawful Wench for gain.*

*Prue.* Your Father calls for you, Miss. *[steps to the door.*

*Hipp.* I come, I come. I must be obedient as long as I am with him. *[pausing.*

*Our Parents who restrain our liberty,  
But take the course to make us sooner free,  
Though all we gain be but new slavery;  
We leave our Fathers, and to Husbands fly.* *[Exeunt.*

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## ACT III. SCENE I.

*Don Diego's House.*

*Enter Monsieur, Hippolita, and Prue.*

*Monf.* **S**erviteur, Serviteur, la Cousin, your Maid told me she watch'd at the stair-foot for my coming, because you had a mind to speak with me before I saw your Fadèr, it seem.

*Hipp.* I wou'd so indeed, Cousin.

*Monf.* Or ca, Or ca, I know your affair, it is to tell me wat recreation you adè with Monsieur *Gerrard*; but did he come, I was afraid he wou'd not come.

*Hipp.* Yes, yes, he did come.

*Monf.* Ha, ha, ha——and were you not infiniment divertisèè and pleasè, confèss.

*Hipp.* I was indeed, Cousin, I was very well pleas'd.

*Monf.* I do tinkè so. I did tinkè to come and be divertisèè my self this morning with the sight of his reception; but I did ran'counter last night

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wit dam Company dát keep me up so late I cou'd not rise in dè morning.  
Mala-pestè de Puteins——

*Hipp.* Indeed we wanted you here mightily, Cousin.

*Monf.* To elpè you to laugh; for if I adde been here, I had made such recreation wid dát Coxcomb *Gerrard*.

*Hipp.* Indeed, Cousin! you need not have any subject or property to make one laugh, you are so pleasant your self, and when you are but alone, you wou'd make one burst.

*Monf.* Am I so happy, Cousin? then in the bón quality of making people laugh.

*Hipp.* Mighty happy, Cousin.

*Monf.* De gracè.

*Hipp.* Indeed!

*Monf.* Nay, fans vanitiè I observe wherefoe'er, I come, I make every body merry, fans vanitiè——da——

*Hipp.* I do believe you do.

*Monf.* Nay, as I marchè in de street I can make de dull Apprenty laugh and sneer.

*Hipp.* This Fool, I see, is as apt as an ill Poet to mistake the contempt and scorn of people for applause and admiration. [*aside*.

*Monf.* Ah, Cousin, you see wát it is to have been in *France*; before I went into *France* I cou'd get no body to laugh at me, ma foy.

*Hipp.* No! truly Cousin, I think you deserv'd it before, but you are improv'd indeed by going into *France*.

*Monf.* Ay, ay, the *French* Education make us propre á tout; beside, Cousin, you must know to play the Fool is the Science in *France*, and I diddè go to the *Italian* Academy at *Paris* thrice a week to learn to play de Fool of Signior *Scaramouchè*, who is the most excellent Personage in the World for dat Noble Science. *Angel* is a dam *English* Fool to him.

*Hipp.* Methinks now *Angel* is a very good Fool.

*Monf.* Nauh, nauh, *Nokes* is a better Fool, but indeed the *Englis'* are not fit to be Fools; here are vèr few good Fools. 'Tis true, you have many a young Cavalier, who go over into *France* to learn to be the Buffoon; but for all dat, dey return but mauvais Buffoon. Jarniè.

*Hipp.* I'm fure, Cousin, you have lost no time there.

*Monf.* Auh lè bravè *Scaramouchè*.

*Hipp.* But is it a Science in *France*, Cousin? and is there an Academy for Fooling: fure none go to it but Players.

*Monf.* Dey are Comedians dát are de Matrès, but all the beaux monde go to learn, as they do here of *Angel* and *Nokes*; for if you did go abroad into Company, you wou'd find the best almost of de Nation conning in all places the Lessòns which dey have learnt of the Fools, dere Matrès, *Nokes* and *Angel*.

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*Hipp.* Indeed!

*Monf.* Yes, yes, dey are the Gens de quality that practice dat Science most, and the most ambitieux; for Fools and Buffoons have been always most welcome to Courts, and desir'd in all Companies. Auh to be de Fool, de Buffoon, is to be de greatè Perfonagè.

*Hipp.* Fools have Fortune, they say, indeed.

*Monf.* So say old *Senèque*.

*Hipp.* Well, Cousin (not to make you proud) you are the greatest Fool in *England*, I am sure.

*Monf.* Non, non, de gracè, non, *Nokes* dè Comedian is a pretty man, a pretty man for a Comedian, da——

*Hipp.* You are modest, Cousin; but least my Father shou'd come in presently (which he will do as soon as he knows you are here) I must give you a Caution, which 'tis fit you shou'd have before you see him.

*Monf.* Wel, vèl, Cousin, vat is dat ?

*Hipp.* You must know then (as commonly the conclusion of all mirth is sad) after I had a good while pleas'd my self in jesting and leading the poor Gentleman you sent into a Fools Paradise, and almost made him believe I wou'd go away with him, my Father coming home this morning, came in upon us, and caught him with me.

*Monf.* Mala-pestè.

*Hipp.* And drew his Sword upon him, and wou'd have kill'd him; for you know my Fathers *Spanish* fierceness and jealousy.

*Monf.* But how did he come off then? testè nòn.

*Hipp.* In short, I was fain to bring him off by saying he was my Dancing-master.

*Monf.* Hah, ha, ha, vèr good Jestè.

*Hipp.* I was unwilling to have the poor man kill'd you know for our foolish Frolick with him; but then upon my Aunts and Fathers inquiry, how he came in, and who sent him; I was forc'd to say you did, desiring I shou'd be able to dance a Corant before our Wedding.

*Monf.* A vèr good Jest——da——still bettrè as bettrè.

*Hipp.* Now all that I am to desire of you, is to owne you sent him, that I may not be caught in a lye.

*Monf.* Yes, yes, a ver good Jest, *Gerrard*, a Mastrè de Dance, hah, ha, ha.

*Hipp.* Nay, the Jest is like to be better yet; for my Father himself has oblig'd him now to come and teach me: So that now he must take the Dancing-master upon him, and come three or four times to me before our Wedding, lest my Father, if he shou'd come no more, shou'd be suspicious I had told him a lye: and (for ought I know) if he shou'd know or but guess he were not a Dancing-master, in his *Spanish* strictness and Punctillioes of Honour he might kill me, as the shame and stain of his Honour and Family, which he talks of so much. Now you know the jealous cruel Fathers in

## THE GENTLEMAN DANCING-MASTER

*Spain* serve their poor innocent Daughters often so, and he is more than a *Spaniard*.

*Monf.* Non, non, fear noting, I warrant you he shall come as often as you will to the house, and your Father shall never know who he is till we are marry'd; but then I'll tell him all for the Jest's sake.

*Hipp.* But will you keep my Counsel, dear Cousin, till we are marry'd ?

*Monf.* Poor, dear Fool, I warrant thee, mon foy.

*Hipp.* Nay, what a Fool am I indeed, for you wou'd not have me kill'd: you love me too well sure; to be an Instrument of my death;

*Enter Don Diego walking gravely, a little Black behind him.*

*Mrs. Caution.*

But here comes my Father, remember.

*Monf.* I would no more tell him of it, then I would tell you if I had been with a Wench, Jarnie——she's afraid to be kill'd, poor Wretch, and he's a capricious jealous Fop enough to do't, but here he comes. [*aside.* I'll keep thy Counsel I warrant thee, my dear Soul, mon petit Cœur.

*Hipp.* Peace, peace, my Father's coming this way.

*Monf.* I, but by his march he won't be near enough to hear us this half hour, hah, ha, ha.

[*Don Diego walks leisurely round the Monsieur, surveying him, and shrugging up his shoulders whilst Monsieur makes Legs and Faces.*

[*aside.*

*Don.* Is that thing my Cousin, Sister?

*Caut.* 'Tis he, Sir.

*Don.* Cousin, I am sorry to see you.

*Monf.* Is that a *Spanish* Complement ?

[*aside.*

*Don.* So much disguis'd, Cousin.

*Monf.* Oh! is it out at last, ventrè?

Serviteur, Serviteur, à Monsieur mon Oncle, and I am glad to see you here within doors, most *Spanish* Oncle, ha, ha, ha. But I should be sorry to see you in the streets, teste non.

*Don.* Why foh——would you be asham'd of me, hah——(voto a St. *Jago*) wou'd you ? hauh——

*Monf.* I it may be you wou'd be asham'd your self, Monsieur mon Oncle, of the great Train you wou'd get to wait upon your *Spanish* Hofe, puh——the Boys wou'd follow you, and hoot at you (vert & bleu) pardonè my *Franch* Franchise, Monsieur mon Oncle.

*Hipp.* We shall have sport anon, betwixt these two Contraries.

[*apart to Prue.*

*Don.* Do'st thou call me Monsieur (voto a St. *Jago*.)

*Monf.* No, I did not call you Monsieur voto a St. *Jago*, Sir, I know you are my Uncle Mr. *James Formal*——da——



# THE GENTLEMAN DANCING-MASTER

*Don.* But I can hardly know you are my Cousin, Mr. *Nathaniel Paris*; but call me Sir *Don Diego* henceforward; look you, and no Monsieur, call me Monsieur *Guarda*.

*Monf.* I confes my errour, Sir; for none but a blind man wou'd call you Monsieur, ha, ha, ha—But pray do not call me neder *Paris*, but de *Paris*, de *Paris* (si vou plai't) Monsieur de *Paris*! Call me Monsieur and welcome, da——

*Don.* Monsieur de *Pantalloons* then voto——

*Monf.* Monsieur de *Pantalloons*! a pretty name, a pretty name, ma foy, da——bein trove de *Pantalloons*! how much betrè dèn your de la *Fountaines*, de la *Rivieres*, de la *Roche*s, and all the *De's* in *France*——da——well; but have you not the admiration for my *Pantalloon*, *Don Diego*, mon Oncle?

*Don.* I am astonish'd at them verdederamentè, they are wonderfully ridiculous.

*Monf.* Redicule, ridicule! ah——'tis well you are my Uncle, da——Redicule, ha——is dere any ting in de Universe so jenti as de *Pantalloons*? any ting so ravisaunt as de *Pantalloons*? Auh——I cou'd kneel down and varship a pair of jenti *Pantallons*? vat, vat, you wou'd have me have de admiration for dis outward skin of your Thigh, which you call *Spanish Hose*. fie, fie, fie——ha, ha, ha.

*Don.* Do'st thou deride my *Spanish Hose*? young Man, hauh.

*Monf.* In comparison of *Pantalloon* I do undervalue 'em indeet, *Don Diegue* mon Oncle, ha, ha, ha.

*Don.* Thou art then a gavanho de malo gusto, look you.

*Monf.* You may call me vât you vill, Oncle *Don Diegue*; but I must needs say, your *Spanish Hose* are scurvy Hose, ugly Hose, lousie Hose, and stinking Hose.

*Don.* Do not provoke me, *Boracho*. [Puts his hand to his Sword.

*Monf.* Indeet for lousie I recant dat Epithete, for dere is scarce room in 'em for dat little Animal, ha, ha, ha. But for stinking Hose, dat Epithete may stand; for how can dey chuse but stink, since dey are so furieusement close to your *Spanish Tail*, da.

*Hipp.* Ha, ha, ridiculous. [aside.

*Don.* Do not provoke me, I say, En horà malà. [Seems to draw.

*Monf.* Nay, Oncle, I am sorry you are in de pation; but I must live and dye for de *Pantaloon* against de *Spanish Hose*, da.

*Don.* You are a rash young Man, and while you weare *Pantalloons*, you are beneath my passion, voto—Auh—they make thee look and waddle (with all those gew-gaw Ribbons) like a great old Fat, slovenly Water-dog.

*Monf.* And your *Spanish Hose*, and your Nose in the Air, make you look like a great griffled-long-*Irish*-Grey-hound, reaching a Crust off from a high Shelf, ha, ha, ha.

## THE GENTLEMAN DANCING-MASTER

*Don.* Bueno, Bueno.

*Mrs. Caut.* What have you a mind to ruine your self, and break off the Match?

*Monf.* Pshaw——wát do you telle me of the Matchè? deè tinke I will not vindicate Pantalloons, Morbleu?

*Don.* Well ! he is a lost young Man, I see, and desperately far gone in the Epidemick Malady of our Nation, the affectation of the worst of *French* Vanities: but I must be wiser then him, as I am a *Spaniard* look you *Don Diego*, and endeavour to reclaime him by Art and fair means (look you, *Don Diego*) if not, he shall never marry my Daughter look you, *Don Diego*, though he be my own Sister's Son, and has two thousand five hundred seventy three pound Sterling twelve shillings and two pence a year Penny-rent, Segonaramentè. [*Aside.* Come, Young-man, since you are so obstinate, we will refer our difference to Arbitration, your Mistress my Daughter shall be Umpire betwixt us, concerning *Spanish* Hofe and Pantalloons.

*Monf.* Pantalloons and *Spanish* Hofe (si vous plaist.)

*Don.* Your Mistress is the fittest Judge of your Drefs, sure?

*Monf.* I know ver vel, dat most of the Jeunesse of *England't* will not change the Ribband upon de Crevat widout the consultation of dere Matres, but I am no *Anglois* da——nor shall I make de reference of my Drefs to any in the Universe, da——I judg'd by any in *England*, teste non. I wou'd not be judg'd by an *English* Looking-glass, Jarnie.

*Don.* Be not positivo, Young-man.

*Mrs. Caut.* Nay, pray refer, it, Cousin, pray do.

*Monf.* Non, non, your Servant, your Servant, Aunt.

*Don.* But pray be not so positive, come hither, Daughter, tell me which is best.

*Hipp.* Indeed, Father, you have kept me in universal ignorance, I know nothing.

*Monf.* And do you tink I shall refer an Affair of dat consequence to a poor young ting who have not seen the Varld, da, I am wiser than so, voto?

*Don.* Well, in short, if you will not be wiser, and leave off your *French* Drefs, Stammering, and Tricks, look you, you shall be a Fool and go without my Daughter, voto.

*Monf.* How, must I leave off my Jantee *French* Accoustrements, and speak base *Englis'* too, or not marry my Cousin! mon Oncle *Don Diego*? Do not break off the Match, do not; for know I will not leave off my Pantalloon and *French* Pronunciation for ne're a Cousin in *England't*, da.

*Don.* I tell you again, he that marry's my Daughter shall at least look like a wise Man, for he shall wear the *Spanish* Habit, I am a *Spanish* Positivo.

*Monf.* Ver vèl, ver vèl! and I am a *French* Positivo.

*Don.* Then I am Definitivo; and if you do not go immediately into your Chamber, and put on a *Spanish* Habit, I have brought over on purpose for

## THE GENTLEMAN DANCING-MASTER

your Wedding Cloaths, and put off all these *French* Fopperies and Vanidades, with all your Grimaces, Agreeables, Adorables, ma Foys, and Jernies. I swear you shall never marry my Daughter (and by an Oath by *Spaniard* never broken) by my Whiskers and Snuff-box.

*Monf.* O hold, do not swear, Uncle, for I love your Daughter furieuf-mènt.

*Don.* If you love her, you'll obey me.

*Monf.* Auh, wat vil become of me! but have the confideration, muft I leave off all the *Franch* Beantes, Graces, and Embellifemènts, bote of my Perfon and Language. [*Exeunt Hipp. Mrs. Caution, and Prue laughing.*]

*Don.* I will have it fo.

*Monf.* I am ruinne den undonne, have fome confideration for me, for dere is not the leaft Ribbon of my Garniture, but is as dear to me as your Daughter, Jernie——

*Don.* Then you do not deserve her, and for that reason I will be fatiff'd you love her better, or you shall not have her, for I am positivo.

*Monf.* Vil you breake mine Arte! pray have de confideration for me.

*Don.* I fay agen, you shall be drefs'd before night from Top to Toe in the *Spanish* Habit, or you shall never marry my Daughter, look you.

*Monf.* If you will not have de confideration for me, have de confideration for your Daughter; for she have de passionate Amour for me, and like me in dis Habite betre den in yours, da——

*Don.* What I have said I have said, and I am uno Positivo.

*Monf.* Will you not so much as allow me one little *Franch* Oate?

*Don.* No, you shall look like a *Spaniard* but speak and swear like an *English* man, look you.

*Monf.* Helas, helas, den I shall take my leave, mort, teste, ventre, Jernie, teste-bleu, ventre-bleu, ma foy, certes.

*Don.* *Pedro, Sanchez*, wait upon this Cavaliero into his Chamber with those things I ordered you to take out of the Trunks, I wou'd have you a little accustomed to your Cloaths before your Wedding; for if you comply with me, you shall marry my Daughter to morrow, look you.

[*Calls at the door.*]

*Monf.* Adieu then, dear Pantalloon! dear Beltè! dear Sword! dear Perruque! and dear Chapeaux, Retroufèe, and dear Shoe, Garni: adieu, adieu, adieu, helas, helas, helas, will you have yet no pitie.

*Don.* I am a *Spanish* Positivo, look you.

*Monf.* And more cruel than de *Spanish* Inquisitiono, to compel a Man to a Habit against his Conscience, helas, helas, helas. [*Exit Monsieur.*]

*Enter Prue and Gerrard.*

*Pru.* Here is the Dancing-master, shall I call my Mistrefs, Sir?

[*Exit Prue.*]



## THE GENTLEMAN DANCING-MASTER

*Don.* Yes. O you are as punctual as a *Spaniard*: I love your punctual Men. Nay, I think 'tis before your time something.

*Ger.* Nay, I am resolv'd your Daughter, Sir, shall lose no time by my fault.

*Don.* So, so, 'tis well.

*Ger.* I were a very unworthy Man, if I should not be punctual with her, Sir.

*Don.* You speak honestly, very honestly, Friend; and I believe a very honest man, though a Dancing master.

*Ger.* I am very glad you think me so, Sir.

*Don.* What you are but a Young man, are you marry'd yet?

*Ger.* No, Sir, but I hope I shall, Sir, very suddenly, if things hit right.

*Don.* What the old Folks her Friends are wary, and cannot agree with you so soon as the Daughter can?

*Ger.* Yes, Sir, the Father hinders it a little at present; but the Daughter I hope is resolv'd, and then we shall do well enough.

*Don.* What! you do not steal her, according to the laudable Custom of some of your Brother-Dancing-masters?

*Ger.* No, no, Sir, steal her, Sir, steal her, you are pleas'd to be merry, Sir, ha, ha, ha——I cannot but laugh at that question. [*aside.*]

*Don.* No, Sir, methinks you are pleas'd to be merry; but you say the Father does not consent.

*Ger.* Not yet, Sir; but 'twill be no matter whether he does or no.

*Don.* Was she one of your Scholars? if she were, 'tis a hundred to ten but you steal her.

*Ger.* I shall not be able to hold laughing. [*aside, laughs.*]

*Don.* Nay, nay, I find by your laughing you steal her, she was your Scholar, was she not?

*Ger.* Yes, Sir, she was the first I ever had, and may be the last too; for she has a Fortune (if I can get her) will keep me from teaching to dance any more.

*Don.* So, so, then she is your Scholar still it seems, and she has a good Portion, I am glad on't, nay, I knew you stole her.

*Ger.* My laughing may give him suspicions, yet I cannot hold. [*aside.*]

*Don.* What, you laugh I warrant to think how the young Baggage and you will mump the poor old Father; but if all her dependance for a Fortune be upon the Father, he may chance to mump you both, and spoil the Jest.

*Ger.* I hope it will not be in his power, Sir, ha, ha, ha. I shall laugh too much anon. [*aside.*]

Pray, Sir, be pleas'd to call for your Daughter, I am impatient till she comes; for time was never more precious with me and with her too, it ought to be so, sure, since you say she is to be marry'd to morrow.

## THE GENTLEMAN DANCING-MASTER

*Don.* She ought to bestir her, as you say indeed, wuh, Daughter, Daughter, *Prue, Hippolita*: Come away, Child, why do you stay so long?

[*Calls at the door.*

*Enter Hippolita, Prue, and Caution.*

*Hipp.* Your Servant, Master ! indeed I am aham'd you have stay'd for me.

*Ger.* O good Madam, 'tis my Duty, I know you came as soon as you cou'd.

*Hipp.* I knew my Father was with you, therefore I did not make altogether so much haste as I might; but if you had been alone, nothing shou'd have kept me from you, I wou'd not have been so rude as to have made you stay a minute for me, I warrant you.

*Don.* Come fiddle, faddle, what a deal of Ceremony there is betwixt your Dancing-master and you, *Querno*——

*Hipp.* Lord, Sir, I hope you'll allow me to shew my respect to my Master, for I have a great respect for my Master.

*Ger.* And I am very proud of my Scholar, and am a very great Honourer of my Scholar.

*Don.* Come, come, Friend, about your business, and honour the King. Your Dancing-masters and Barbers are such finical smooth tongu'd, tatling Fellows, and if you set 'em once a talking, they'll ne'er a done, no more than when you set 'em a fiddling: indeed all that deal with Fiddles are given to impertinency.

[*To Mrs. Caution.*

*Caut.* Well! well! this is an impertinent Fellow, without being a Dancing-master: he's no more a Dancing-master than I am a Maid.

*Don.* What! will you still be wiser than I? voto.

Come, come about with my Daughter, Man.

*Prue.* So he wou'd, I warrant you, if your Worship wou'd let him alone.

*Don.* How, now Mrs. Nimble-Chaps?

*Ger.* Well, though I have got a little Canting at the Dancing-School since I was here, yet I do all so bunglingly, he'll discover me. [*aside to Hipp.*

*Hipp.* Try, come take my hand, Master.

*Caut.* Look you, Brother, the impudent Harletry gives him her hand.

*Don.* Can he dance with her without holding her by the hand?

*Hipp.* Here, take my hand, Master.

*Ger.* I wish it were for good and all.

[*aside to her.*

*Hipp.* You Dancing-masters are always so hasty, so nimble.

*Don.* Voto a St. Jago, not that I can see, about with her, Man.

*Ger.* Indeed, Sir, I cannot about with her as I wou'd do, unless you will please to go out a little, Sir; for I see she is bashful still before you, Sir.

*Don.* Hey, hey, more fooling yet, come, come, about with her.

*Hipp.* Nay, indeed, Father, I am aham'd and cannot help it.

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*Don.* But you shall help it, for I will not stir: move her, I say begin. Huffie, move when he'll have you.

*Pru.* I cannot but laugh at that, ha, ha, ha.

[*aside.*

*Ger.* Come then, Madam, since it must be so let us try, but I shall discover all, One, two, and Coupee. [*apart to Hipp.*

*Caut.* Nay de' see how he squeezes her hand, Brother, O the lewd Villain!

*Don.* Come, move, I say, and mind her not.

*Ger.* One, two, three, four, and turn round.

*Caut.* De' see again he took her by the bare Arm.

*Don.* Come, move on, she's mad.

*Ger.* One, two, and a Coupee.

*Don.* Come, one, two, turn out your Toes.

*Caut.* There, there, he pinch'd her by the Thigh, will you suffer it?

*Ger.* One, two, three, and fall back.

*Don.* Fall back, fall back, back, some of you are forward enough to fall back.

*Ger.* Back, Madam.

*Don.* Fall back when he bids you, Huffie.

*Caut.* How! how! fall back, fall back, marry, but she shall not fall back when he bids her.

*Don.* I say she shall, Hufwife, come.

*Ger.* She will, she will, I warrant you, Sir, if you won't be angry with her.

*Caut.* Do you know what he means by that now, you a *Spaniard*?

*Don.* How's that, I not a *Spaniard*? say such a word again.

*Ger.* Come forward, Madam, three steps agen.

*Caut.* See, see, she squeezes his hand now, O the debauch'd Harletry!

*Don.* So, so, mind her not, she moves forward pretty well; but you must move as well backward as forward, or you'll never do any thing to purpose.

*Caut.* Do you know what you say, Brother, your self now? are you at your beastliness before your young Daughter?

*Pru.* Ha, ha, ha.

*Don.* How, how, Mistress, are you so merry? is this your staid Maid as you call her, Sister impertinent?

*Ger.* I have not much to say to you, Miss; but I shall not have an opportunity to do it, unless we can get your Father out. [*aside to Hipp.*

*Don.* Come about agen with her.

*Caut.* Look you, there she squeezes his hand hard again.

*Hipp.* Indeed and indeed, Father, my Aunt puts me quite out, I can not dance while she looks on for my heart, she makes me ashamed and afraid together.

*Ger.* Indeed if you wou'd please to take her out, Sir; I am sure, I shou'd make my Scholar do better, than when you are present, Sir, pray, Sir, be



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pleased for this time to take her away; for the next time I hope I shall order it so, we shall trouble neither of you.

*Caut.* No, no, Brother, stir not, they have a mind to be left alone. Come there's a beastly Trick in't: he's no Dancing-master I tell you.

*Ger.* Dam'd Jade, she'll discover us. [*aside to Hipp.*]

*Don.* What will you teach me? nay then I will go out, and you shall go out too, look you.

*Caut.* I will not go out, look you.

*Don.* Come, come, thou art a sensorious wicked Woman, and you shall disturb them no longer.

*Caut.* What will you bawd for your Daughter?

*Don.* Ay, ay, come go out, out, out.

*Caut.* I will not go out, I will not go out, my Conscience will not suffer me, for I know by experience what will follow.

*Ger.* I warrant you, Sir, we'll make good use of our time when you are gone.

*Caut.* Do you hear him again, don't you know what he means?

[*Ex. Don thrusting Caut out.*]

*Hipp.* 'Tis very well; you are a fine Gentleman to abuse my poor Father so.

*Ger.* 'Tis but by your Example, Miss.

*Hipp.* Well I am his Daughter, and may make the bolder with him, I hope.

*Ger.* And I am his Son-in-law, that shall be; and therefore may claim my Privilege too of making bold with him, I hope.

*Hipp.* Methinks you shou'd be contented in making bold with his Daughter; for you have made very bold with her, sure.

*Ger.* I hope I shall make bolder with her yet.

*Hipp.* I do not doubt your confidence, for you are a Dancing-master.

*Ger.* Why, Miss! I hope you wou'd not have me a fine senseless Whining, modest Lover; for modesty in a man is as ill as the want of it in a Woman.

*Hipp.* I thank you for that, Sir, now you have made bold with me indeed; but if I am such a confident Piece, I am sure you made me so; if you had not had the confidence to come in at the Window, I had not had the confidence to look upon a man: I am sure I cou'd not look upon a man before.

*Ger.* But that I humbly conceive, sweet Miss, was your Fathers fault, because you had not a man to look upon. But, dearest Miss, I do not think you confident, you are only innocent; for that which wou'd be called confidence nay impudence in a Woman of years, is called innocency in one of your age, and the more impudent you appear, the more innocent you are thought.

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*Hipp.* Say you so! has Youth such Priviledges? I do not wonder then, most Women seem impudent, since it is to be thought younger than they are it seems; but indeed, Master you are as great an Encourager of impudence I see; as if you were a Dancing-master, in good earnest.

*Ger.* Yes, yes, a young thing may do any thing, may leap out of the Window, and go away with her Dancing-master, if she please.

*Hipp.* So, so, the use follows the Doctrine very suddenly.

*Ger.* Well, Dearest, pray let us make the use we shou'd of it, lest your Father shou'd make too bold with us, and come in before we wou'd have him.

*Hipp.* Indeed old Relations are apt to take that ill-bred freedom of pressing into young Company at unseasonable hours.

*Ger.* Come, dear Miss, let me tell you how I have design'd matters; for in talking of any thing else we lose time and opportunity: people abroad indeed say, the *English* Women are the worst in the World in using an opportunity, they love tittle tattle and Ceremony.

*Hipp.* 'Tis because I warrant opportunities are not so scarce here as abroad, they have more here than they can use; but let people abroad say what they will of *English* Women, because they do not know 'em, but what say people at home?

*Ger.* Pretty Innocent, ha, ha, ha. Well I say you will not make use of your opportunity.

*Hipp.* I say you have no reason to say so yet.

*Ger.* Well, then anon at nine of the Clock at night I'll try you; for I have already bespoke a Parson, and have taken up the three back Rooms of the Tavern, which front upon the Gallery-window, that no body may see us escape, and I have appointed (precisely betwixt eight and nine of the Clock when it is dark) a Coach and Six, to wait at the Tavern-door for us.

*Hipp.* A Coach and Six, a Coach and Six, do you say? nay then I see you are resolv'd to carry me away; for a Coach and Six, though there were not a man but the Coach-man with it, wou'd carry away any young Girl of my Age in *England*, a Coach and Six!

*Ger.* Then you will be sure to be ready to go with me.

*Hipp.* What young Woman of the Town cou'd ever say no to a Coach and Six, unless it were going into the Country: a Coach and Six, 'tis not in the power of fourteen years old to resist it.

*Ger.* You will be sure to be ready?

*Hipp.* You are sure 'tis a Coach and Six?

*Ger.* I warrant you, Miss.

*Hipp.* I warrant you then they'll carry us merrily away: a Coach and Six?

*Ger.* But have you charm'd your Cousin the *Monfieur* (as you said you wou'd) that he in the mean time say nothing to prevent us?

*Hipp.* I warrant you.

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*Enter to 'em Don Diego and Mrs. Caution pressing in.*

*Caut.* I will come in.

*Don.* Well, I hope by this time you have given her full instructions, you have told her what and how to do, you have done all.

*Ger.* We have just done indeed, Sir.

*Hipp.* Ay, Sir, we have just done, Sir.

*Caut.* And I fear just undone, Sir.

*Ger.* De' hear that damn'd Witch.

*[aside to Hipp.]*

*Don.* Come leave your sensorious prating, thou hast been a false right Woman thy self in thy Youth, I warrant you.

*Caut.* I right! I right! I scorn your words, I'de have you to know, and 'tis well known. I right! no 'tis your dainty Minx, that Jillfirt your Daughter here that is right, do you see how her Hankerchief is ruffled and what a heat she's in?

*Don.* She has been dancing.

*Caut.* Ay, ay, *Adam* and *Eves* Dance, or the beginning of the World, de' see how she pants?

*Don.* She has not been us'd to motion.

*Caut.* Motion, motion, motion, de' call it? no indeed, I kept her from motion till now, motion with a vengeance.

*Don.* You put the poor bashful Girl to the blush, you see, hold your peace.

*Caut.* 'Tis her guilt, not her modesty, marry.

*Don.* Come, come, mind her not, Child, come, Master, let me see her dance now the whole Dance roundly together, come sing to her.

*Ger.* Faith, we shall be discovered after all, you know I cannot sing a Note, Miss.

*[aside to Hipp.]*

*Don.* Come, Come, Man.

*Hipp.* Indeed, Father, my Master's in haste now, pray let it alone till anon at night, when you say he is to come again, and then you shall see me dance it to the Violin, pray stay till then, Father.

*Don.* I will not be put off so, come begin.

*Hipp.* Pray, Father.

*Don.* Come, sing to her, come begin.

*Ger.* Pray, Sir, excuse me till anon, I am in some haste.

*Don.* I say begin, I will not excuse you, come take her by the hand, and about with her.

*Caut.* I say he shall not take her by the hand, he shall touch her no more; while I am here there shall be no more squeaking and tickling her palm, good Mr. Dancing-master, stand off.

*[Thrusts Ger. away.]*

*Don.* Get you out, Mrs. *Impertinence*, take her by the hand, I say.



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*Caut.* Stand off, I say, he shall not touch her, he has touch'd her too much already.

*Don.* If patience were not a *Spanish* Vertue, I wou'd lay it aside now. I say let 'em dance.

*Caut.* I say they shall not dance.

*Hipp.* Pray, Father, since you see my Aunts obstinacy, let us alone till anon, when you may keep her out.

*Don.* Well then, Friend, do not fail to come.

*Hipp.* Nay, if he fail me at last.

*Don.* Be sure you come, for she's to be marry'd to morrow, do you know it?

*Ger.* Yes, yes, Sir, sweet Scholar, your humble Servant, till night, and think in the mean time of the instructions I have given you, that you may be the readier when I come.

*Don.* I, Girl, be sure you do, and do you be sure to come.

*Caut.* You need not be so concern'd, he'll be sure to come, I warrant you; but if I cou'd help it, he shou'd never set foot agen in the house.

*Don.* You wou'd frighten the poor Dancing-Master from the house; but be sure you come for all her.

*Ger.* Yes, Sir.

But this Jade will pay me when I am gone.

[*aside.*]

*Caut.* Hold, hold, Sir, I must let you out, and I wish I cou'd keep you out. He a Dancing-master, he's a Chouce, a Cheat, a meer Cheat, and that you'll find.

*Don.* I find any man a Cheat! I cheated by any man! I scorn your words, I that have so much *Spanish* Care, Circumspection, and Prudence, cheated by a man: do you think I who have been in *Spain*, look you, and have kept up my Daughter a twelve-month, for fear of being cheated of her, look you? I cheated of her!

*Caut.* Well, say no more.

[*Exeunt* Don, Hipp. *Caut.* and Prue.]

*Ger.* Well, old Formality, if you had not kept up your Daughter, I am sure I had never cheated you of her.

[*aside.*]

*The wary Fool is by his care betray'd,  
As Cuckolds by their Jealousie are made.*

[*Exeunt.*]

# THE GENTLEMAN DANCING-MASTER

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## ACT IV. SCENE I.

*Enter Monsieur de Paris without a Perruque, with a Spanish Hat, a Spanish Doublet, Stockins, and Shooes, but in Pantalloons, a Waste-Belt, and a Spanish Dagger in't, and a Crevat about his Neck.*

*Enter Hippolita and Prue behind laughing.*

*Monf.* **T**O see wat a Fool Love do make of one, Jernie. It do metamorphose de brave Man into de Beast, de Sotte, de Animal.

*Hipp.* Ha, ha, ha.

*Monf.* Nay, you may laugh, 'tis ver vel, I am become as redicule for you as can be, mort-bleu. I have deform my self into a ugly *Spaniard*.

*Hipp.* Why, do you call this disguising your self like a *Spaniard* while you wear Pantalloons still, and the Crevat.

*Monf.* But is here not the double Doublet, and the *Spanish* Dagger auffy.

*Hipp.* But 'tis as long as the *French* Sword, and worn like it. But where's your *Spanish* Beard, the thing of most consequence?

*Monf.* Jernie, do you tink Beards are as easie to be had as in de Play-houses, non; but if here be no the ugly-long-*Spanish* Beard, here are, I am certain, the ugly-long-*Spanish* Ear.

*Hipp.* That's very true, ha, ha, ha.

*Monf.* Auh de ingrate! dat de Woman is, when we poor men are your Gallants, you laugh at us your selves, and wen we are your Husband, you make all the World laught at us, Jernie. Love, dam Love, it make the man more redicule, than Poverty, Poetry, or a new Title of Honeur, Jernie.

*Enter Don Diego, and Caution.*

*Don.* What at your Jernies still? voto.

*Monf.* Why, Oncle, you are at your voto's still.

*Don.* Nay, I'll allow you to be at your voto's too, but not to make the incongruous Match of *Spanish* Doublet and *French* Pantalloons.

*[Holding his Hat before his Pantalloons.]*

*Monf.* Nay, pray dear Oncle, let me unite *France* and *Spain*, 'tis the Mode of *France* now, Jarnie, voto.

*Don.* Well, I see I must pronounce, I told you, if you were not drest in the *Spanish* Habit to night, you shou'd not marry my Daughter to morrow, look you.

*Monf.* Well, am I not habiliee in de *Spanish* Habit, my Doublet, Ear, and Hat, Leg and Feet are *Spanish* that dey are.

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*Don.* I told you I was a *Spanish* Positivo, voto.

*Monf.* Vil you not spare my Pantalloon (begar) I will give you one little finger to excuse my Pantalloon, da——

*Don.* I have said, look you.

*Monf.* Auh chere Pantalloons, speak for my Pantalloons, Cousin, my poor Pantalloons are as dear to me as de Scarff to de Countree Capitane, or de new made Officer; therefore have de compassion for my Pantallons, *Don Diego*, mon Oncle, *helas, helas, helas.* [Kneels to Don.]

*Don.* I have said, look you, your Drefs must be *Spanish*, and your Language *English*, I am uno Positivo.

*Monf.* And must speak base good *English* too, ah la pitiee, *helas.*

*Don.* It must be done, and I will see this great change e're it be dark, voto——your time is not long, look to't, look you.

*Monf.* *Helas, helas, helas*, dat *Espaigne* shou'd conquer la *France* in *England*, *helas, helas, helas.* [Exit Monsieur.]

*Don.* You see what pains I take to make him the more agreeable to you, Daughter.

*Hipp.* But indeed, and indeed, Father, you wash the Black-a-more white, in endeavouring to make a *Spaniard* of a *Monfieur*, nay an *English Monfieur* too, consider that, Father; for when once they have taken the *French* plie (as they call it) they are never to be made so much as *English* men again, I have heard say.

*Don.* What, I warrant, you are like the rest of the young silly Baggages of *England*, that like nothing but what is *French*. You wou'd not have him reform'd, you wou'd have a *Monfieur* to your Husband, wou'd you, Querno?

*Hipp.* No indeed, Father, I wou'd not have a *Monfieur* to my Husband, not I indeed, and I am sure you'll never make my Cousin otherwise.

*Don.* I warrant you.

*Hipp.* You can't, you can't, indeed, Father: and you have sworn, you know, he shall never have me, if he does not leave off his *Monfieurship*. Now as I told you, 'tis as hard for him to cease being a *Monfieur*, as 'tis for you to break a *Spanish* Oath, so that I am not in any great danger of having a *Monfieur* to my Husband.

*Don.* Well, but you shall have him for your Husband, look you.

*Hipp.* Then you will break your *Spanish* Oath.

*Don.* No, I will break him of his *French* Tricks, and you shall have him for your Husband, Querno.

*Hipp.* Indeed and indeed, Father, I shall not have him.

*Don.* Indeed you shall, Daughter.

*Hipp.* Well, you shall see, Father.

*Caut.* No I warrant you, she will not have him, she'll have her Dancing-master rather: I know her meaning, I understand her.



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*Don.* Thou malicious foolish Woman, you understand her! but I do understand her, she says I will not break my Oath, nor he his *French* Customs, so through our difference, she thinks she shall not have him, but she shall.

*Hipp.* But I shan't.

*Caut.* I know she will not have him, because she hates him.

*Don.* I tell you, if she does hate him, 'tis a sign she will have him for her Husband; for 'tis not one of a thousand that marries the man she loves, look you. Besides, 'tis all one whether she loves him now or not; for as soon as she's marry'd, she'd be sure to hate him; that's the reason we wise *Spaniards* are jealous and only expecte, nay will be sure our Wives shall fear us, look you.

*Hipp.* Pray, good Father and Aunt, do not dispute about nothing, for I am sure he will never be my Husband to hate.

*Caut.* I am of your opinion indeed, I understand you, I can see as far as an other.

*Don.* You, you cannot see so much as through your Spectacles, but I understand her, 'tis her meer desire to Marriage makes her say she shall not have him; for your poor young things, when they are once in the teens, think they shall never be marry'd.

*Hipp.* Well, Father, think you what you will, but I know what I think.

*Enter Monsieur in the Spanish Habit entire only with a Crevat, and follow'd by the little Black-a-more with a Golilia in his hand.*

*Don.* Come, did not I tell you, you shou'd have him, look you there, he has comply'd with me, and is a perfect *Spaniard*.

*Monf.* Ay, ay, I am ugly Rogue enough, now sure, for my Cousin; but 'tis your Father's fault, Cousin, that you han't the handsomest best dres'd man in the Nation, a man bien mise.

*Don.* Yet agen at your *French*? and a Crevat on still (voto a St. *Jago*) off, off with it.

*Monf.* Nay I will ever hereafter speak clownish good *English*, do but spare me my Crevat.

*Don.* I am uno Positivo, look you.

*Monf.* Let me not put on that *Spanish* Yoke, but spare me my Crevat; for I love Crevat furiefment!

*Don.* Agen at your Furiefments!

*Monf.* Indeed I have forgot my self, but have some mercy. [Kneels.

*Don.* Off, off, off with it I say, come refuse the Ornamento principal of the *Spanish* Habit.

[Takes him by the Crevat, pulls it off, and the Black puts on the Golilia.

*Monf.* Will you have no mercy, no pity, alas, alas, Oh I had rather put on the *English* Pillory than this *Spanish* Golilia, for 'twill be all a case I'm sure; for when I go abroad, I shall soon have a Crowd of

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Boys about me, peppering me with rotten Eggs and Turneps, *helas*, *helas*. [Don puts on the *Golilia*.

*Don*. *Helas* again?

*Monf*. *Alas*, *alas*, *alas*.

*Hipp*. { I shall dye; }  
*Pru*. { I shall burst, } *ha*, *ha*, *ha*.

*Monf*. *Ay*, *ay*, you see what I am come to for your sake; Cousin and Uncle, pray take notice how ridiculous I am grown to my Cousin that loves me above all the World? she can no more forbear laughing at me, I vow and swear, than if I were as arrant a *Spaniard* as your self.

*Don*. Be a *Spaniard* like me, and ne're think people laugh at you; there was never a *Spaniard* that thought any one laugh'd at him; but what do you laugh at a *Golilia*, *Baggage*? Come, *Sirrah-Black*, now do you teach him to walk with the *verdadero gesto*, *gracia*, and *Gravidad* of a true *Castilian*.

*Monf*. Must I have my Dancing-master too? come little Master then, lead on.

[*Black struts about the Stage, the Monsieur follows him, imitating awkerdly all he does.*

*Don*. *Malo*, *malo*, with your Hat on your Pole, as if it hung upon a Pin; the *French* and *English* wear their Hats, as if their Horns would not suffer 'em to come over their Foreheads, *voto*——

*Monf*. 'Tis true, there are some well-bred Gentlemen have so much Reverence for their *Perruque*, that they wou'd refuse to be *Grande*es of your *Spain*, for fear of putting on their Hats, I vow and swear.

*Don*. Come, *Black*, teach him now to make a *Spanish Leg*.

*Monf*. *Ha*, *ha*, *ha*, your *Spanish Leg* is an *English Court*sie, I vow and swear, *hah*, *hah*, *ha*.

*Don*. Well, the Hood does not make the Monk, the Afs was an Afs still, though he had the Lyons Skin on; this will be a light *French Fool*, in spite of the grave *Spanish Habit*, look you. But, *Black*, do what you can, make the most of him, walk him about.

*Pru*. Here are the people, Sir, you sent to speak with about Provisions for the Wedding, and here are your Cloaths brought home too, Mistrers.

[*Prue goes to the door, and returns.*

*Don*. Well, I come: *Black*, do what you can with him, walk him about.

*Monf*. Indeed, Uncle, if I were as you, I would not have the grave *Spanish Habit* so travesty'd, I shall disgrace it and my little *Black Master* too, I vow and swear.

*Don*. Learn, learn of him, improve your self by him, and do you walk him, walk him about foundly. Come, Sister and Daughter, I must have your Judgments, tho I shall not need 'em, look you, walk him, see you walk him.

[*Ex. Don, Hipp. and Caution.*

## THE GENTLEMAN DANCING-MASTER

*Mons.* Jernie, he does not only make a *Spaniard* of me, but a *Spanish* Jennit, in giving me to his Lacquey to walk; but come a long, little Master.

[*The Black instructs the Monsieur on one side of the Stage, Prue standing on the other.*]

*Pru.* O the unfortunate condition of us poor Chamber-maids, who have all the carking and caring, the watching and sitting up, the trouble and danger of our Mistresses Intrigues! whilst they go away with all the pleasure; and if they can get their Man in a corner, 'tis well enough, they ne're think of the poor watchful Chamber-maid, who sits knocking her heels in the cold, for want of better exercise in some melancholy Lobby or Entry, when she cou'd imploy her time every whit as well as her Mistress for all her Quality, if she were but put to't. [*aside.*]

*Black.* Hold up your head, hold up your head, Sir, a stooping *Spaniard*, Malo.

*Monf.* True, a *Spaniard* scorns to look upon the Ground.

*Pru.* We can shift for our Mistresses, and not for our selves, mine has got a handsome proper Young-man, and is just going to make the most of him, whilst I must be left in the Lurch here with a Couple of ugly little Black-a-more Boys in Bonnets, and an old wither'd *Spanish* Eunuch, not a Servant else in the House, nor have I hopes of any comfortable Society at all. [*aside.*]

*Black.* Now let me see you make your Visit-Leg thus.

*Monf.* Auh, teste non, ha, ha, ha.

*Black.* What, a *Spaniard*, and laugh aloud! no; if you laugh thus only so——now your Salutation in the street as you pass by your Acquaintance, look you thus——if to a Woman, thus, putting your Hat upon your heart; if to a man, thus with a nod, so——*Monf. imitating* but frown a little more, frown. But if to a Woman you *the Black.* wou'd be very ceremonious too, thus——so——your Neck nearer your shoulder, so——Now if you wou'd speak contemptibly of any man or thing, do thus with your hand——so——and shrug up your shoulders, till they hide your Ears. Now walk agen.

[*The Black and the Monsieur walk off the Stage.*]

*Pru.* All my hopes are in that Coxcomb there; I must take up with my Mistresses leavings, though we Chamber-maids are wont to be before-hand with them: but he is the dullest, modestest Fool, for a Frenchified Fool, as ever I saw; for no body cou'd be more coming to him than I have been (though I say it) and yet I am ne're the nearer. I have stolen away his Handkerchief, and told him of it, and yet he wou'd never so much as struggle with me to get it again. I have pull'd off his Perruque, untied his Ribbons, and have been very bold with him, yet he would never be so with me; nay, I have pinch'd him, punch'd him, and tickl'd him, and yet he would never do the like for me. [*The Black and Monsieur return.*]



## THE GENTLEMAN DANCING-MASTER

*Black.* Nay, thus, thus, Sir.

*Pru.* And to make my person more acceptable to him, I have us'd Art, as they say; for every night since he came, I have worn the Forehead-piece of Bees-wax and Hogs-grease, and every morning wash'd with Butter-milk and wild Tansie, and have put on every day for his only sake my Sunday's Bow-dy-Stockins, and have new chalk'd my Shooes and's constantly as the morning came; nay, I have taken an occasion to garter my Stockins before him, as if unawares of him; for a good Leg and Foot, with good Shooes and Stockins, are very provoking, as they say, but the Devil-a-bit wou'd he be provok'd; but I must think of a way.

*Black.* Thus, thus.

*Monf.* What so——well, well, I have Lessons enow for this time. Little Master, I will have no more, lest the multiplicity of 'em make me forget 'em, da——*Pru.* art thou there, and so pensive? what art thou thinking of?

*Pru.* Indeed I am aham'd to tell your Worship.

*Monf.* What aham'd! wert thou thinking then of my beastliness? ha, ha, ha.

*Pru.* Nay, then I am forc'd to tell your Worship in my own vindication.

*Monf.* Come then.

*Pru.* But indeed your Worship——I'm aham'd that I am, though it was nothing but a dream I had of your sweet Worship last night.

*Monf.* Of my sweet Worship! I warrant it was a sweet dream then, what was it? ha, ha, ha.

*Pru.* Nay, indeed I have told your Worship enough already, you may guess the rest.

*Monf.* I cannot guess, ha, ha, ha, what thou'd it be? prethee let's know the rest.

*Pru.* Wou'd you have me so impudent?

*Monf.* Impudent! ha, ha, ha, nay prethee tell me, for I can't guess, da——

*Pru.* Nay, tis always so? for want of the mens guessing, the poor Women are forc'd to be impudent, but I am still aham'd.

*Monf.* I will know it, speak.

*Pru.* Why then methoughts last night you came into my Chamber in your Shirt, when I was in Bed, and that you might easily do; for I have ne'er a Lock to my door: now I warrant I am red as my Petticoat.

*Monf.* No, thou'rt as yellow as e're thou wert.

*Pru.* Yellow, Sir?

*Monf.* Ay, ay; but let's hear the Dream out.

*Pru.* Why, can't you guess the rest now?

*Monf.* No not I, I vow and swear, come let's hear.

*Pru.* But can't you guess in earnest?

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*Monf.* Not I, the Devil eat me.

*Pru.* Not guefs yet! why then methoughts you came to bed to me? Now am I as red as my Petticoat again.

*Monf.* Ha, ha, ha, well, and what then? ha, ha, ha.

*Pru.* Nay, now I know by your Worship's laughing, you guefs what you did: I'm fure I cry'd out and wak'd all in tears, with thefe words in my mouth, You have undone me, you have undone me! your Worship has undone me.

*Monf.* Hah, ha, ha; but you wak'd and found it was but a Dream.

*Pru.* Indeed it was fo lively, I know not whether 'twas a Dream or no: but if you were not there, I'll undertake you may come when you will, and do any thing to me you will, I fleep fo faft.

*Monf.* No, no, I don't believe that.

*Pru.* Indeed you may, your Worship——

*Monf.* It cannot be.

*Pru.* Infenfible Beaft! he will not underftand me yet, and one wou'd think I fpeak plain enough. *[Afide.]*

*Monf.* Well, but *Prue*, what art thou thinking of?

*Pru.* Of the Dream, whether it were a Dream or no.

*Monf.* 'Twas a Dream, I warrant thee.

*Pru.* Was it? I am hugeous glad it was a Dream.

*Monf.* Ay, ay, it was a Dream; and I am hugeous glad it was a Dream too.

*Pru.* But now I have told your Worship, my door hath neither Lock nor Latch to it: if you fhould be fo naughty as to come one night, and prove the dream true——I am fo afraid on't.

*Monf.* Ne're fear it, dreams go by the contraries.

*Pru.* Then by that I fhould come into your Worship's Chamber, and come to bed to your Worship. Now am I as red as my Petticoat again, I warrant.

*Monf.* No, thou art no redder than a Brick unburnt, *Prue*.

*Pru.* But if I fhould do fuch a trick in my fleep, your Worship wou'd not censure a poor harmlefs Maid, I hope; for I am apt to walk in my fleep.

*Monf.* Well then *Prue*, becaufe thou fhalt not fhame thy felf (poor Wench) I'll be fure to lock my door every night faft.

*Pru.* So, fo, this way I find will not do, I muft come roundly and downright to the bus'nefs, like other Women, or——

*Enter Gerrard.*

*Monf.* O the Dancing-Mafter!

*Pru.* Dear Sir, I have fomething to fay to you in your Ear, which I am afhamed to fpeak aloud.

*Monf.* Another time, another time, *Prue*, but now go call your Miftrefs to her Dancing-mafter, go, go.

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*Pru.* Nay, pray hear me, Sir, first.

*Monf.* Another time, another time, *Prue*, prethee be gone.

*Pru.* Nay, I beseech your Worship hear me.

*Monf.* No, prethee be gone.

*Pru.* Nay, I am e'en well enough serv'd for not speaking my mind when I had an opportunity. Well, I must be playing the modest Woman forsooth; a Womans hypocrisie in this case does only deceive her self.

[*Exit Prue.*]

*Monf.* O the brave Dancing-master, the fine Dancing-master, your Servant, your Servant.

*Ger.* Your Servant, Sir, I protest I did not know you at first. I am afraid this Fool shou'd spoil all, notwithstanding *Hippolita's* care and management, yet I ought to trust her; but a Secret is more safe with a treacherous Knave than a talkative Fool. [aside.]

*Monf.* Come, Sir, you must know a little Brother Dancing-master of yours, Walking-master I shou'd have said; for he teaches me to walk and make Legs by the bye : Pray know him, Sir, salute him, Sir; you Christian Dancing-masters are so proud.

*Ger.* But, Monsieur, what strange Metamorphosis is this? you look like a *Spaniard*, and talk like an *English*-man again, which I thought had been impossible.

*Monf.* Nothing impossible to Love, I must do't, or lose my Mistress your pretty Scholar, for 'tis I am to have her; you may remember I told you she was to be marry'd to a great man, a man of Honour and Quality.

*Ger.* But does she enjoyn you to this severe penance, such I am sure it is to you.

*Monf.* No, no, 'tis by the compulsion of the starch'd Fop her Father, who is so arrant a *Spaniard*, he wou'd kill you and his Daughter, if he knew who you were; therefore have a special care to dissemble well.

[draws him aside.]

*Ger.* I warrant you.

*Monf.* Dear *Gerrard*, go little Master and call my Cousin, tell her, her Dancing-master is here. [Exit Black.]

I say, dear *Gerrard*, faith I'm obliged to you for the trouble you have had: when I sent you, I intended a Jest indeed, but did not think it wou'd have been so dangerous a Jest; therefore pray forgive me.

*Ger.* I do, do heartily forgive you.

*Monf.* But can you forgive me, for sending you at first, like a Fool as I was, 'twas ill done of me; can you forgive me?

*Ger.* Yes, yes, I do forgive you.

*Monf.* Well, thou art a generous man, I vow and swear, to come and take upon you this trouble, danger, and shame, to be thought a paltry



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Dancing-master and all this to preserve a Ladies honour and life, who intended to abuse you; but I take the obligation upon me.

*Ger.* Pish, pish, you are not obliged to me at all.

*Monf.* Faith but I am strangely obliged to you.

*Ger.* Faith but you are not.

*Monf.* I vow and swear but I am.

*Ger.* I swear you are not.

*Monf.* Nay, thou art so generous a Dancing-master——ha, ha, ha.

*Enter Don Diego, Hippolita, Caution, and Prue.*

*Don.* You shall not come in, Sister.

*Caut.* I will come in.

*Don.* You will not be civil.

*Caut.* I'm sure they will not be civil, if I do not come in, I must, I will.

*Don.* Well, honest Friend, you are very punctual, which is a rare Vertue in a Dancing-master, I take notice of it, and will remember it, I will, look you.

*Monf.* So silly damn'd-politick *Spanish* Uncle, ha, ha, ha. [*aside.*

*Ger.* My fine Scholar, Sir, there, shall never have reason (as I told you) Sir, to say I am not a punctual man, for I am more her Servant than to any Scholar I ever had.

*Monf.* Well said, I 'faith, thou dost make a pretty Fool of him, I vow and swear; but I wonder people can be made such Fools of, ha, ha, ha. [*aside.*

*Hipp.* Well, Master, I thank you, and I hope I shall be a grateful kind Scholar to you.

*Monf.* Ha, ha, ha, cunning little Jilt, what a Fool she makes of him too: I wonder people can be made such Fools of, I vow and swear, ha, ha, ha. [*aside.*

*Hipp.* Indeed it shall go hard but I'll be a grateful kind Scholar to you.

*Caut.* As kind as ever your Mother was to your Father, I warrant.

*Don.* How; agen with your senseless suspicions.

*Monf.* Pish, pish, Aunt, ha, ha, ha, she's a Fool another way; she thinks she loves him, ha, ha, ha. Lord, that people shou'd be such Fools! [*aside.*

*Caut.* Come, come, I cannot but speak, I tell you beware in time; for he is no Dancing-master, but some debauch'd person who will mump you of your Daughter.

*Don.* Will you be wiser than I still? Mump me of my Daughter! I wou'd I cou'd see any one mump me of my Daughter.

*Caut.* And mump you of your Mistress too, young *Spaniard*.

*Monf.* Ha, ha, ha, will you be wiser than I too, voto. Mump me of my Mistress! I wou'd I cou'd see any one mump me of my Mistress. [*To Caution.* I am afraid this dam'd old Aunt shou'd discover us, I vow and swear; be careful therefore and resolute. [*aside to Ger. and Hipp.*

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*Caut.* He, he does not go about his bus'ness like a Dancing-master, he'll ne're teach her to dance, but he'll teach her no goodnefs soon enough I warrant: he a Dancing-master!

*Monf.* I, the Devil eat me, if he be not the best Dancing-master in *England* now. Was not that well said, Cousin? was it not? for he's a Gentleman Dancing-master, you know. [*aside to Ger. and Hipp.*]

*Don.* You know him, Cousin, very well, Cousin, you sent him to my Daughter?

*Monf.* Yes, yes, Uncle, know him!  
We'll ne're be discovered, I warrant, ha, ha, ha. [*aside.*]

*Caut.* But will you be made a Fool of too?

*Monf.* Ay, ay, Aunt, ne're trouble your self.

*Don.* Come, Friend, about your bus'ness, about with my Daughter.

*Hipp.* Nay, pray, Father, be pleas'd to go out a little, and let us but practise a while, and then you shall see me dance the whole Dance to the Violin.

*Don.* Tittle, tattle, more fooling still! did not you say when your Master was here last, I shou'd see you dance to the Violin when he came agen.

*Hipp.* So I did, Father; but let me practise a little first before, that I may be perfect. Besides, my Aunt is here, and she will put me out, you know I cannot dance before her.

*Don.* Fiddle, faddle.

*Monf.* They're afraid to be discovered by *Gerrard's* bungling, I see. Come, come, Uncle, turn out, let 'em practise. [*aside.*]

*Don.* I won't (voto at *St. Jago*) what a fooling's here?

*Monf.* Come, come, let 'em practise, turn out, turn out, Uncle.

*Don.* Why, can't she practise it before me?

*Monf.* Come, Dancers, and Singers are sometimes humourfom; besides, 'twill be more grateful to you, to see it danc'd all at once to the Violin. Come, turn out, turn out, I say.

*Don.* What a fooling's here still amongst you, voto?

*Monf.* So there he is with you, voto, turn out, turn out, I vow and swear you shall turn out. [*Takes him by the shoulder.*]

*Don.* Well, shall I see her dance it to the Violin at last?

*Ger.* Yes, yes, Sir, what do you think I teach her for? [*Exit Don.*]

*Monf.* Go, go, turn out, and you too, Aunt.

*Caut.* Seriously, Nephew, I shall not budge, royally I shall not.

*Monf.* Royally you must, Aunt, come.

*Caut.* Pray hear me, Nephew.

*Monf.* I will not hear you.

*Caut.* 'Tis for your sake I stay, I must not suffer you to be wrong'd.

*Monf.* Come, no wheedling, Aunt, come away.

# THE GENTLEMAN DANCING-MASTER

*Caut.* The slippery Fellow will do't.

*Monf.* Let him do't.

*Caut.* Indeed he will do't, royally he will.

*Monf.* Well let him do't, royally.

*Caut.* He will wrong you.

*Monf.* Well let him, I say, I have a mind to be wrong'd, what's that to you, I will be wrong'd, if you go thereto, I vow and swear.

*Caut.* You shall not be wrong'd.

*Monf.* I will.

*Caut.* You shall not.

[*Don returns.*

*Don.* What's the matter? won't she be rul'd? come, come away, you shall not disturb 'em.

[*Don and Monsieur thrust Caution out.*

*Caut.* De' see how they laugh at you both, well go to, the Troth-telling Trojan Gentlewoman of old was ne'er believ'd, till the Town was taken, rumag'd, and ranfak'd even, even so——

[*Exit Caution.*

*Monf.* Hah, hah, ha, turn out.

Lord, that people should be such arrant Cuddens, ha, ha, ha;

But I may stay, may I not?

*Hipp.* No, no, I'd have you go out and hold the door, Cousin, or else my Father will come in agen before his time.

*Monf.* I will, I will then, sweet Cousin, 'tis well thought on, that was well thought on indeed for me to hold the door.

*Hipp.* But be sure you keep him out, Cousin, till we knock.

*Monf.* I warrant you, Cousin, Lord, that people shou'd be made such Fools of, ha, ha, ha.

[*Exit Monsieur.*

*Ger.* So, so, to make him hold the door, while I steal his Mistress is not unpleasant.

*Hipp.* Ay, but wou'd you do so ill a thing, so treacherous a thing? faith 'tis not well.

*Ger.* Faith I can't help it. Since 'tis for your sake, come, Sweetest, is not this our way into the Gallery?

*Hipp.* Yes, but it goes against my Conscience to be accessary to so ill a thing; you say you do it for my sake?

*Ger.* Alas, poor Mifs! 'tis not against your Conscience, but against your modesty, you think to do it frankly.

*Hipp.* Nay, if it be against my modesty too, I can't do it indeed.

*Ger.* Come, come, Mifs, let us make haste, all's ready.

*Hipp.* Nay, faith, I can't satisfy my scruple.

*Ger.* Come, Dearest, this is not a time for scruples nor modesty; modesty between Lovers is as impertinent as Ceremony between Friends, and modesty is now as unseasonable as on the Wedding-night: come away, my Dearest.

*Hipp.* Whither?



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*Ger.* Nay sure, we have lost too much time already : Is that a proper Question now? if you wou'd know, come along, for I have all ready.

*Hipp.* But I am not ready.

*Ger.* Truly, Miss, we shall have your Father come in upon us, and prevent us agen, as he did in the morning.

*Hipp.* 'Twas well for me he did; for on my Conscience if he had not come in, I had gone clear away with you when I was in the humour.

*Ger.* Come Dearest, you wou'd frighten me as if you were not yet in the same humour. Come, come away, the Coach and Six is ready.

*Hipp.* 'Tis too late to take the Air, and I am not ready.

*Ger.* You were ready in the morning.

*Hipp.* I, so I was.

*Ger.* Come, come, Miss, indeed the Jest begins to be none.

*Hipp.* What, I warrant you think me in Jest then ?

*Ger.* In jest, certainly, but it begins to be troublesom.

*Hipp.* But, Sir, you cou'd believe I was in earnest in the morning, when I but seem'd to be ready to go with you; and why won't you believe me now, when I declare to the contrary ? I take it unkindly, that the longer I am acquainted with you, you should have the less confidence in me.

*Ger.* For Heaven's sake, Miss, lose no more time thus, your Father will come in upon us, as he did——

*Hipp.* Let him, if he will.

*Ger.* He'll hinder our design.

*Hipp.* No, he will not, for mine is to stay here now.

*Ger.* Are you in earnest?

*Hipp.* You'll find it so.

*Ger.* How! why you confes'd but now you wou'd have gone with me in the morning.

*Hipp.* I was in the humour then.

*Ger.* And I hope you are in the same still, you cannot change so soon.

*Hipp.* Why, it is not a whole day ago?

*Ger.* What, are you not a day in the same humour ?

*Hipp.* Lord! that you who know the Town (they say) shou'd think any Woman could be a whole day together in an humour, ha, ha, ha.

*Ger.* Hey! this begins to be pleasant: What, won't you go with me then after all?

*Hipp.* No indeed, Sir, I desire to be excus'd.

*Ger.* Then you have abus'd me all this while?

*Hipp.* It may be so.

*Ger.* Cou'd all that so natural Innocency be dissembl'd, faith it cou'd not, dearest Miss.

*Hipp.* Faith it was, dear Master.

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*Ger.* Was it, faith?

*Hipp.* Methinks you might believe me without an Oath: you saw I cou'd difsemble with my Father, why shou'd you think I cou'd not with you?

*Ger.* So young a Wheadle?

*Hipp.* Ay, a meer damn'd Jade I am.

*Ger.* And I have been abus'd, you say?

*Hipp.* 'Tis well you can believe it at last.

*Ger.* And I must never hope for you?

*Hipp.* Wou'd you have me abuse you again?

*Ger.* Then you will not go with me?

*Hipp.* No; but for your comfort your los's will not be great, and that you may not resent it, for once I'll be ingenuous and disabuse you; I am no Heire's, as I told you, to twelve hundred pound a year. I was only a lying Jade then, now you will part with me willingly I doubt not.

*Ger.* I wish I cou'd.

[*sighs.*]

*Hipp.* Come, now I find 'tis your turn to difsemble; but men use to difsemble for money, will you difsemble for nothing?

*Ger.* 'Tis too late for me to difsemble.

*Hipp.* Don't you difsemble faith?

*Ger.* Nay, this is too cruel.

*Hipp.* What, wou'd you take me without the twelve hundred pound a year? wou'd you be such a Fool as to steal a Woman with nothing?

*Ger.* I'll convince you, for you shall go with me; and since you are twelve hundred pound a year the lighter, you'll be the easier carried away.

[*He takes her in his Arms, she struggles.*]

*Pru.* What, he takes her away against her will, I find I must knock for my Master then.

[*She knocks.*]

*Enter Don Diego and Mrs. Caution.*

*Hipp.* My Father, my Father is here.

*Ger.* Prevented again!

[*Ger. sets her down again.*]

*Don.* What, you have done I hope now, Friend, for good and all?

*Ger.* Yes, yes, we have done for good and all indeed.

*Don.* How, now! you seem to be out of humour, Friend.

*Ger.* Yes, so I am, I can't help it.

*Caut.* He's a Difsembler in his very Throat, Brother.

*Hipp.* Pray do not carry things so as to discover your self, if it be but for my sake, good Master.

[*aside to Ger.*]

*Ger.* She is grown impudent.

[*aside.*]

*Caut.* See, see, they whisper, Brother, to steal a Kiss under a Whisper, O the Harletry!

*Don.* What's the matter, Friend?

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*Hipp.* I say for my sake be in humour, and do not discover your self, but be as patient as a Dancing-master still. [To Ger.]

*Don.* What, she is whispering to him indeed! what's the matter? I will know it, Friend, look you.

*Ger.* Will you know it?

*Don.* Yes, I will know it.

*Ger.* Why, if you will know it, then she wou'd not do as I wou'd have her, and whisper'd me to desire me not to discover it to you.

*Don.* What, Huffy, wou'd you not do as he'd have you! I'll make you do as he'd have you.

*Ger.* I wish you wou'd.

*Caut.* 'Tis a lye, she'll do all he'll have her do, and more too, to my knowledge.

*Don.* Come, tell me what 'twas then she wou'd not do, come do it, Huffy, or—Come, take her by the hand, Friend, come, begin, let's see if he will not do any thing now I am here.

*Hipp.* Come, pray be in humour, Master.

*Ger.* I cannot dissemble like you.

*Don.* What, she can't dissemble already, can she?

*Caut.* Yes but she can, but 'tis with you she dissembles; for they are not fallen out, as we think, for I'll be sworn I saw her just now give him the languishing Eye, as they call it, that is, the Whitings-Eye, of old called the Sheeps-Eye. I'll be sworn I saw it with these two Eyes, that I did.

*Hipp.* You'll betray us, have a care, good Master. [aside to Ger.]

*Ger.* Hold your peace, I say, silly Woman.

*Don.* But does she dissemble already? how do you mean?

*Ger.* She pretends she can't do what she shou'd do, and that she is not in humour, the common Excuse of Women for not doing what they shou'd do.

*Don.* Come, I'll put her in humour; dance; I say, come, about with her, Master.

*Ger.* I am in a pretty humour to dance.

I cannot fool any longer, since you have fool'd me.

[aside.  
To Hip.]

*Hipp.* You wou'd not be so ungenerous, as to betray the Woman that hated you, I do not do that yet; for Heaven's sake for this once be more obedient to my desires than your passion.

*Don.* What is she humourfom still? But methinks you look your self as if you were in an ill humour; but about with her.

*Ger.* I am in no good Dancing humour indeed.

*Enter Monsieur.*

*Monf.* Well, how goes the Dancing forward? what my Aunt here to disturb 'em again?



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*Don.* Come, come.

[*Ger. leads her about.*

*Caut.* I say stand off, thou shalt not come near, avoid, Satan, as they say.

*Don.* Nay then we shall have it, Nephew, hold her a little, that she may not disturb 'em, come, now away with her.

*Ger.* One, two, and a Coupee.

Fool'd and abus'd.

[*aside.*

*Caut.* Wilt thou lay violent hands upon thy own natural Aunt, Wretch?

[*The Monsieur holding Caution.*

*Don.* Come, about with her.

*Ger.* One, two, three, four, and turn round.

By such a piece of Innocency.

[*aside.*

*Caut.* Dost thou see, Fool, how he squeezes her hand?

*Monf.* That won't do, Aunt.

*Hipp.* Pray, Master, have patience, and let's mind our business.

*Don.* Why did you anger him then, Huffy, look you ?

*Caut.* Do you see how she smiles in his face, and squeezes his hand now ?

*Monf.* Your Servant, Aunt, that won't do, I say.

*Hipp.* Have patience, Master.

*Ger.* I am become her sport, one, two, three, Death, Hell, and the Devil.

[*aside.*

*Don.* Ay, they are three indeed; but pray have patience.

*Caut.* Do you see how she leers upon him, and clings to him, can you suffer it?

*Monf.* Ay, ay.

*Ger.* One, two, and a flourish, can you be so unconcern'd after all ?

*Don.* What, is she unconcern'd! Huffy, mind your business.

*Ger.* One, two, three, and turn round, one two, fall, back, Hell and Damnation.

*Don.* Ay, people fall back indeed into Hell and Damnation, Heav'n knows.

*Ger.* One, two, three, and your Honour: I can fool no longer.

*Caut.* Nor will I be withheld any longer like a poor Hen in her Pen, while the Kite is carrying away her Chicken before her face.

*Don.* What have you done? Well then let's see her dance it now to the Violin.

*Monf.* Ay, ay, let's see her dance it to the Violin.

*Ger.* Another time, another time.

*Don.* Don't you believe that, Friend; these Dancing-masters make no bones of breaking their words. Did not you promise just now I should see her dance it to the Violin, and that I will too, before I stir.

*Ger.* Let *Monsieur* play then while I dance with her, she can't dance alone.

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*Monf.* I can't play at all, I'm but a Learner; but if you'll play, I'll dance with her.

*Ger.* I can't play neither.

*Don.* What a Dancing-master, and not play!

*Caut.* Ay, you see what a Dancing-master he is. 'Tis as I told you, I warrant: A Dancing-master, and not play upon the Fiddle!

*Don.* How!

*Hipp.* O you have betray'd us all! if you confess that, you undo us for ever. *[apart to Ger.]*

*Ger.* I cannot play, what wou'd you have me say?

*Monf.* I vow and swear we are all undone, if you cannot play.

*Don.* What, are you a Dancing-master, and cannot play! umph——

*Hipp.* He is only out of humour, Sir; here, Master, I know you will play for me yet, for he has an excellent hand.

*[She offers Gerrard the Violin.]*

*Monf.* Ay, that he has  
At giving a box on the Ear.

*[aside.]*

*Don.* Why does he not play then?

*Hipp.* Here, Master, pray play for my sake. *[Gives Ger. the Violin.]*

*Ger.* What wou'd you have me do with it? I cannot play a stroke.

*Hipp.* No, stay, then, seem to tune it, and break the strings. *[Apart to Ger.]*

*Ger.* Come then.

Next to the Devil's the Invention of Woman, they'll no more want an excuse to cheat a Father with, than an opportunity to abuse a Husband. *[aside.]*  
But what do you give me such a dam'd Fiddle with rotten strings for?

*[Winds up the strings till they break, and throws the Violin on the ground.]*

*Don.* Hey-day, the Dancing-master is frantick.

*Monf.* Ha, ha, ha, that people shou'd be made such Fools of.

*Caut.* He broke the strings on purpose, because he cou'd not play, you are blind, Brother.

*Don.* What, will you see further than I? look you.

*Hipp.* But pray, Master, why, in such haste?

*Ger.* Because you have done with me.

*Don.* But don't you intend to come to morrow agen?

*Ger.* Your Daughter does not desire it.

*Don.* No matter, I do, I must be your pay-Master I'm sure, I wou'd have you come betimes too, not only to make her perfect; but since you have so good a hand upon the Violin, to play your part with half a dozen of Musicians more, whom I wou'd have you bring with you; for we will have a very merry Wedding, though a very private one; you'll be sure to come?

*Ger.* Your Daughter does not desire it.

*Don.* Come, come, Baggage, you shall desire it of him, he is your Master.

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*Hipp.* My Father will have me desire it of you, it seems.

*Ger.* But you'll make a Fool of me agen; if I shou'd come, wou'd you not ?

*Hipp.* If I shou'd tell you so, you'd be sure not to come.

*Don.* Come, come, she shall not make a Fool of you, upon my word : I'll secure you, she shall do what you'll have her.

*Monf.* Ha, ha, ha, so, so, silly *Don.*

[*aside.*

*Ger.* But Madam, will you have me come ?

*Hipp.* I'd have you to know for my part, I care not whether you come or no; there are other Dancing-masters to be had, it is my Fathers request to you : all that I have to say to you, is a little good advice, which (because I will not shame you) I'll give you in private.

[*Whispers* Gerrard.

*Caut.* What, will you let her whisper with him too ?

*Don.* Nay, if you find fault with it, they shall whisper; though I did not like it before, Ile ha' no body wiser than my self; but do you think if 'twere any hurt, she wou'd whisper it to him before us?

*Caut.* If it be no hurt, why does she not speak aloud ?

*Don.* Because she says she will not put the man out of Countenance.

*Caut.* Hey-day, put a Dancing-master out of countenance !

*Don.* You say he is no Dancing-master.

*Caut.* Yes, for his impudence, he may be a Dancing-master.

*Don.* Well, well, let her whisper before me as much as she will to night, since she is to be marry'd to morrow, especially since her Husband that shall be, stands by consenting too.

*Monf.* Ay, ay, let 'em whisper (as you say) as much as they will before we marry. She's making more sport with him, I warrant; but I wonder how people can be fool'd so, ha, ha, ha.

[*aside.*

*Don.* Well, a Penny for the secret, Daughter.

*Hipp.* Indeed, Father, you shall have it for nothing to morrow.

*Don.* Well, Friend, you will not fail to come.

*Ger.* No, no, Sir.

Yet I am a Fool, if I do.

[*aside.*

*Don.* And be sure you bring the Fiddlers with you, as I bid you.

*Hipp.* Yes, be sure you bring the Fiddlers with you, as I bid you.

*Caut.* So, so, He'll fiddle your Daughter out of the House, must you have Fiddles, with a fiddle, faddle.

*Monf.* Lord! that people shou'd be made such Fools of, hah, hah.

[*Ex.* *Don.* *Hipp.* *Monf.* *Caut.* and *Prue.*

*Ger.* Fortune we sooner may than Woman trust

To her confiding Gallant she is just;

But falser Woman only him deceives,

Who to her Tongue and Eyes most credit gives.

[*Exit.*



# THE GENTLEMAN DANCING-MASTER

## ACT V. SCENE I.

*Enter Monsieur and Black stalking over the Stage, to them Mr. Gerard.*

*Monf.* **G**OOD morrow to thee, noble Dancing-master, ha, ha, ha, your little black Brother here, my Master, I see, is the more diligent man of the two; but why do you come so late? what you begin to neglect your Scholar, do you? Little black Master (con Licentia) pray get you out of the Room. *[Exit Black]*

What, out of humour, man! a Dancing-master shou'd be like his Fiddle, always in Tune. Come, my Cousin has made an Afs of thee, what then, I know it.

*Ger.* Does he know it?

*[aside.]*

*Monf.* But prethee don't be angry, 'twas agreed upon betwixt us, before I sent you, to make a Fool of thee, ha, ha, ha.

*Ger.* Was it so?

*Monf.* I knew you would be apt to entertain vain hopes from the Summons of a Lady; but faith the design was but to make a Fool of thee, as you find.

*Ger.* 'Tis very well.

*Monf.* But indeed I did not think the Jest wou'd have lasted so long, and that my Cousin wou'd have made a Dancing-master of you, ha, ha, ha.

*Ger.* The Fool has reason, I find, and I am the Coxcomb while I thought him so. *[aside.]*

*Monf.* Come, I see you are uneasie, and the Jest of being a Dancing-master grows tedious to you; but have a little patience, the Parson is sent for, and when once my Cousin and I are marry'd, my Uncle may know who you are.

*Ger.* I am certainly abus'd.

*Monf.* What do you say?

*[Monf. listens.]*

*Ger.* Meerly fool'd.

*[aside.]*

*Monf.* Why do you doubt it? ha, ha, ha.

*Ger.* Can it be?

*[aside.]*

*Monf.* Pish, pish, she told me yesterday as soon as you were gone, that she had led you into a Fools Paradise, and made you believe she wou'd go away with you, ha, ha, ha.

*Ger.* Did she so? I am no longer to doubt it then?

*[aside.]*

*Monf.* Ay, ay, she makes a meer Fool of thee, I vow and swear; but don't be concern'd, there's hardly a man of a thousand but has been made

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a Fool of by some Woman or other: I have been made a Fool of my self, man, by the Women, I have, I vow and swear, I have.

*Ger.* Well, you have, I believe it, for you are a Coxcomb.

*Monf.* Lord! you need not be so touchy with one, I tell you but the truth for your good, for though she does, I wou'd not fool you any longer; but prethee don't be troubl'd at what can't be help'd. Women are made on purpose to fool men; when they are Children, they fool their Fathers; and when they have taken their leaves of their Hanging-sleeves, they fool their Gallants or Dancing-masters, ha, ha, ha.

*Ger.* Hark you, Sir, to be fool'd by a Woman you say is not to be help'd; but I will not be fool'd by a Fool.

*Monf.* You shew your English breeding now, an English Rival is so dull and brutish as not to understand raillery, but what is spoken in your passion, I'll take no notice of, for I am your Friend, and would not have you my Rival to make your self ridiculous. Come, prethee, prethee, don't be so concern'd; for as I was saying, Women first fool their Fathers then their Gallants, and then their Husbands; so that it will be my turn to be fool'd too; (for your comfort) and when they come to be Widows, they would fool the Devil I vow and swear. Come, come, dear *Gerard*, prethee don't be out of humour and look so fillily

*Ger.* Prethee do not talk so fillily.

*Monf.* Nay, faith, I am resolv'd to beat you out of this ill humour.

*Ger.* Faith, I am afraid I shall first beat you into an ill humour.

*Monf.* Ha, ha, ha, that thou should'st be gull'd so by a little Gipsey, who left off her Bib but yesterday; faith I can't but laugh at thee.

*Ger.* Faith then I shall make your mirth (as being too violent) conclude in some little misfortune to you. The Fool begins to be tyrannical.

*Monf.* Ha, ha, ha, poor angry *Dancing-Master*; prethee match my Spanish pumps and legs with one of your best and newest Sarabands; ha, ha, ha, come——

*Ger.* I will match your Spanish ear, thus, Sir, and make you Dance thus. *[Strikes and kicks him.]*

*Monf.* How! fa, fa, fa, then I'll make you Dance thus.

*[Mon. draws his Sword and runs at him, but Ger. drawing he retires.]* Hold, hold a little: A desperate disappointed Lover will cut his own throat, then sure he will make nothing of cutting his Rivals throat. *[Aside.]*

*Ger.* Consideration is an Enemy to fighting; if you have a mind to revenge, your self, your Sword's in your hand.

*Monf.* Pray, Sir, hold your peace; I'll ne'r take my Rivals counsel be't what 'twill. I know what you wou'd be at; you are disappointed of your Mistress, and cou'd hang your self, and therefore will not fear hanging; but I am a successful Lover, and need neither hang for you nor my Mistress; nay, if I should kill you, I know I should do you a

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kindness; therefore e'en live to dye daily with envy of my happiness; but if you will needs dye, kill your self and be damn'd for me I vow and swear.

*Ger.* But won't you fight for your Mistress?

*Monf.* I tell you, you shall not have the honour to be kill'd for her; besides, I will not be hit in the teeth by her as long as I live with the great love you had for her. Women speak well of their dead Husbands, what will they do of their dead Gallants?

*Ger.* But if you will not fight for her, you shall Dance for her, since you desir'd me to teach you to Dance too; I'll teach you to Dance thus——

*[Strikes his Sword at his legs, Monsieur leaps.]*

*Monf.* Nay, if it be for the sake of my Mistress, there's nothing I will refuse to do.

*Ger.* Nay, you must Dance on.

*Monf.* Ay, ay, for my Mistress and Sing too, la, la, la, ra, la.

*Enter Hippolita and Prue.*

*Hipp.* What Swords drawn betwixt you two? what's the matter?

*Monf.* Is she here?

*[Aside.]*

Come put up your Sword; you see this is no place for us; but the Devil eat me, if you shall not eat my Sword, but——

*Hipp.* What's the matter, Cousin?

*Monf.* Nothing, nothing, Cousin: but your presence is a Sanctuary for my greatest Enemy, or else, *teste non.*

*Hipp.* What, you have not hurt my Cousin, Sir, I hope? *[To Ger.]*

*Ger.* How she's concern'd for him; nay, then I need not doubt, my fears are true. *[Aside.]*

*Monf.* What was that you said, Cousin! hurt me, ha, ha, ha, hurt me! if any man hurt me, he must do it basely; he shall ne'r do it when my Sword's drawn, fa, fa, fa.

*Hipp.* Because you will ne'r draw your Sword perhaps.

*Monf.* Scurvily guesses'd.

*[Aside.]*

You Ladies may say any thing; but, Cousin, pray do not you talk of Swords and fighting, meddle with your Guitar, and talk of dancing with your Dancing-master there, ha, ha, ha.

*Hipp.* But I am afraid you have hurt my Master, Cousin, he says nothing; can he draw his breath?

*Monf.* No, 'tis you have hurt your Master, Cousin, in the very heart Cousin, and therefore he wou'd hurt me; for Love is a disease makes people as malicious as the Plague does.

*Hipp.* Indeed, poor Master, something does ail you.

*Monf.* Nay, nay, Cousin, faith don't abuse him any longer, he's an honest Gentleman, and has been long of my acquaintance, and a man of



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tolerable sense to take him out of his Love; but prethee, Cousin, don't drive the Jest too far for my sake.

*Ger.* He counsels you well, pleasant-cunning-jilting-Miss for his sake; for if I am your divertisement, it shall be at his cost, since he's your Gallant in favour.

*Hipp.* I don't understand you.

*Monf.* But I do, a pox take him, and the Custom that so orders it, forsooth; that if a Lady abuse or affront a man, presently the Gallant must be beaten, nay, what's more unreasonable, if a Woman abuse her Husband, the poor Cuckold must bear the shame as well as the injury. [*aside.*]

*Hipp.* But what's the matter, Master? what was it you said?

*Ger.* I say pleasant, cunning jilting Lady, though you make him a Cuckold, it will not be revenge enough for me upon him for marrying you.

*Hipp.* How, my furly, huffing, jealous, senseless, sawcy Master?

*Monf.* Nay, nay, faith give losers leave to speak, losers of Mistresses especially, ha, ha, ha. Besides, your anger is too great a favour for him, I scorn to honour him with mine, you see.

*Hipp.* I tell you, my sawcy Master, my Cousin shall never be made that monstrous thing (you mention) by me.

*Monf.* Thank you, I vow and swear, Cousin, no, no, I never thought I should.

*Ger.* Sure you marry him by the sage Maxime of your Sex, which is, Wittals make the best Husbands, that is, Cuckolds.

*Hipp.* Indeed, Master, whatsoever you think, I wou'd sooner chuse you for that purpose than him.

*Monf.* Ha, ha, ha, there she was with him, i'faith, I thank you for that, Cousin, I vow and swear.

*Hipp.* Nay, he shall thank me for that too; but how came you two to quarrel? I thought, Cousin, you had had more wit than to quarrel, or more kindness for me than to quarrel here: what if my Father hearing the Bustle shou'd have come in, he wou'd soon have discover'd our false Dancing-master (for passion unmasks every man) and then the result of your quarrel had been my ruine.

*Monf.* Nay, you had both felt his desperate, deadly, daunting Dagger; there are your dè's for you.

*Hipp.* Go, go, presently therefore, and hinder my Father from coming in, whilst I put my Master into a better humour, that we may not be discover'd, to the prevention of our Wedding, or worse, when he comes, go, go.

*Monf.* Well, well, I will, Cousin.

*Hipp.* Be sure you let him not come in this good while.

*Monf.* No, no, I warrant you. [*Monf. goes out and returns.*]  
But if he shou'd come before I wou'd have him, I'll come before him and

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cough and hawk foundly, that you may not be surpris'd. Won't that do well, Cousin?

*Hipp.* Very well, pray be gone.

[*Exit Monsieur.*]

Well, Master, since I find you are quarrellsome and melancholy, and wou'd have taken me away without a Portion, three infallible signs of a true Lover, faith here's my hand now in earnest, to lead me a Dance as long as I live.

*Ger.* How's this? you surpris'd me as much as when first I found so much Beauty and Wit in Company with so much Innocency. But, Dearest, I would be assur'd of what you say, and yet dare not ask the question. You h——do not abuse me again, you h——will fool me no more sure.

*Hipp.* Yes but I will sure.

*Ger.* How! nay, I was afraid on't.

*Hipp.* For I say you are to be my Husband, and you say Husbands must be Wittals, and some strange things to boot.

*Ger.* Well, I will take my Fortune.

*Hipp.* But have a care, rash man.

*Ger.* I will venture.

*Hipp.* At your peril, remember I wish'd you to have a care, fore-warn'd fore-arm'd.

*Pru.* Indeed now that's fair; for most men are fore-arm'd before they are warn'd.

*Hipp.* Plain dealing is some kind of honesty however, and few Women wou'd have said so much.

*Ger.* None but those who wou'd delight in a Husbands jealousy, as the proof of his love and her honour.

*Hipp.* Hold, Sir, let us have a good understanding betwixt one another at first, that we may be long Friends; I differ from you in the point, for a Husbands jealousy, which cunning men wou'd pass upon their Wives for a Complement, is the worst can be made 'em, for indeed it is a Complement to their Beauty, but an affront to their Honour.

*Ger.* But, Madam——

*Hipp.* So that upon the whole matter I conclude, jealousy in a Gallant is humble true Love, and the height of respect, and only an undervaluing of himself to overvalue her; but in a Husband 'tis arrant sawciness, cowardise, and ill breeding, and not to be suffer'd.

*Ger.* I stand corrected, gracious Miss.

*Hipp.* Well! but have you brought the Gentlemen Fiddlers with you as I desired?

*Ger.* They are below.

*Hipp.* Are they arm'd well?

*Ger.* Yes, they have Instruments too that are not of wood; but what will you do with them?

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*Hipp.* What did you think I intended to do with them? when I whisper'd you to bring Gentlemen of your acquaintance instead of Fiddlers, as my Father desir'd you to bring; pray what did you think I intended?

*Ger.* Faith, e'en to make fools of the Gentlemen-Fiddlers, as you had done of your Gentleman Dancing-Master.

*Hipp.* I intended 'em for our guard and defence against my Fathers *Spanish* and *Guiny* force, when we were to make our retreat from hence, and to help us to take the keys from my Aunt, who has been the watchful Porter of this House this twelve-month; and this design (if your heart do not fail you) we will put in execution, as soon as you have given your Friends below instructions.

*Ger.* Are you sure your heart will stand right still? you flinch'd last night, when I little expected it, I am sure.

*Hipp.* The time last night was not so proper for us as now, for reasons I will give you; but besides that, I confess, I had a mind to try whether your interest did not sway you more than your love; whether the twelve hundred pounds a year I told you of, had not made a greater impression in your heart than *Hippolita*; but finding it otherwise——yet hold, perhaps upon consideration you are grown wiser; can you yet, as I said, be so desperate, so out of fashion, as to steal a woman with nothing?

*Ger.* With you I can want nothing, nor can be made by any thing more rich or happy.

*Hipp.* Think well again; can you take me without the twelve hundred pounds a year; the twelve hundred pounds a year?

*Ger.* Indeed, Miss, now you begin to be unkind again, and use me worse than e're you did.

*Hipp.* Well, though you are so modest a Gentleman as to suffer a Wife to be put upon you with nothing, I have more conscience than to do it: I have the twelve hundred pounds a year out of my Father's power, which is yours, and I am sorry it is not the *Indies* to mend your bargain.

*Ger.* Dear Miss, you but encrease my fears, and not my wealth: pray let us make haste away, I desire but to be secure of you; come, what are you thinking of?

*Hipp.* I am thinking if some little filching inquisitive Poet shou'd get my story, and represent it on the Stage; what those Ladies, who are never precise but at a Play, wou'd say of me now, that I were a confident coming piece, I warrant, and they wou'd damn the poor Poet for libelling the Sex; but sure though I give my self and fortune away frankly, without the consent of my Friends, my confidence is less than theirs, who stand off only for separate maintenance.

*Ger.* They wou'd be Widows before their time, have a Husband and no Husband: but let us be gone, least fortune shou'd recant my happiness. Now you are fix'd my dearest Miss.

[*He kisses her hand.*]



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*Enter Monsieur coughing, and Don Diego.*

*Hipp.* Oh here's my Father!

*Don.* How now, Sir! what kissing her hand? what means that, Friend, ha! Daughter, ha! do you permit this insolence, ha! (*voto á mi hourâ.*)

*Ger.* We are prevented again.

*Hipp.* Ha, ha, ha, you are so full of your *Spanish* Jealousie, Father, why you must know he's a City Dancing-master, and they, forsooth, think it fine to kiss the hand at the Honour before the Corant.

*Monf.* Ay, ay, ay, Uncle, don't you know that?

*Don.* Go to, go to, you are an easie *French* Fool, there's more in it than so, look you.

*Monf.* I vow and swear there's nothing more in't, if you'll believe one. Did not I cough and hawk? a jealous prudent Husband cou'd not cough and hawk louder at the approach of his Wifes Chamber in visiting-time, and yet you wou'd not hear me, he'll make now ado about nothing, and you'll be discover'd both. [*aside to Hipp. and Ger.*]

*Don.* Umph, umph, no, no, I see it plain, he is no Dancing-master, now I have found it out, and I think I can see as far into matters as another: I have found it now, look you.

*Ger.* My fear was propheticall.

*Hipp.* What shall we do? nay, pray, Sir, do not stir yet.

[*Ger. offers to go out with her.*]

*Enter Mrs. Caution.*

*Caut.* What's the matter, Brother? what's the matter?

*Don.* I have found it out, Sister, I have found it out, Sister, this Villain here is no Dancing-master, but a dishonourer of my House and Daughter, I caught him kissing her hand.

*Monf.* Pish, pish, you are a strange *Spanish* kind of an Uncle, that you are, a dishonourer of your Daughter, because he kissed her hand; pray how cou'd he honour her more? he kiss'd her hand, you see, while he was making his Honour to her.

*Don.* You are an unthinking, shallow, *French* Fop, voto——But I tell you Sister, I have thought of it, and have found it out, he is no Dancing-master, Sister. Do you remember the whispering last night? I have found out the meaning of that too, and I tell you, Sister, he's no Dancing-master, I have found it out.

*Caut.* You found it out, marry come up, did not I tell you always he was no Dancing-master?

*Don.* You tell me, you silly Woman, what then? what of that? you tell me, de' think I heeded what you told me? but I tell you now I have found it out.

*Caut.* I say I found it out.

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*Don.* I say 'tis false, Gossip, I found him out.

*Caut.* I say I found him out first, say you what you will.

*Don.* Sister *Mum*, not such a word again, guarda——you found him out.

*Caut.* Nay, I must submit, or dissemble like other prudent Women,  
or——

*Don.* Come, come, Sister, take it from me, he is no Dancing-master.

*Caut.* O yes, he is a Dancing-master.

*Don.* What will you be wiser than I every way? remember the whispering, I say.

*Caut.* So, he thinks I speak in earnest, then I'll fit him still. [*aside.* But what do you talk of their whispering, they wou'd not whisper any ill before us sure.

*Don.* Will you still be an Idiot, a Dolt, and see nothing.

*Monf.* Lord! you'll be wiser than all the World, will you? are we not all against you? pshaw, pshaw, I ne're saw such a Donissimo as you are, I vow and swear.

*Don.* No, Sister, he's no Dancing-master; for now I think on't too, he cou'd not play upon the Fiddle.

*Caut.* Pish, pish, what Dancing-master can play upon a Fiddle without strings?

*Don.* Again, I tell you he broke 'em on purpose, because he cou'd not play; I have found it out now, Sister.

*Caut.* Nay, you see farther than I, Brother. [*Ger. offers to lead her out.*

*Hipp.* For Heaven's sake stir not yet.

*Don.* Besides, if you remember they were perpetually putting me out of the Room, that was, Sister, because they had a mind to be alone, I have found that out too: Now, Sister, look you, he is no Dancing-master.

*Caut.* But has he not given her a Lesson often before you?

*Don.* I but, Sister, he did not go about his bus'ness like a Dancing-master; but go, go down to the dore, some body rings. [*Exit Caut.*

*Monf.* I vow and swear Uncle he is a Dancing-master; pray be appeas'd, Lord d'e think I'de tell you a lye?

*Don.* If it prove to be a lye, and you do not confess it, though you are my next Heir after my Daughter, I will disown thee as much as I do her, for thy folly and treachery to thy self, as well as me; you may have her, but never my estate look you.

*Monf.* How! I must look to my hits then.

[*Aside.*

*Don.* Look to't.

*Monf.* Then I had best confess all, before he discover all, which he will soon do.

*Enter Parson.*

O here's the Parson too! he won't be in choler nor brandish Toledo before the Parson sure?

[*Aside.*

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Well, Uncle, I must confess, rather than lose your favour, he is no Dancing-master.

*Don.* No.

*Ger.* What has the Fool betray'd us then at last? nay, then 'tis time to be gone; come away, Miss. [Going out.]

*Don.* Nay, Sir, if you pass this way, my *Toledo* will pass that way, look you. [Thrusts at him with his Sword.]

*Hipp.* O hold, Mr. *Gerard*, hold, Father!

*Monf.* I tell you Uncle he's an honest Gentleman, means no hurt, and came hither but upon a Frolick of mine and your Daughters [Stops his Uncle.]

*Don.* Ladron, Trayidor.

*Monf.* I tell you all's but a jest, a meer jest, I vow and swear.

*Don.* A jest, jest with my honour voto, ha! no Family to dishonour but the Grave, Wife, Noble, Honourable, Illustrious, Puissant, and right Worshipful Family of the *Formals*; nay, I am contented to reprove you, till you know who you have dishonoured, and convict you of the greatness of your crime before you die, we are descended, look you——

*Monf.* Nay, pray Uncle hear me.

*Don.* I say, we are descended.

*Monf.* 'Tis no matter for that.

*Don.* And my great, great Grand-father was.

*Monf.* Well, well, I have something to say more to the purpose.

*Don.* My great, great, great Grand-father, I say, was——

*Monf.* Well, a Pin-maker in——

*Don.* But he was a Gentleman for all that, Fop, for he was a Serjeant to a Company of the Train-bands, and my great, great great Grand-father, was.

*Monf.* Was his Son, what then? won't you let me clear this Gentleman?

*Don.* He was, he was——

*Monf.* He was a Felt-maker, his Son a Wine-cooper, your Father a Vintner, and so you came to be a Canary-Merchant.

*Don.* But we were still Gentlemen, for our Coat was as the Heralds say——was——

*Monf.* Was, your sign was the Three Tuns, and the Field Canary; now let me tell you this honest Gentleman——

*Don.* Now that you shou'd dare to dishonour this Family; by the Graves of my Ancestors in Great Saint *Ellen's* Church——

*Monf.* Yard.

*Don.* Thou shalt dye for't, ladron.

[Runs at Gerard.]

*Monf.* Hold, hold, Uncle, are you mad?

*Hipp.* Oh, oh.



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*Monf.* Nay then, by your own *Spanish* rules of honour (though he be my Rival) I must help him, since I brought him into danger. [*Draws his Sword.* Sure he will not shew his valour upon his Nephew and Son-in-Law, otherwise I shou'd be afraid of shewing mine. [*aside.*

Here Mr. *Gerrard*, go in here, nay, you shall go in, Mr. *Gerrard*, I'll secure you all; and Parson do you go in too with 'em; for I see you are afraid of a Sword and the other World, though you talk of it so familiarly, and make it so fine a place.

[*Opens a dore, and thrusts Gerrard, Hippolita and Parson in, then shuts it, and guards it with his Sword.*

*Don.* Tu quoque, Brute.

*Monf.* Nay, now Uncle you must understand reason; what, you are not only a *Don*, but you are a *Don Quixot* too, I vow and swear.

*Don.* Thou spot, sploach of my Family and Blood; I will have his blood, look you.

*Monf.* Pray good Spanish Uncle, have but patience to hear me; suppose—I say, suppose he had done, done, done the feat to your Daughter.

*Don.* How, done the feat, done the feat, done the feat, *En horâ malâ.*

*Monf.* I say, suppose, suppose——

*Don.* Suppose——

*Monf.* I say, suppose he had, for I do but suppose it; well, I am ready to marry her however; now Marriage is as good a Solder for crack'd Female-honour, as blood, and can't you suffer the shame but for a quarter of an hour, till the Parson has marry'd us, and then if there be any shame, it becomes mine; for here in *England*, the Father has nothing to do with the Daughters business, honour, what de'e call't, when once she's marry'd, de'e see.

*Don.* *England!* what de'e tell me of *England*? I'll be a *Spaniard* still, voto à mi hora, and I will be reveng'd, *Pedro, Juan, Sanchez.* [*Calls at the dore.*

*Enter Mrs. Caution follow'd by Flirt and Flounce in vizard Masks.*

*Caut.* What's the matter, Brother?

*Don.* *Pedro, Sanchez, Juan*, but who are these, Sister? are they not men in womens cloaths; what make they here?

*Caut.* They are relations, they say, of my Cousins, who press'd in when I let in the Parson, they say my Cousin invited 'em to his Wedding.

*Monf.* Two of my relations, ha——they are my Cousins indeed of the other night; a Pox take 'em, but that's no Curse for 'em; a Plague take 'em then, but how came they here?

*Don.* Now must I have witnesses too of the dishonour of my Family; it were Spanish Prudence to dispatch 'em away out of the House, before I

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begin my revenge.

[*Aside.*]

What are you? what make you here? who wou'd you speak with?

*Flirt.* With *Monfieur*.

*Don.* Here he is.

*Monf.* Now will these Jades discredit me, and spoil my match just in the coupling minute.

*Don.* Do you know em?

*Monf.* Yes, Sir, sure, I know 'em. Pray, Ladies, say as I say, or you will spoil my Wedding, for I am just going to be marry'd, and if my Uncle, or Mistrefs should know who you are, it might break off the match.

[*Aside to 'em.*]

*Floun.* We come on purpose to break the match.

*Monf.* How!

*Flirt.* Why, de'e think to marry and leave us so in the lurch?

*Monf.* What do the Jades mean?

[*Aside.*]

*Don.* Come, who are they? what wou'd they have? if they come to the Wedding, Ladies, I assure you there will be none to day here.

*Monf.* They won't trouble you, Sir, they are going again. Ladies, you hear what my Uncle says; I know you won't trouble him. I wish I were well rid of 'em.

[*Aside.*]

*Floun.* You shall not think to put us off so.

[*Aside.*]

*Don.* Who are they? what are their names?

*Flirt.* We are, Sir——

*Monf.* Nay, for Heaven's sake don't tell who you are, for you will undo me, and spoil my match infallibly.

[*Aside to 'em.*]

*Floun.* We care not, 'tis our business to spoil matches.

*Monf.* You need not, for, I believe, marry'd men are your best customers, for greedy Batchelors take up with their Wives.

*Don.* Come, pray Ladies, if you have no business here, be pleas'd to retire, for few of us are in humour to be so civil to you, as you may deserve.

*Monf.* Ay, prethee dear Jades get you gone.

*Flirt.* We will not stir.

*Don.* Who are they, I say, Fool, and why don't they go?

*Floun.* We are, Sir——

*Monf.* Hold, hold.

They are persons of honour and quality, and——

*Flirt.* We are no persons of honour and quality, Sir, we are——

*Monf.* They are modest Ladies, and being in a kind of disguise, will not own their quality.

*Floun.* We modest Ladies!

*Monf.* Why? sometimes you are in the humour to pass for Women of honour and quality; prethee, dear Jades, let your modesty and greatness come upon you now.

[*Aside to 'em.*]

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*Flirt.* Come, Sir, not to delude you, as he wou'd have us, we are——

*Monf.* Hold hold——

*Flirt.* The other night at the French Houfe——

*Monf.* Hold, I fay, 'tis even true as *Gerrard* fays, the women will tell, fee.

*Floun.* If you wou'd have her filent, ftop, her mouth with that ring.

[*Takes off his ring and gives it her.*]

*Monf.* Will that do't, here, here——

'Tis worth one hundred and fifty pounds;

But I muft not lofe my match, I muft not lofe a Trout for a Fly.

That men fhould live to hire Women to filence.

*Enter Gerrard, Hippolita, Parfon, and Prue.*

*Don.* Oh, are you come agen!

[*Draws his Sword and runs at 'em, Monsieur holds him.*]

*Monf.* Oh, hold, hold, Uncle?

What are you mad, *Gerrard*, to expofe your felf to a new danger? why wou'd you come out yet?

*Ger.* Becaufe our danger now is over, I thank the Parfon there. And now we muft beg—— [Ger. and Hipp. kneel.]

*Monf.* Nay, faith, Uncle, forgive him now, fince he asks you forgiveness upon his knees, and my poor Coufin too.

*Hipp.* You are miftaken, Coufin; we ask him bleffing, and you forgiveness.

*Monf.* How, how, how! what do you talk of bleffing; what do you ask your Father bleffing, and he ask me forgiveness? But why fhould he ask me forgiveness?

*Hipp.* Becaufe he asks my Father bleffing.

*Monf.* Pifh, pifh, I don't underftand you, I vow and fwear.

*Hipp.* The Parfon will expound to you, Coufin.

*Monf.* Hey! what fay you to it, Parfon?

*Parf.* They are marry'd, Sir.

*Monf.* Marry'd!

*Caut.* Marry'd! fo, I told you what 'twould come to.

*Don.* You told us——

*Monf.* Nay, fhe is fetting up for the reputation of a Witch.

*Don.* Marry'd, *Juan, Sanchez, Petro*, arm, arm, arm.

*Caut.* A Witch, Witch!

*Hipp.* Nay, indeed Father, now we are marry'd, you had better call the Fiddles: Call 'em *Prue* quickly. [Ex. *Prue.*]

*Monf.* Who do you fay marry'd, man?

*Parf.* Was I not fent for on purpofe to marry 'em? why fhould you wonder at it?



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*Monf.* No, no, you were to marry me, man, to her; I knew there was a mistake in't some how; you were meerly mistaken, therefore you must do your business over again for me now. The Parson was mistaken, Uncle, it seems, ha, ha, ha.

*Caut.* I suppose five or six Guinies made him make the mistake, which will not be rectify'd now Nephew; they'll marry all that come near 'em, and for a Guinea or two, care not what mischief they do, Nephew.

*Don.* Marry'd, *Pedro, Sanchez*?

*Monf.* How, and must she be his Wife then for ever and ever? have I held the dore then for this, like a fool as I was?

*Caut.* Yes, indeed.

*Monf.* Have I worn Golillia here for this? little Breeches for this?

*Caut.* Yes, truly.

*Monf.* And put on the Spanish honour with the habit, in defending my Rival; nay, then I'll have another turn of honour in revenge. Come, Uncle, I'm of your side now, fa, fa, fa, but let's stay for our force, *Sanchez, Juan, Petro*, arm, arm, arm.

*Enter two Blacks, and the Spaniard follow'd by Prue, Martin, and five other Gentlemen like Fiddlers.*

*Don.* Murder the Villain, kill him.

[*Running all upon Ger.*

*Mart.* Hold, hold, Sir.

*Don.* How now, who sent for you, Friends?

*Mart.* We Fiddlers, Sir, often come unsent for.

*Don.* And you are often kick'd down stairs for't too.

*Mart.* No, Sir, our Company was never kick'd I think.

*Don.* Fiddlers, and not kick'd? then to preserve your Virgin-honour, get you down stairs quickly; for we are not at present dispos'd much for mirth, voto.

*Monf. peeping.* A pox, is it you, *Martin*? nay, Uncle, then 'tis in vain; for they won't be kick'd down stairs, to my knowledge. They are Gentlemen Fiddlers, forsooth, a pox on all Gentlemen Fiddlers and Gentlemen Dancing-masters say I.

*Don.* How! ha.

[*Pausing.*

*Monf.* Well, *Flirt*, now I am a Match for thee, now I may keep you, and there's little difference betwixt keeping a Wench, and Marriage, only Marriage is a little the cheaper; but the other is the more honourable now, vert & bleu, nay now I may swear a *French* Oath too. Come, come, I am thine, let us strike up the Bargain, thine according to the honourable Institution of Keeping, come.

*Flirt.* Nay hold, Sir, two words to the Bargain, first I have ne're a Lawyer here to draw Articles and Settlements.

*Monf.* How! is the World come to that? a man cannot keep a Wench

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without Articles and Settlements, nay then 'tis e'en as bad as Marriage indeed, and there's no difference betwixt a Wife and a Wench.

*Flirt.* Only in Cohabitation, for the first Article shall be against Cohabitation; we Mistresses suffer no Cohabitation.

*Monf.* Nor Wives neither now.

*Flirt.* Then separate Maintenance, in case you shou'd take a Wife, or I a new Friend.

*Monf.* How! that too? then you are every whit as bad as a Wife.

*Flirt.* Then my House in Town, and yours in the Country, if you will.

*Monf.* A meer Wife.

*Flirt.* Then my Coach apart, as well as my Bed apart.

*Monf.* As bad as a Wife still.

*Flirt.* But take notice I will have no little, dirty, second-hand Charriot new forbish'd, but a large, sociable, well painted Coach, nor will I keep it till it be as well known as my self, and it come to be call'd *Flirt*-Coach; nor will I have such pitiful Horses as cannot carry me every night to the *Park*; for I will not miss a night in the *Park*, I'd have you to know.

*Monf.* 'Tis very well, you must have your great, gilt, fine, painted Coaches, I'm sure they are grown so common already amongst you, that Ladies of Quality begin to take up with Hackneys agen, Jarnie; but what else?

*Flirt.* Then, that you do not think I will be serv'd by a little dirty boy in a Bonnet, but a couple of handsom, lusty, cleanly Footmen, fit to serve Ladies of Quality, and do their business as they shou'd do.

*Monf.* What then?

*Flirt.* Then, that you never grow jealous of them?

*Monf.* Why, will you make so much of them?

*Flirt.* I delight to be kind to my Servants.

*Monf.* Well, is this all?

*Flirt.* No then, that when you come to my House, you never presume to touch a Key, lift up a Latch, or thrust a Door, without knocking before hand; and that you ask no questions, if you see a stray Piece of Plate, Cabinet, or Looking-glass in my House.

*Monf.* Just a Wife in every thing; but what else?

*Flirt.* Then, that you take no acquaintance with me abroad, nor bring me home any when you are drunk, whom you will not be willing to see there, when you are sober.

*Monf.* But what allowance? let's come to the main business, the money.

*Flirt.* Stay, let me think, first for advance-money five hundred pounds for Pins.

*Monf.* A very Wife.

*Flirt.* Then you must take the Lease of my House, and furnish it as

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becomes one of my Quality; for don't you think we'll take up with your old Queen *Elizabeth* Furniture, as your Wives do.

*Monf.* Indeed there she is least like a Wife, as she says.

*Flirt.* Then, for House-keeping, Servant-wages, Cloaths, and the rest, I'll be contented with a thousand pound a year present maintenance, and but three hundred pound a year separate maintenance for my life, when our Love grows cold; but I am contented with a thousand pound a year, because for Pendants, Neck-laces, and all sorts of Jewels, and such Trifles, nay and some Plate, I will shift my self as I can, make shifts, which you shall not take any notice of.

*Monf.* A thousand pound a year! what will wenching come to? Time was, a man might have fared as well at a much cheaper rate; and a Lady of ones affections, instead of a House, wou'd have been contented with a little Chamber three pair of Stairs backward, with a little Clofet or Larder to't; and instead of variety of new Gowns, and rich Petticoats, with her Dishabillee or Flamecolour Gown called *Indian*, and Slippers of the same, wou'd have been contented for a twelve month: and instead of Visits and gadding to Plays, wou'd have entertain'd her self at home with St. *George* for *England*, the Knight of the Sun, or the Practice of Piety; and instead of sending her Wine and Meat from the *French* houses, wou'd have been contented, if you had given her (poor Wretch) but credit at the next Chandlers and Checker'd Cellar; and then instead of a Coach, wou'd have been well satisfi'd to have gone out and taken the Air for three or four hours in the Evening in the Balcony, poor Soul. Well, *Flirt*, however we'll agree; 'tis but three hundred pound a year separate maintenance, you say, when I am weary of thee and the Charge.

*Don.* Rob'd of my Honour, my Daughter, and my Revenge too! Oh my dear Honour! nothing vexes me but that the World should say, I had not *Spanish* Policy enough to keep my Daughter from being debauch'd from me; but methinks my *Spanish* Policy might help me yet: I have it so— I will cheat 'em all; for I will declare I understood the whole Plot and Contrivance, and conniv'd at it, finding my Cousin a Fool, and not answering my expectation. Well; but then if I approve of the Match, I must give this Mock Dancing-master my Estate, especially since half he wou'd have in right of my Daughter, and in spite of me. Well, I am resolv'd to turn the Cheat upon themselves, and give them my Consent and Estate.

*Monf.* Come, come, ne're be troubl'd, Uncle, 'twas a Combination, you see, of all these Heads and your Daughters; you know what I mean, Uncle, not to be thwarted or govern'd by all the *Spanish* Policy in *Christendom*. I'm sure my *French* Policy wou'd not have govern'd her; so, since I have scap'd her, I am glad I have scap'd her, Jernie.

*Caut.* Come, Brother, you are wiser than I, you see, ay, ay.



## THE GENTLEMAN DANCING-MASTER

*Don.* No, you think you are wiser than I now, in earnest; but know, while I was thought a Gull, I gull'd you all, and made them and you think I knew nothing of the Contrivance. Confess, did not you think verily, that I knew nothing of it, and that I was a Gull?

*Caut.* Yes indeed, Brother, I did think verily you were a Gull.

*Hipp.* How's this?

[*listening.*

*Don.* Alas, alas, all the sputter I made was but to make this Young-man, my Cousin, believe, when the thing shou'd be effected, that it was not with my connivence or consent; but since he is so well satisf'd, I owne it. For do you think I wou'd ever have suffer'd her to marry a *Monfieur*, a *Monfieur Guarda*. Besides, it had been but a beastly incestuous kind of a Match, voto——

*Caut.* Nay, then I see, Brother, you were wiser than I indeed.

*Ger.* So, so.

[*aside.*

*Caut.* Nay, Young-man, you have danc'd a fair Dance for your self royally, and now you may go jig it together till you are both weary; and though you were so eager to have him, Mrs. *Minx*, you'll soon have your belly-full of him, let me tell you, Mistress.

*Pru.* Hah, ha.

*Monf.* How, Uncle! what was't you said? Nay if I had your *Spanish* Policy against me, it was no wonder I mis'd of my aim, mon foy.

*Don.* I was resolv'd too, my Daughter shou'd not marry a Coward, therefore made the more ado to try you, Sir, but I find you are a brisk Man of Honour, firm, stiff, Spanish Honour, and that you may see I deceiv'd you all a long, and you not me; ay, and am able to deceive you still; for, I know now you think that I will give you little or nothing with my Daughter (like other Fathers) since you have marry'd her without my consent; but, I say, I'll deceive you now, for you shall have the most part of my Estate in present, and the rest at my death; there's for you, I think I have deceiv'd you now, look you.

*Ger.* No, indeed, Sir, you have not deceiv'd me, for I never suspected your love to your Daughter, nor your Generosity.

*Don.* How, Sir! have a care of saying I have not deceiv'd you, lest I deceive you another way; guarda——pray, Gentlemen, do not think any man cou'd deceive me, look you; that any Man could steal my Daughter look you, without my connivence.

The less we speak, the more we think,  
And he sees most, that seems to wink.

*Hipp.* So, so, now I cou'd give you my blessing, Father, now you are a good complaisant Father, indeed.

When Children marry, Parents shou'd obey,  
Since Love claims more Obedience far than they. [*Exeunt Omnes.*

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# EPILOGUE

Spoken by *Flirt*.

**T**HE Ladies first I am to Compliment,  
Whom (if he cou'd) the Poet wou'd content.  
But to their pleasure then they must consent.

Most spoil their sport still by their modesty,  
And when they shou'd be pleas'd, cry out, O fie,  
And the least smooty jest will ne're pass by.

But Cityt damsel ne're had confidence,  
At smooty Play to take the lest offence,  
But mercy shews, to shew her innocence.

Yet lest the Merchants Daughters shou'd to day  
Be scandaliz'd, not at our harmless Play;  
But our Hippolita, since she's like one  
Of us bold Flirts, of t'other end o' th' Town;  
Our Poet sending to you (though unknown)  
His best respects by me, do's frankly own  
The character to be unnatural;  
Hippolita is not like you at all;  
You, while your Lovers court you, still look grum,  
And far from wooing, when they woo, cry mum;  
And if some of you e're were stoll'n away,  
Your Portion's fault 'twas only I dare say:  
Thus much for him the Poet bid me speak,  
Now to the men, I my own mind will break;  
You good men o' th' Exchange, on whom alone  
We must depend, when Sparks to Sea are gone;  
Into the Pit already you are come,  
'Tis but a step more to our Tying room;  
Where none of us but will be wondrous sweet  
Upon an able Lover of Lumber-street:  
You we had rather see between our Scenes,  
Than spend-thrift Fops with better Cloaths and meens;  
Instead of Lac'd-coats, Belts, and Pantalloons,

## THE GENTLEMAN DANCING-MASTER

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*Your Velvet Jumps, Gold Chains, and grave Fur Gowns,  
Instead of Perriwigs, and broad cock'd Hats,  
Your Sattin Caps, small Cuffs, and vast Crevats;  
For you are fair and square in all your dealings,  
You never cheat your Doxies with guilt Shillings;  
You ne're will break our Windows, then you are  
Fit to make love, while our Houzaas make War;  
And since all Gentlemen must pack to Sea,  
Our Gallants and our Judges you must be;  
We therefore, and our Poet, do submit  
To all the Chamlet Cloaks now i' the Pit.*

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TEXTUAL  
NOTES





## Love in a Wood

- p. 65, l. 1. *Love in a Wood.* It may be noted that the general textual differences between the first quarto, 1672, and subsequent editions, the second quarto, 1693; the third, 1694; the fourth, 1711, are as follows: the first quarto reads "I'le," later editions "I'll"; the first quarto, "dore," later editions "door"; the first quarto, "e're," later editions "e'er." The first quarto throughout reads "then" (the conjunction used in comparisons), later editions "than." There are some changes in capitalization: the first quarto usually reads "men" "woman" "marriage" "morning" "faith" (in phrase 'faith and troth'), 1693 and 1694 prefer "Man" "Woman" "Marriage" "Morning" "Faith."

After giving "The Persons" the first quarto prints a note of ten Errata, and repeats the note at the end of the play before the epilogue. I have silently corrected these in the present text, save that I note where the mistake persisted in a later edition in spite of the caution.

- p. 65, l. 6. *Acted by his Majesties Servants.* 1693 and 1694: Acted By Their Majesties Servants. William and Mary were on the throne, and the nomenclature had, of course, changed.
- p. 65, l. 9. *helicone.* 1693 and 1694: *Helicone.*
- p. 69, l. 4. *Cleavland.* 1694: Cleaveland.
- p. 71, l. 13. *Priviledge.* 1693, 1694: Privilege.
- p. 72, l. 1. *The Persons.* 1694: Dramatis Personae.
- p. 80, l. 17. *powr.* 1694: pour.
- p. 81, l. 6. *Mæcenas.* 1694: *Mecænas.*
- p. 83, l. 38. *this Jilt.* 1672 prints in the text "his Jilt," and in the Errata corrects to "this Jilt." But "his Jilt" has persisted in all editions, and we find the mistake in 1693, 1694, 12mo 1735, Leigh Hunt's issue of 1840, and the rest.
- p. 84, l. 17. *sure Mistrefs you Bawds.* 1694: sure Mistress you: Bauds.
- p. 84, l. 29. *Cloath.* 1693, 1694: "Cloth."
- p. 86, l. 24. *frenzies.* 1694: "Frenzes."
- p. 88, l. 9. *reparty.* 1693, 1694: "Repartee."
- p. 93, l. 24. *Aturney.* 1693: "Attorney."
- p. 94, l. 6. *Tabacca-men.* 1693: "Tobacco-men."
- p. 99, l. 28. *Flip. Certainly.* [*Ex. Omnes.* 1694: omits "[*Ex. Omnes.*"]
- p. 101, l. 29. *Ran. Five doors off on the right hand.* 1672 here reads: "Ran.— [*He whispers.*"] It is corrected as in present text in the Errata. In Mr. Gosse's copy of the first quarto a contemporary hand has written: "5 doores off on y<sup>e</sup> right hand."
- p. 103, l. 13. *great fire.* 1693: "great Fire."
- p. 108, l. 41. *Demm.* 1693, 1694: "Damm."

## TEXTUAL NOTES

- p. 116, l. 6. *Neck-lase.* 1693, 1694: "Neck-lace."  
 p. 121, l. 25. *Crevifs.* 1693, 1694: "Crevise."  
 p. 124, l. 10. *Chyrurgion.* 1694: "Chirurgion."  
 p. 140, l. 37. *to ruminate on them.* 1672 reads in text "to ruminate in them" and corrects in Errata to "on them," but 1694 preserves the mistake "to ruminate in them."

## The Gentleman Dancing-Master

It may be observed that the 1702 quarto gives evidence of very careless printing and we continually meet with such mistakes as "hear" for "here," "where" for "were," *Franec*, *Marrage*, *Whsper*, *Dauhgtter*, *confusion*.

- p. 151, l. 6. *Acted at the Duke's Theatre.* 4tos, 1693 and 1702: "As it is Acted By Their Majesties Servants."  
 p. 157, l. 8. *shut up a poor Girl.* 4to, 1702: "shut up the poor Girl."  
 p. 158, l. 7. *Frekeish-fool.* 4tos, 1693 and 1702: "Freekish-fool."  
 p. 159, l. 14. *Mister.* 4tos, 1693 and 1702: "Master."  
 p. 160, l. 9. *he ne're carries.* 4to, 1702: "he ne'er carries."  
 p. 160, l. 23. *I'll tell you.* 4to, 1702: "I'll tell you."  
 p. 162, l. 4. *that he never courted.* 4tos, 1693 and 1702: "that he ever courted."  
 p. 163, l. 8. *I did not only dream Ih——* 4to, 1702: "I did not only dream in——"  
 p. 165, l. 8. *fool'd by this Coxcomb.* [*aside.* 4to, 1702 omits this and the following stage direction "*aside.*"  
 p. 165, l. 24. *Pention.* 4tos, 1693 and 1702: "Pension."  
 p. 165, l. 34. *Francez into redicule.* 4to, 1702: "Francez into ridicule."  
 p. 165, l. 36. *Ma foy.* 4to, 1702: "May foy."  
 p. 166, l. 6. *State General togeder.* 4tos, 1693 and 1702: "State General together."  
 p. 166, l. 31. *your Friend de Dufhe.* 4to, 1702: "your Friend Dufhe."  
 p. 167, l. 36. *taring midnight Ramblers.* 4to, 1702: "tearing midnight Ramblers."  
 p. 169, l. 5. *Peeping under her Scarff.* 4to, 1702, omits.  
 p. 169, l. 21. *Mart. And for my part I am to be marry'd.* 4to, 1702, misprints speech prefix *Ger.*  
 p. 171, l. 22. *de' hear.* 4to, 1702: "d'y hear."  
 p. 176, l. 3. *so troublesom.* 4tos, 1693 and 1702: "so troublesome."  
 p. 176, l. 41. *Country Squire.* 4to, 1702: "Contry Squire."  
 p. 177, l. 13. *stoln away.* 4tos, 1693 and 1702: "stolen away."  
 p. 179, l. 42. *I' facks.* 4to, 1702: "I' facks."  
 p. 183, l. 25. *nay, and the very Lawyer.* 4tos, 1693 and 1702: "nay, the very Lawyer."  
 p. 191, l. 35. *dear Shoe, Garni.* 4tos, 1693 and 1702: "dear Shoe, Jernie."  
 p. 193, l. 25. *than I am a Maid.* 4to, 1702: "then I am a Maid."  
 p. 194, l. 23. *you a Spaniard?* 4to, 1702: "you are a Spaniard."

## TEXTUAL NOTES

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- p. 194, l. 26. *Harletry*. 4tos, 1693 and 1702: "Harlotry."  
p. 195, l. 9. *senforious*. 4to, 1702: "censorious."  
p. 197, l. 13. *Hankerchief*. 4to, 1702: "Handkerchief."  
p. 204, l. 6. *Bow-dy-Stockins*. 4tos, 693 and 1702: "Bow-dy-Stockings."  
p. 206, l. 30. *who you were*. 4to, 1702 misprints: "who you where."  
p. 206, l. 34. *her Dancing-master is here*. 4to, 1702, misprints: "her Dancing-master is hear."  
p. 208, l. 11. *made a Fool of too?* 4to, 1702, misprints: "made a Fool of two?"  
p. 214, l. 26. *strings till they break*. 4to, 1702, misprints: "tell they break."  
p. 218, l. 41. *Monf. Nay, nay Cousin*. 4to, 1702, wrongly gives speech-prefix *Hipp*.  
p. 223, l. 30. *go down to the dore*. 4tos, 1693 and 1702: "go down to the door."  
p. 224, l. 12. *Ladron, Trayidor*. 4to, 1702: "Ladron, Traidor."





EXPLANATORY  
NOTES





## EXPLANATORY NOTES

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### Love in a Wood

- p. 65. *Love in a Wood*. "In a Wood" is a phrase meaning "perplexed" or "confused." So in Congreve's *Incognita* (1692) we have: "The Old Gentleman was himself in a sort of a Wood to find his Daughter with a Young Fellow and a Priest." Probably many readers miss the play upon words in Wycherley's punning title. We still speak of being "not yet out of the Wood," meaning not yet clear from difficulties.
- p. 65. *Excludit sanos*. Horace, *De Arte Poetica*, ll. 296-7.
- p. 70. *No Man with Papers in's Hand*. Cf. Pope's *Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot*:  
     Fire in each eye, and papers in each hand.
- p. 71. *fleering*. To flier is to grin and look sillily or amorously. Cf. Duffett's *The Mock-Tempest* (4to, 1675) (produced at Drury Lane, November, 1674), IV, 2, where Hypolito cries to Dorinda: "What art thou, thou fleering thing?"
- p. 71. *Porters Lodge*. Whitehall. A house of correction. After the King's displeasure at Edward Howard's too pungent satire in *The Change of Crownes*, produced at the Theatre Royal, Monday, 15th April, 1667, wherein "Lacy did act the county-gentleman come up to Court, who do abuse the Court with all the imaginable wit and plainness about selling of places and doing every thing for money," the play was forbidden, and, further trouble ensuing, Pepys learned on the following Saturday "that Lacy had been committed to the porter's lodge for his acting his part in the late new play."
- p. 72. *Dapperwit*. The name has been introduced by Pope in *The Rape of the Lock*, V, 61, 62:  
     O Cruel Nymph! a living death I bear,  
     Cried Dapperwit, and sunk beside his chair.
- p. 73. *Gripe's House in the Evening*. In *The Gentleman Dancing-Master* we have "Act I, Scene 1, Don Diego's House in the Evening": "Act II, Scene 1, Don Diego's House in the Morning": In *The Country-Wife* "Act IV. Scene 1, In Pinchwife's House in the Morning." It is obvious that by these careful indications Wycherley intended that some differentiations should be made upon the stage. He is always very explicit with regard to the use of artificial light, candles and torches,—*Love in a Wood*, Act I, "The Scene changes to the French House, a Table, Wine, and Candles," where the dialogue commences with Dapperwit's "Pray, Mr. Ranger, let's have no drinking to night"; "Act II, Scene 1, St. James's Park at night" where we presently have "Enter Torches and Musick at a distance"; *The Country-Wife*, "Act V, Scene 1, Mr. Pinchwife's House. Enter Mr. Pinchwife and Mrs. Pinchwife. A Table and Candle," and later when the scene is supposed to be completely dark "Exit Mrs.

## LOVE IN A WOOD

Pinchwife, *puts out the Candle*"; and a little later "*The Scene changes to the Piazza of Covent-Garden. . . . Enter Alithea following a Torch, and Lucy behind.*" From this it would seem that an interior scene at night was denoted by lighted candles being placed upon a table on the stage, in addition, of course, to the tapers which were already burning in the theatre. An exterior at night Wycherley generally marked by the bringing on of flambeaux.

p. 73. a *Chouse*. In *The Alchemist*, acted in 1610, Act I, Scene 2, Dapper says:

What doe you thinke of me,

That I am a Chiause?

A chiaus was an envoy or special agent of the Sultan. Such an agent had, in 1609, swindled the Turkish and Persian merchants of London out of some £4000; hence the word, which was soon anglicized, came to mean a cozener, a cheat.

p. 74. *Covent-Garden-Church, St. Martins, the Play-Houses, Hide-Park, Mulberry-Garden*. S. Paul's, Covent Garden, the design of which is attributed to Inigo Jones, was commenced in 1631, and having been built at the charge of the Earl of Bedford, was consecrated by Dr. Juxon, Bishop of London, 27th September, 1638. The Rev. William Bray, vicar of S. Martin's-in-the-Fields, claimed it as a chapel of ease, but in 1645 it was constituted as a separate parish. In Otway's *The Atheist*, produced at Dorset Garden in the autumn of 1683 (4to, 1684), I, among the daily business of London are mentioned "Assignations at *Covent-Garden Church*." Cf. Shadwell's *The Miser*, Theatre Royal, Bridges Street, January, 1671-2 (4to, 1672), IV, 1, where Mrs. Cheatly, anxious to persuade Theodora to meet a young spark, says: "In *Covent-Garden Church*, will you see him? I'll order it so with him that keeps the Gallery, that you shall both sit together there," and the lady snubs her with "I assure you, I carry no such thoughts about me to Church." In *A True Widow*, Dorset Garden, March, 1678-9 (4to, 1679), Act III, Old Maggot finds amongst his nephew's papers "Epigram written in a Lady's Bible in *Covent-Garden Church*."

S. Martin's was a parish from the fourteenth century, but did not become completely independent of S. Margaret's, Westminster, until 1535. In the days of Charles II these two churches were amongst the most fashionable in London.

For Hyde Park as a rendezvous one may consult the pages of Pepys. Cf. also Shirley's lively comedy *Hide Parke*, licensed 16th November, 1632 (4to, 1637).

The Mulberry Garden, on the site of the present Buckingham Palace and gardens, was largely frequented. Pepys, however, thought it "a very silly place . . . and but little company, and those a rascally, whoring, roguing sort of people, only a wilderness here, that is somewhat pretty, but rude."

See Sir Charles Sedley's famous comedy *The Mulberry-Garden*, Theatre Royal, 18 May, 1668 (4to, 1668).

## EXPLANATORY NOTES

- p. 74. *Wenches that eat Oatmeal.* Cf. the last verse of the Song in Act II of Shadwell's *The Miser* (4to, 1672):

Now all my fresh Colour deserted my Face,  
And let a pale Greenness succeed in the Place:  
I pine and grow faint, and refuse all my Meat,  
And nothing but *Chalk, Lime, or Oatmeal*, can eat:  
But in my Despair I'll die, if I can,  
And languish no longer for want of a Man.

- p. 74. *Rook.* Sometimes a gull, but here a sharper, especially with reference to gaming. Cf. the common phrase "rooks and pigeons."

- p. 74. *My Port and Equipage.* Port; style of living; social position. Cf. Scott's *Familiar Letters*, 23rd November, 1806: "It became more and more difficult . . . to keep the name and port of gentleman."

- p. 75. (*Who hates a Vest as much as a Surplice.*) Gripe disliked Vests because the fashion was set by royal precept and example. On Monday, 8 October, 1666, Pepys notes: "The King hath yesterday in Council declared his resolution of setting a fashion for clothes, which he will never alter. It will be a vest, I know not well how." On the following Saturday, 13 October, the diarist saw the Duke of York "dress himself, and try on his vest, which is the King's new fashion, and will be in it for good and all on Monday next, and the whole Court: it is a fashion, the King says, he will never change." Under 18 October Evelyn writes: "To Court. It being the first time his Majesty put himself solemnly into the Eastern fashion of vest, changing doublet, stiff collar, bands and cloak, into a comely dress, after the Persian mode, with girdles or straps, and shoe-strings and garters into buckles, of which some were set with precious stones, resolving never to alter it, and to leave the French mode, which had hitherto obtained to our great expense and reproach. Upon which divers courtiers and gentlemen gave his Majesty gold by way of wager that he would not persist in this resolution. I had some time before presented an invective against that unconstancy, and one so much affecting the French fashion, to his Majesty; in which I took occasion to describe the comeliness and usefulness of the Persian clothing, in the very manner his Majesty now clad himself. This pamphlet I entitled *Tyrannus, or the Mode*, and gave it to the King to read. I do not impute to this discourse the change which soon happened, but it was an identity that I could not but take notice of." *Tyrannus; or the Mode; in a Discourse of Sumptuary Laws* was published 8vo, 1661.

Rugge in his *Diurnal* has: "1666. Oct. 11. In this month His Majestie and whole Court changed the fashion of their clothes—viz. a close coat of cloth, pinkt with a white taffety under the cutts. This in length reached the calf of the leg, and upon that a sercoat cutt at the breast, which hung loose and shorter than the vest six inches. The breeches the Spanish cut, and buskins some of cloth, some of leather, but of the same colour as the vest or garment; of never the like fashion since William the Conqueror." Pepys, 15 October, 1666, describes the King's vest



## LOVE IN A WOOD

as "a long cassocke close to the body, of black cloth, and pinked with white silk under it, and a coat over it, and the legs ruffled with black riband like a pigeon's leg; . . . a very fine and handsome garment." Two days later he notes: "The Court is all full of vests." It was said that Louis XIV "in defiance to the King of England, caused all his footmen to be put into vests, and that the noblemen of France will do the like." In *The Character of a Trimmer* ("Miscellanies by the Marquis of Halifax," 1704, p. 164), it is stated "that one of the instructions Madame brought along with her was to laugh us out of those vests; which she performed so effectually, that in a moment, like so many footmen who had quitted their master's livery, we all took it again, and returned to our old service" the French mode. Henrietta, Duchess of Orleans, was at Dover in May, 1670.

There are many allusions to the inordinate and irrational hatred of the Puritans for the surplice, an abhorrence which amongst the ignorant and vulgar persists even to the present day. Cf. *All's Well that Ends Well*, I, 3, where the Clown says: "Though honesty be no Puritan, yet it will do no hurt: it will wear the surplice of humility over the black gown of a big heart." In *A Match At Midnight* (4to, 1633), I, Sim cries: "H' has turned his stomach, for all the world like a Puritan's at the sight of a surplice."

- p. 76. *You cannot sew Pillows Under Folks elbows.* These old proverbs, the meaning of which is obvious, not infrequently occur. Thus, to hold a candle to another is to assist another in any business. So in *The Merchant of Venice*, II, 6, Jessica says:

What! Must I hold a candle to my shames?  
They in themselves, good sooth, are too too light.

To tickle a trout is a phrase in common use even to-day. Cf. *Rule a Wife and Have a Wife*, IV, 1, where Estifania says of Cacafofo:

Here comes another trout that I must tickle,  
And tickle daintily.

- p. 76. *Hand-Basket.* In which infants were commonly carried. Cf. the proverb quoted by the Landlord in Crowne's *Juliana*, Lincoln's Inn Fields, 1671; (4to, 1671), III: "I don't carry my Eyes in a Hand-Basket."
- p. 77. *Protections.* Protections were writs issued by the King, which guaranteed immunity from arrest to those engaged in his particular service. Cf. Shadwell's *The Miser*, II, where Timothy Squeeze says: "I have been all this morning dunning for Money at this end of the Town; . . . but (a deuce take 'em) they do fobb me off with Protections hereabouts."
- p. 77. *The Piazzo.* An open arcade upon the north and east sides of Covent Garden. Cf. Brome's *The Covent-Garden Weeded* (8vo, 1658), I, 1, when the scene is laid in Covent Garden, and Cockbrayne says: "Yond magnificent Peece, the *Piazzo*, will excel that at *Venice*." The Piazza, which was built by Inigo Jones, 1633-4, was a famous resort and rendezvous.

## EXPLANATORY NOTES

- p. 77. *faith and troth.* Sir Simon Addleplot's favourite phrase occurs in Richard Graves' *Spiritual Quixote* (1772), in the mouth of Lord Bathurst's keeper: "Faith and troth, master, replies the keeper, (little used to religious speculations), I never thought about *merit*, or any such thing." Book iv, c. 4. The *N.E.D.* gives examples of "to plight faith and troth," and also of "troth" alone as elliptically used, or as an interjection, but has no example of *faith and troth* as an exclamation or asseveration.
- p. 78. *his Culley.* Cully was originally slang or rogues' cant for one who is cheated and fleeced. It is a very common term in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.
- p. 78. *The French Houses.* The most famous of the French Ordinaries was Chatelin's in Covent Garden, to which there are constant contemporary allusions, and where the scene in comedies is sometimes laid, e.g. Shadwell's *The Miser*, II, "Rant, Hazard, Lettice, and Joyce at Chatolin's." Pepys, Friday, 13 March, 1667-8, records: "at noon all of us to Chatelin's, the French house in Covent Garden, to dinner—Brouncker, J. Minnes, W. Pen, T. Harvey, and myself: and there had a dinner cost us 8s. 6d. apiece, a damned base dinner, which did not please us at all, so that I am not fond of this house at all, but do rather choose the Beare." The Bear was in Drury Lane, "an excellent ordinary, after the French manner, but of Englishmen."
- Some of the French ordinaries bore a very indifferent reputation, and in Duffett's *The Mock-Tempest*, III, Moustrappa, quarrelling with Beantossor, bawls out: "I never danc'd naked at the *French* house for Mild-Sixpences, Goody Lerry-come-twang."
- p. 78. *For he ticks.* This word seems to have come into use in the reign of Charles. Dryden's Wildblood says to Jacinta, "Play on tick, and lose the *Indies*. I'll discharge it all to-morrow": *An Evening's Love*, Theatre Royal, 19 June, 1668 (4to, 1671), Act III. Briske in Shadwell's *The Humourists*, produced at Lincoln's Inn Fields in the winter of 1670 (4to, 1671), Act V, slanders Raymund as "a Fellow, that never wore a noble and polite Garniture, or a white Perriwig, one that has not a bit of Interest at *Chatolin's*."
- p. 79. *fegue.* To fegue is to beat or to drive. So Briske in *The Humourists*, Act III, says to the music: "Come in, *Minnum* and *Crochet*, and fegue your Violins away; fa, la, la, la." In *The Rehearsal*, Theatre Royal, 7 December, 1671, Actus II, Scæna 4, the Physician remarks: "When a knotty point comes I lay my head close to it, with a snuff-box in my hand, and then I fegue it away, i' faith." Sir Walter Scott uses this phrase in his journal, adding "as Mr. Bayes says."
- p. 81. *Anagram.* A word or sentence formed by transposing the letters of the lady's name. So Dryden of Shadwell, *Mac Flecknoe*:
- Thy Genius calls thee not to purchase fame  
In keen Iambicks, but mild Anagram.
- p. 82. *Mump'd of his snip.* Mump'd is tricked. Dutch *mompen* = to cheat. A very common expression.



## LOVE IN A WOOD

A snip is a "bit," "a small piece." Cf. Dryden's Epilogue for his Benefit, 25 March, 1700:

The Poets . . . .

Tainted the Stage for some small Snip of Gain.

- p. 84. *The small Cards.* In many games, especially the popular Ombre and Quadrille, various cards are thrown out before the commencement of play. Thus at Ombre we put aside the three, four, five, and six of each suit and use a pack of forty.

- p. 84. *A little yellow. Jealous.* In *The Knightes Tale*, Skeat's edition, ll. 1928-30, we have:

jelousye,

That wered of yelwe goldes a gerland,  
And a cokkow sitting on hir hand.

Cf. Dekker's *Satiromastix* (4to, 1602), II, 1:

But all thy thoughts are yellow, thy sweet bloud  
Rebels, th'art jealous Wat.

- p. 84. *Whetstone's-Park.* Whetstone Park is a narrow roadway, of which the name still remains, between the north side of Lincoln's Inn Fields and the south side of Holborn. In the reign of Charles II this district was infamous. There are innumerable references, as Dryden, prologue to *The Wild Gallant* when revived; Shadwell's *The Miser*, Theatre Royal, January, 1671-2, Act I, a "Whetstone Whore"; Crowne's *The Countrey Wit*, Dorset Garden, January, 1675-6, Act III; Dryden's *The Kind Keeper*, Dorset Garden, March, 1677-8, Act V, *et sæpissime*. Lee in the Dedication to *The Princess of Cleve* (4to, 1689) says: "When they expected the most polish'd Hero in *Nemours*, I gave 'em a Ruffian reeking from *Whetstone's-Park*."

- p. 90. *Rhenish-Wine and Sugar.* White Rhenish wine was regarded as having anti-phlogistic qualities, and Mrs. Marwood, *Way of the World*, III, speaks of "Rhenish-wine Tea" being drunk to correct a high colour. Cf. *The Merchant of Venice*, III, 1: "There is more difference . . . between your bloods than there is between red wine and Rhenish." In *The Miser*, II, Timothy gallantly says to his mistress: "I'll send for a Bottle of white-wine; I have Sugar in my Pocket; the Rogues at Taverns make us pay Three-pence a Paper for it."

- p. 90. *Fireship.* A whore. Cf. Swift's *Polite Conversation*, II (1738). *Neverout*: Well, but, sir *John*, are you acquainted with any of our fine ladies yet? *Sir John*: No; damn your fire-ships, I have a wife of my own.

- p. 90. *Joan's as good as my Lady.* "There is as good bread baked here as in France, and Joan is as good as my lady in the dark" occurs in *Don Quixote*, II, 33, Motteux translation. The Greek form of this primæval proverb is: Λύχρον ἀρθέντος γυνὴ πάντα ἢ αὐτῇ. Cf. All cats are grey in the dark. Heywood (1546) has: "When all candles be out all cats are grey." French: "La nuit tous les chats sont gris." "De noche todos los gatos son pardos," said Sancho Panza to the Duchess.



## EXPLANATORY NOTES.

- p. 91. *Hopper-hipp'd.* Having the hips sticking out in an ungainly manner. Cf. *Women Beware Women* (8vo, 1657), II, 2: "Her body straight, not hopper-rumped."
- p. 91. *Spanish Red.* Rouge. Cf. Mrs. Behn's *The City Heiress*, produced at Dorset Garden, 1682 (4to, 1682), II, 2, where Wilding says to Diana: "Not a Patch, ye Gypsy, nor no *Spanish* Paint d'ye hear." Also *The Way of the World*, III, when Lady Wishfort cries to Peg: "Fetch me the Red—the Red, do you hear? . . . I mean the *Spanish* Paper, Idiot, Complexion Darling. Paint, Paint, Paint."
- p. 92. *It will not be morning.* In the *Modern Language Review*, vii, 94, Professor Bensly has quoted in connexion with this dialogue, *The Rape of the Lock*, I, 13, 14:
- Sol through white Curtains shot a tim'rous Ray,  
And ope'd those Eyes that must eclipse the Day :
- and II, 3,
- the Rival of his Beams,
- as a piece of indebtedness to Wycherley on Pope's part. He also compared Thomas Stanley's
- On this swelling hank, once proud  
Of its burden, Doris lay :  
Here she smil'd, and did uncloud  
Those bright suns eclipse the day.
- p. 93. *Christian Grand Signior.* Louis XIV. Cf. *A New Protestant Litany* (1688), *Miscellany Poems*, Part III, 1698:
- From *Mahomet-Monsieur*, our new *Soldano*,  
And the English Pipes tun'd to French *Fistula in ano*, *Libera*, etc.
- p. 95. *old Pell-Mell.* This is the present Pall Mall, which existed as early as the reign of Charles I and probably in the time of James I. The game was originally played here, but when, at the Restoration, it was revived, the street was so much built over that Charles II laid out the Mall in St. James's Park. Pepys notes, Tuesday, 2nd April, 1661: "So I into St. James's Park, where I saw the Duke of York playing at Pelemele, the first time that ever I saw the sport."
- p. 98. *Exchange.* The New Exchange, a kind of bazaar on the south side of the Strand. It was an immensely popular resort, and there are innumerable references to its shops and gay crowds. In various plays a scene is laid here, e.g. *The Country Wife*, Act III; Otway's *The Atheist* (4to, 1684), II, where we hear the Exchange-women calling out "Very good Gloves or Ribbands, Choice of fine Essences."
- p. 101. *Usquebaugh.* Whisky. In an "*Epilogue Spoken to the University of Oxon*," by Sarah Cook (*circa* 1689), we have:

Cargoes of *Usquebaugh* and Evidence  
*Ireland* has often sent.

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- Cf. *The Beaux Stratagem*, produced at the Haymarket, 8 March, 1707, I, 1: "An honest gentleman that came this way from Ireland made her a present of a dozen bottles of usquebaugh."
- p. 103. *Far born Child*. Far born = born long ago. *N.E.D.* quotes this passage.
- p. 103. *Pepper-Alley*. Southwark. Dr. Johnson said: "People live as long in Pepper Alley as on Salisbury Plain." *Piozzi Anecdotes*. Pepper Alley Stairs, leading from Pepper Alley to the Thames, were the first landing-place west of Old London Bridge.
- p. 103. *poor wretch*. See Dr. Johnson's excellent note upon *Othello*, III, 3, 90: "The meaning of the word 'wretch' is not generally understood. It is now, in some parts of England, a term of the softest and fondest tenderness. It expresses the utmost degree of amiableness, joined with an idea, which, perhaps, all tenderness includes of feebleness, softness, and want of protection." Theobald and some sapient editors of Shakespeare for "Excellent wretch" propose to read "Excellent wench!"
- p. 104. *Upon the very Bulks*. A bulk is a stall before a shop. Swift, *A Tale of a Tub*, Section II, 1704, has: "They went to new plays on the first night, haunted the *chocolate* houses, beat the watch, lay on bulks." A bulker was the lowest class of prostitute. Bailey (1790) gives; "Bulker, one that would lie down on a bulk to any one. A common jilt. A whore." Shadwell, *The Amorous Bigot*, produced at Drury Lane in the spring of 1689-90 (4to, 1690), has: "Her Mother sells Fish, and she is little better than a Bulker."
- p. 104. *Farrenden Gown*. An inferior cloth made partly of silk and partly of wool or hair. Cf. Duffett's *The Mock-Tempest* (4to, 1675), III: "The French Farendine he gave me for a Gown is gone too."
- p. 106. *Lambs Conduit*. Stow mentions "the Conduit of Holborn Cross, erected about 1498: again new made by Mr. William Lamb, 1557. Hence called Lamb's Conduit." From a reservoir the water was conveyed by this conduit to Snow Hill. The conduit had been restored, from a design by Wren, in 1667. The adjacent fields formed a favourite promenade for the inhabitants of S. Andrew's, Holborn, and of S. Giles-in-the-Fields. Duels were not unknown here. Cf. The Epilogue to *Madam Fickle*, produced at Dorset Garden, November, 1676 (4to, 1677), spoken by Mrs. Curren:
- Let him that boasts of too much strength  
Appoint the place and send his rapier's length,  
.  
.  
.  
Meet me to morrow in Lambs-Conduit-Fields  
There he shall find a Woman now turn'd Bully  
Has power to turn a Critick to a Cully.*
- p. 107. *Her day-Pinner*. Pinner were the two long flaps, one on each side, pinned on to a coif or cap and hanging down, and sometimes fastened at the breast. The day-pinner was, of course, smarter than the night-pinner. April 18, 1664, Pepys saw: "my Lady Castlemayne in a coach by herself, in yellow satin and a pinner on." In *The London Cuckolds*, produced at

## EXPLANATORY NOTES

Dorset Garden in the winter of 1681 (4to, 1682), V, Eugenia, disguising her husband, says: "I would have you dress your self in a Night-gown and Pinners."

- p. 107. *Lemmon Peil*. In Moufet's *Health's Improvement*, 1665, lemon juice and peel are recommended for sweetening the breath. *The Duchess of Malfi* (*The Unfortunate Duchess of Malfy*), Act II (4to, 1708), reads: "Thy breath smells of Limon peel." But the first quarto, 1623, has: "Thy breath smells of lymmon pils," and it seems uncertain whether originally pills or peels are intended. It should be remarked that Moufet sometimes spells "peels" as "pills."
- p. 107. *Comb*. There are constant allusions to the combing of the wig. In Killigrew's *The Parson's Wedding*, folio, 1663 (general title, 1664), we have, Act I, Scene 3, *Enter* Jack Constant, Will Sadd, Jolly, and a Footman, *they comb their heads, and talk*. Cf. Dryden's prologue to *The Conquest of Granada*, II (4to, 1672):
- . . . when Vizard Masque appears in Pit  
Straight every Man who thinks himself a Wit  
Perks up; and, managing his Comb with grace,  
With his white Wigg sets off his Nut-brown face.
- p. 108. *Chiney Orange*. *Citrus Aurantium*, originally from China, a favourite sweet orange. Pepys, Tuesday, 5 March, 1665-6, entertaining Lord Brouncker and his mistress "made them welcome with wine and China oranges (now a great rarity since the war, none to be had)."
- p. 108. *Crofs or Pile*. Croix ou pile. Heads or tails. Cf. *The Parson's Wedding*, Act I, Scene 3: "Cross or Pile, will you have him yet or no?"
- p. 108. *New Spring-garden, the Neat house, or Chelfey*. All these were notorious resorts. The New Spring Garden was at Lambeth, since called Vauxhall. It was first opened in 1661, and on 2nd July of that year Evelyn notes: "I went to see the New Spring-Garden at Lambeth, a pretty contrived plantation." The Old Spring Garden was at Charing Cross, but according to Pepys, 29th May, 1662, there was both an Old and a New Spring Garden at Vauxhall: "took boat and to Foxhall . . . to the Old Spring Garden, and there walked long. . . . Thence to the New one, where I never was before, which much exceeds the other; . . . and here we had cakes and powdered beef and ale." Many dramatists sufficiently indicate the character of this fashionable resort. Vauxhall was closed in 1859.
- A Neat House originally meant a cow-house. There were Neat Houses, places of entertainment, at Chelsea on the low ground on the banks of the Thames, where the church of S. Gabriel, Pimlico, now stands. There were also Neat Houses "over against Fox Hall." In Massinger's *The City Madam*, licensed 25th May, 1632, III, 1, Shave'em, the courtesan, complains:

I am starved,  
Starved in my pleasures: I know not what a coach is  
To hurry me to the Burse or Old Exchange:



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The neat-house for musk melons, and the gardens  
Where we traffick for asparagus are, to me,  
In the other world.

But Secret, the bawd, advises:

There are other places, lady,  
Where you might find customers.

Chelsea had its Bun House, where one might eat Chelsea buns and custards. In *Love for Love*, II, Mrs. Frail acknowledges: "If I had gone to *Knights-bridge*, or to *Chelfey*, or to *Spring-Garden*, or *Barn-Elms* with a man alone—something might have been said."

- p. 109. *Colby's Mulberry Garden.* Coleby was the landlord of the Dining-rooms in the Mulberry Garden. There is a reference to him in Sedley's comedy *The Mulberry-Garden*.

- p. 109. *Long's powdering-Tub.* A powdering-tub is properly a tub in which meat is salted, to powder being to sprinkle with salt. So Pepys, 29th May, 1662, ate "powdered beef," salt beef. Hence the name powdering-tub was slang for a house where those suffering from venereal diseases were cured. Hence *King Henry V*, II, 1, Pistol's reference to "the powdering-tub of infamy," and *Measure for Measure*, III, 2, Pompey's reply to Lucio: "Troth, sir, she hath eaten up all her beef, and she is herself in the tub."

Long's was a well-known ordinary in the Haymarket. Ben Long, brother of the proprietor, kept a tavern of the name in Covent Garden. The reference here is probably to some private house maintained by one of the two Longs.

- p. 111 *Moreclack Hangings.* *Anglorum Speculum*, or "The Worthies of England in Church and State, Alphabetically digested" (8vo, 1684), tells us: "King James I about the end of his reign gave 2000 pounds to Sir Francis Crane to build a house at *Morelack* for setting up a Manufacture of Tapestry, and one Francis Klein a German was the designer thereof, and united the *Italian* and *Dutch* perfections in that mystery." The Mortlake Tapestry Works were famous. The Great Rebellion considerably quashed the business, but Charles II, desiring to revive the industry, engaged Verrio thereupon, whose attention, however, was mainly directed to Windsor. Cf. Mayne's *The City-Match* (folio, 1639), II, where Timothy says:

Why, lady, do you think me  
Wrought in a loom, some *Dutch* piece weav'd at Mortlake.  
And Oldham, *Satire in Imitation of the Third Satire of Juvenal*:

Here some rare piece  
Of *Rubens* or *Vandyke* presented is:  
There a rich suit of *Morelack* Tapestry,  
A bit of damask, or embroidery.

- p. 112. *Naples Bisket.* A crisp biscuit which was long a favourite. Some of the old housewifery books give direction how to bake Naples biscuit. Cf. Henry Brooke's *The Fool of Quality* (1766-70): "I broke some *Naples* biscuit into a cup."

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p. 112. 'Tis as impossible. This is a line of Publilius Syrus :

Amare et sapere uix deo conceditur.

Ford, *The Queen*, l. 2937, has the opposite sentiment :

" 'Tis an old proverb that lechery and covetousness go together."

p. 112. *Come, the Wine has Arsenick in't.* In Shadwell's *The Miser*, II, old Goldingham says to Squeeze: "I would send for a Pint of White-wine, or half a Pint of Sack for you, but the Vintners do play the Rogues so, and put Horse-flesh, dead Dogs, Mens Bones, Molosses, Lime, Brimstone, Stum, Allom, Sloes, and Arsnick into their Wine."

p. 112. *Prodigals in white Peruques.* A light or powdered peruke was at this time the height of fashion. In *The Miser*, I, Goldingham rebukes his son for his extravagant attire and cries: "To what end are these Multitude of Ribbands, this Flaxen Mop of Whores hair?" Cf. also *A True Widow* (4to, 1679), II, where Bellmour, bantering the fop Selfish, says: "He went a mile to put on that fair Peruque, for the sake of his Complexion."

p. 113. *An Angel, a Piece.* The angel was a gold coin stamped with a device of S. Michael piercing the dragon. It was last coined by Charles I. It varied in value, but usually stood at about ten shillings.

The piece was originally the *unite* of James I, afterwards the sovereign and the guinea as each was most commonly current. The *Unite*, which was issued in 1604 as equivalent to twenty shillings, was in 1612 raised to twenty-two shillings. *The Dictionary of the Canting Crew* (circa 1700) has: "*Job*, a Guinea, Twenty Shillings, or a Piece."

p. 114. *By yea, and by nay.* "Yea and Nay" was a phrase often derisively applied to the Puritans of every kidney in allusion to the Scriptural injunction, *S. Matthew* v. 33-7, which these fanatics feigned exactly to follow. Timothy Thin-beard, a rascally Puritan, in Heywood's *If You Know Not Me, You Know Nobody*, Part II (4to, 1606), is continually asseverating "By yea and nay." Cf. The Prologue (spoken by Smith) to Mrs. Behn's *The False Count*, produced at Dorset Garden in the autumn of 1682:

But shou'd the Torys now . . .  
 Resolve to hiss, as late did Popish Crew,  
 By Yea and Nay, she'll throw herself on you,  
 The grand Inquest of Whigs, to whom she's true. }

p. 115. *Twenty Mark.* A mark = 13s. 4d. In legal use, in stating the amount of a fine, the word is found as late as 1777. Cf. *The Spectator*, 269, Tuesday, 8 January, 1712 (Addison): "After which the Knight told me my good Friend the Chaplain was very well. . . I have deposited with him thirty Marks, to be distributed among his poor Parishioners."

p. 117. *Mumble.* To mumble is to handle roughly, as in Ford's *The Ladies Triall* (4to, 1639), II, 2:

                                                          he has fir'k'd  
 And mumbled the rogue Turks.

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- p. 119. *Trappan'd.* "To *Trepan*, or rather *trappan* (from the Italian *trappare* or *trappolare*, i. to entrap, ensnare, or catch in a gin), in the modern acceptation of the word, it signifies to cheat or entrap." Thomas Blount, *Glossographia* (8vo, 1656).
- p. 123. *To look to my hits.* *Dictionary of the Canting Crew* (ed. 1700) under *Eye* has: "To have an Eye to the main Chance, or look to your Hits." Cf. Mrs. Behn's *The City Heiress* (4to, 1682), III: "Look to your hits, and take fortune by the forelock, Madam." So in *Squire Trelooby* (4to, 1704), I, 2, Wimble says: "Faith, here comes my Chap—now look to thy hits, *Wimble*."
- p. 125. *St. James's Gate.* S. James's Palace, the first place where peace proclamations were made.
- p. 127. *Gifford's.* In the literature of the day there are many allusions to this notorious procuress. Thus in Dryden's *Sir Martin Mar-All*, produced at the Duke's House, Thursday, 15th August, 1667, IV, 1, Lord Dartmouth complains: "Every Night I fin'd out for a new Maiden-Head, and she has sold it me as often as ever Mother *Temple*, *Bennet*, or *Gifford*, have put off boil'd Capons for Quails and Partridges." In the elaborate burlesque Epilogue which concludes Duffett's farce *The Empress of Morocco*, produced at Drury Lane in the spring of 1674, of Mother Gifford we are told:

*She needs must be in spight of fate Rich  
Who sells tough Hen for Quail and Partridg.*

In *The Miser*, V, Theodore says: "I hate the Name of a Muse, as I do that of a Bawd: Were I a Poet, I would invoke *Creswell* or *Gifford*, before any Muse in Christendom." A Prologue, which appears in *Covent Garden Drollery* (1672), and was later spoken before D'Urfey's *The Fool turn'd Critick*, produced at Drury Lane November, 1676 (4to, 1678), has the following lines:

Next these we welcome such as briskly dine  
At *Locket's* at *Gifford's* or with *Shatiline*.

- p. 127. *Vaulting School.* A brothel. Cf. Thomas Nabbes, *Microcosmus; a morall maske* (4to, 1637), II: "Ayre was my father, and my mother a light-heel'd madame that kept a vaulting-schole at the signe of Virgo." Also Tom Brown's *Letters from the Dead to the Living*, Moll Quarles' Answer to Mother Cresswell: "These reforming vultures are daily plundering our pockets, and ransacking our houses, leaving me sometimes not any pair o' tractable buttocks in my vaulting-schcol to provide for my family." And Massinger's *The Unnatural Combat* (4to, 1639), I, 1, where Belgarde, the poor captain, says:

Let me but receive  
My pay that is behind, to set me up  
A tavern or a vaulting house; while men love  
Or drunkenness, or lechery, they'll ne'er fail me.



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- p. 137. *So ragged and greasie*. Cf. Dryden's *Epilogue* for his Benefit, 25th March 1700:

For while abroad so prodigal the *Dolt* is,  
Poor Spouse at Home as ragged as a Colt is.

- p. 137. *As fine as fippence*. A very common expression, which is found as early as the black-letter *Appius and Virginia* (4to, 1576), and in *Grim, the Collier of Croydon* (1600). The phrase came into being, no doubt, owing to the mere jingle: it has no exact signification. Cf. "As nimble as ninepence." *Poor Robin*, the Almanack, May, 1700, has: "As fine as sixpence."

- p. 138. *Burgundy Man*. The phrase perhaps is only found here, but its meaning is obvious and pointed. Cf. Dryden's Prologue, for the Women, when they Acted at the Old Theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields:

And so the hot *Burgundian* on the Side  
Ply Vizard Mask, and o'er the Benches stride.

- p. 138. *Scourer*. The drunken and dangerous rowdies who at night infested the streets of London for wellnigh two hundred and fifty years were known in the reign of Charles II as Scourers. This name seems to have come into use after the Restoration. In Elizabethan days Roarers and Roaring Boys are mentioned; a little later the fraternity called the Bugle, the Muns, Hectors, Tityretus were social nuisances; the Scourers were succeeded by the Rake-hells; in the reign of Queen Anne and after the Mohocks became infamous for nocturnal blackguardism. There are, of course, innumerable allusions to all these in literature. For a very complete picture one may see Shadwell's comedy *The Scourers*, produced at Drury Lane in the late winter of 1690. In Acts III and IV of Vanbrugh's *The Provok'd Wife*, produced at Lincoln's Inn Field in May, 1697, the exploits of these scoundrels are particularly shown us—ram-paging the streets, breaking windows, assaulting and even murdering passers-by, fighting, beating the watch, and every species of devilment and debauchery.

- p. 148. *hans en kelder*. Literally Jack-in-the-Cellar, i.e. the unborn babe in the womb. Cf. Dryden's *Amboyna*, produced by the King's Company at Lincoln's Inn Fields in the summer of 1673, IV, 1, where Harman senior remarks at Towerson and Ysabinda's wedding: "You *Englishmen* . . . cannot stay for Ceremonies; a good honest *Dutchman* would love plying the Glass all this while, and drunk to the hopes of *Hans in Kelder* till 'twas Bedtime."

- p. 149. *Fortune our Foe*. In allusion to the extremely popular old tune which may be found in Queen Elizabeth's *Virginal Book*, in William Ballet's MS. Lute Book; in *Bellerophon* (1622), and in numerous other musical works.

# The Gentleman Dancing-Master

- p. 151. *Non satis est.* Horace. *Sat.* I, x, 8-9.
- p. 155. *Newly after the Removal.* "The new Theatre in *Dorset Garden* being finished, and our Company after *Sir William's* death being under the rule and dominion of his widow, the *Lady Davenant*, Mr. *Betterton*, and Mr. *Harris* (Mr. *Charles Davenant*, her son, acting for her), they removed from *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields* thither: and on the ninth day of November, 1671, they opened their new Theatre with *Sir Martin Marall*. . . . The third new play acted there was *The Gentleman Dancing Master*, wrote by Mr. *Witcherley*, it lasted but 6 days, being liked but indifferently, it was laid by to make room for other new ones." Downes.
- p. 155. *Bridewel.* Bridewell, which was built by Henry VIII in 1522, was presented to London by Edward VI as a House of Correction "for the strumpet and idle person, for the rioter that consumeth all, and for the vagabond that will abide in no place." There are numberless allusions and many ample descriptions. The house was destroyed in the Great Fire, but rebuilt in 1668. It stood in Bride Lane, and Salisbury Court (*Dorset Garden*), Fleet Street lies to the west of S. Bride's Church. Hence the point of this reference.
- p. 155. *ticking Gentry.* Cf. Shadwell's *A True Widow* (4to, 1679), IV, 1, The Play-House. "*First Door-keeper.* Pray, Sir, pay me. *Third Man.* Set it down; I have no Silver about me; or bid my Man pay you. *Theodosia.* What, do Gentlemen run on Tick for Plays? *Carlos.* As familiarly as with their Taylors."
- p. 156. *Mr. James Formal, or Don Diego.* Professor Bensly points out that when James Howell dedicated his *English and Spanish Grammar* (1662) to Queen Catherine of Braganza he signed himself *Don Diego Howel*, and pertinently suggests that Wycherley may here be hitting at that affectation.
- p. 157. *Ponchinello nor Paradife.* The Italian *commedia del' arte* made an appearance in England immediately at the Restoration and proved exceedingly popular. As early as 22 October, 1660, the King granted a patent to Giulio Gentileschi to build a theatre for Italian musicians, and here, no doubt, an Italian company performed. With the live actors came the puppets. On Wednesday, 22 August, 1666, Pepys escorted his wife, Mrs. Knepp, and Mercer "by coach to Moorefields, and there saw 'Polichinello,' which pleases me mightily." Exactly a week later he repeated his visit "and shewed Batelier, with my wife, 'Polichinello,' which I like the more I see it," and on the following Saturday "Sir W. Pen and my wife and Mercer and I to 'Polichinelly,' but were there horribly frightened to see Young Killigrew come in with a great many more young sparks;

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but we hid ourselves, so as we think they did not see us . . . and so, the play being done, we to Islington, and there eat and drank and mighty merry." *Ponchinello* was also exhibited at Charing Cross, where it was seen by Pepys on Wednesday, 20 March, 1666-7, who writes: "to Polichinelli at Charing Cross, which is prettier and prettier, and so full of variety that it is extraordinary good entertainment." *Ponchinello* was also one of the annual attractions of Bartholomew Fair. On 15 July, 1669, Sir Henry Herbert warmly wrote to the Earl of Manchester, then Lord Chamberlain, on behalf of Anthony Devotte, who was "not in the notion of a player, but totally distinct from that quality, and makes shewe of puppettes only by virtue of his Majestie's commission, granted to the Master of the Revells under the greate scale, for the authorizing of all publike shewes." Antonio Di Voto was the master of a puppet-show which played *Ponchinello*, and on 11 November, 1672, the King issued through the Lord Chamberlain a particular order to protect him, the royal pleasure being "That Antonio di Voto Doe sett forth Exercise & Play all Drolls and Interludes, He not receiving into his Company any person belonging to his Ma<sup>tes</sup> or Royal Highnesse Theatres Nor Act any Play usually acted at any of y<sup>e</sup> said Theatres Nor takes peeces or Scenes out of y<sup>e</sup> Playes Acted at y<sup>e</sup> said Theatres." This order is entered in the books to "Antonio Divoto punchenello."

Paradise was a long popular entertainment, an exhibition of waxwork figures backed by an elaborate scenic panorama, shown by Christopher Whitehead at the Two Wreathed Posts in Shoe Lane. It was originally opened as early as 1661, when a descriptive pamphlet "Written by I. H. Gent." was issued, *Paradise Transplanted and Restored in a Most Artfull and Lively Representation of the Several Creatures, Plants, Flowers, and other Vegetables, in their full growth, shape, and colour*. This informs us that "The Design, is a Model, or Representation of that Beautifull Prospect *Adam* had in Paradice when the whole Creation of *Animals* were together subjected to his imperious eye, and from his mouth received their several names. . . ."

p. 157. *Tatnam-Court nor Islington*. These were long two very favourite places of resort. For a good picture see Nabbes' *Tottenham Court*, "a Pleasant Comedie, Acted in the Yeare 1633, at the Private House in Salisbury-Court" (4to, 1638). The scene is Tottenham Court and the fields about it. From this play the farce *The Merry Milkmaids of Islington* was taken, but the theft far from improves upon the original design. At Islington there was a famous cheese-cake house well known to Pepys, who upon Easter Tuesday, 1 April, 1662, accompanied a party in their coach "to Islington, and then, after a walk in the fields, I took them to the great cheese-cake house and entertained them, and so home."

p. 157. *Sillybub*. A sillabub is a drink made of milk or cream, curdled by the admixture of wine, cider, or other acid, and often sweetened and flavoured. A word in very frequent use from the early sixteenth to the middle of the nineteenth century. Cf. A Prologue, Spoken before the Long Vacation, prefixed to Ravenscroft's *Titus Andronicus* (4to, 1687):



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Young Ladies too attend their Parents down,  
Quit their Intrigues, and sigh to leave the Town.  
How innocently there you sit and Chat,  
And walk the Fields in Bongrace or Straw-Hat,  
Eat Syllybubs, see Reapers mow, such Sport  
Did please you well before you saw the Court.

A bongrace is an old-fashioned broad-brimmed hat or bonnet which shades the complexion.

p. 157. *the Prince in the Sun*. This house was at Shadwell, and the name was preserved in Prince's Street, Sun Tavern Fields.

p. 157. *Organs and Tongs*. Cf. *A Midsummer Night's Dream* (4to, 1600), IV: "Clown. I have a reasonable good ease in musicke. Let vs have the tongs and the bones." *Musicke Tongs, Rurall Musicke*. Inigo Jones has a sketch representing this "rural music." Tongs were struck by a key, and they belong to the domain of "kitchen-music," for an account of which see *The Spectator*, 570, Wednesday, 21 July, 1714, where Daintry's concert is described. "Finding our Landlord so great a Proficient in Kitchen-Musick, I asked him if he was Master of the Tongs and Key. He told me that he had laid it down some years since, as a little unfashionable; but that if I pleased he would give me a Lesson upon the Gridiron."

The Gun in Little Moorfields was a well-known tavern, the name of which was long perpetuated by Gun Alley. Moorfields were first drained in 1527, and walks were laid out in 1606. These were largely frequented by citizens as a place of promenade upon small outings. After the Great Fire many houses, however, began to be built there, and the streets were paved. This quarter was conveniently resorted to for purposes of intrigue and soon began to bear no very good reputation. At one time the notorious Mother Cresswell lived in Moorfields, and Damaris Page, another of the same infamous sisterhood, kept house there. In the Epilogue to Ravenscroft's *The London Cuckolds*, produced at the Duke's house in the winter of 1681, we have:

*No, no, the cloven Foreheads are the Whigs, who send  
Their Wives a Bulling to their Morefields Friend.*

p. 158. *the Lime from the Walls . . . and Oat-meal*. Cf. the conclusion of the Song in Shadwell's *The Miser*, II:

I pine and grow faint, and refuse all my Meat,  
And nothing but *Chalk, Lime, or Oatmeal* can eat:  
But in my Despair I'll die, if I can,  
And languish no longer for want of a Man.

p. 158. *new Protestant Nunnery*. After the Restoration several schemes, no doubt inspired by the example of Little Gidding, were mooted for the foundation of Anglican communities, and these suggestions seem to have been talked of pretty widely. In actual practice, however, it all came to nothing. The Protestant Nunnery to which Hippolita here refers is

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probably that designed by Edward Chamberlayne, whose plans, although never realized, were much discussed during some three or four years. Writing to a correspondent (probably Dr. Busire) on 31 January, 1670-1, Chamberlayne broaches the subject, and says: "At the request of some worthy persons I have undertaken a designe which you and all good men will doubtlesse much favour. It is for erecting a Colledge not far from hence for the education of young ladies, under the government of some grave matrons, who shall resolve to lead the rest of their dayes in a single retired religious life." He then inquires concerning some similar Lutheran or Calvinist college which Dr. Busire had mentioned, and continues: "Chiefly I desire to be satisfied at what place you have seen, or been certainly informed, of such a Colledge, or Protestant Monastery, and whether you know anyone here who can informe me of their Rules and Constitutions; and whether you believe that such a thing may be practised in England." *The Correspondence of John Cosin*; Surtees Society, Vol. IV, 1872, part II, p. 384, from Mickleton MSS. xlv. 243.

A similar scheme was detailed by Clement Baskdale in his pamphlet *A Letter touching a Colledge of Maids, or, a Virgin-Society*. In his copy Anthony à Wood has inscribed 12 August, 1675, but the tract may well have been published some years earlier. At one time Evelyn's friend, Mrs. Godolphin had thoughts of a life in religion, but naturally she was unable to follow this.

p. 158. *Hackney-School*. Hackney was long famous for its boarding-schools. On Sunday afternoon, 21 April, 1667, Pepys and his wife visited Hackney Church, "where very full, and found much difficulty to get pews. . . . That which we went chiefly to see was the young ladies of the schools, whereof there is great store, very pretty." Cf. *The Humourists* (4to, 1671), V, where Mrs. Striker, the boasting wife of a haberdasher, says: "I am sure, my Husband marry'd me from *Hackney-School*, where there was a number of substantial Citizen's Daughters." In Tom Brown's *Letters from the Dead to the Living*, "Madam Creswell to Moll Quarles" writes: "I had a parcel of as honest, religious girls about me as ever pious matron had under her tuition at a *Hackney* boarding-school."

p. 160. *Hombre*. It is said that this excellent and long fashionable card-game was introduced into England by Queen Catharine of Braganza, and that the name is from the Spanish *hombre*, a man. It can be played by three or by two persons. Quadrille is a variety of Ombre played by four. The Ace of Spades, called Spadille, is the first Honour in all suits; the Ace of Clubs, called Basto, is the third Honour in all suits; when Diamonds or Hearts are Trumps, the seven, when Spades or Clubs are Trumps the Deuce is second Trump, called Manille. There is an elaborate treatise on this interesting game by Lord Aldenham, Third Edition, 1902, Privately Printed for the Roxburghe Club.

p. 161. *Grum*. Surly, morose. Cf. Lucy's air (XI) in Fielding's farce *An Old Man Taught Wisdom*, produced at Drury Lane, 1734:

Oh, dear papa, don't look so grum;  
Forgive me, and be good.

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- p. 161. *Ship-Tavern*. There were several taverns of this name. One well-known hostelry was at the back of the Exchange, but the allusion, if particular, is, perhaps, to the house in Billiter Lane.
- p. 162. *A merry Grigg*. This very common phrase is usually associated with Grig = a cricket, probably from its blithe chirping. Cf. *The Provok'd Husband*, Vanbrugh and Cibber, produced at Drury Lane, 10 January, 1728, V, where Manly says: "I thought you had all Supt at home last Night?" And Sir Francis replies: "Why so we did—and all as merry as Grigs."
- p. 164. *Arthur of Bradely, or I am the Duke of Norfolk*. It is probable that originally *Arthur of Bradely* was a north-country ballad—there is a Bradely in Yorkshire, another in Lancashire, and a third in Derbyshire. The black-letter copies of this ballad direct that it shall be sung "to a pleasant new tune." It is referred to by Ben Jonson, Dekker, and other Elizabethan dramatists; in Braithwait's *Strappado for the Divell*, and in the old ballad of "Robin Hood's birth, breeding, valour, and marriage." There are three, perhaps four, versions, one of which is printed in *An Antidote against Melancholy*, 1661. Another, *Arthur o' Bradley's Wedding*, commences thus:

Come neighbours, and listen awhile  
If ever you wish to smile,  
Or hear a true of old,  
Attend to what I now unfold:  
And his name it was Arthur of Bradley,  
O rare Arthur of Bradley!  
Wonderful Arthur of Bradley,  
Sweet Arthur of Bradley, O.

*I am the Duke of Norfolk, or Paul's Steeple*. This very old tune is frequently mentioned under both names. In Playford's *Dancing Master* from 1650 to 1695 it is called *Paul's Steeple*. In his *Division Violin*, 1685, at page 2, it is called *The Duke of Norfolk, or, Paul's Steeple*; and at page 18 *Paul's Steeple, or, The Duke of Norfolk*. The steeple of the old Cathedral of S. Paul which was proverbial for height was set on fire by lightning and burned down 4 June, 1561. The original ballad does not appear to be known, but there is a reference to it in Fletcher's *Monsieur Thomas*, III, 3, where the fiddler when asked by Thomas which ballads he best knows commences his list thus:

Under your mastership's correction, I can sing  
The Duke of Norfolk.

Within recent memory there prevailed in Suffolk at the harvest suppers a curious custom of trolling out an old song which began:

I am the Duke of Norfolk,  
Newly come to Suffolk,  
Say shall I be attended, or no, no, no?  
Good Duke be not offended,  
And you shall be attended,  
And you shall be attended, now, now, now.



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- p. 165. *Ma foy*. But Monsieur also exclaims "Mon foy." This may be a misprint, although such seems unlikely since it occurs in all the quartos. In *The Rehearsal*, Actus II, Scæna 11, the First King of Brentford says: "You must begin, *Mon foy*." The solecism is here intentional to heighten the jest, and it may be so in Monsieur's lingo.
- p. 166. *Toad in Ir'land*. All reptiles having been expelled by S. Patrick, whose crozier, known as the "Staff of Jesus," was burned with the other Holy Relics preserved in Christ Church Cathedral, Dublin, at the time of the Protestant schism, 1537.
- p. 166. *Bob*. A sharp jest. Cf. *The Rehearsal*, produced at the Theatre Royal, 7 December, 1671, Actus III, Scæna 1, where Tom Thimble says: "I'm sure, Sir, I made your Cloaths, in the Court-fashion, for you never paid me yet," and Bayes interrupts with "There's a bob for the Court!"
- p. 167. *Taring midnight Ramblers, or Houza-Women*. A tearer generally signifies a swaggerer who tears or rushes along, but it also means a strumpet, as in *The Old Batchelour*, IV, S. James' Park, where Sir Joseph, catching sight of Araminta and Belinda, who are masked, cries to Bluffe: "Hist, hist, Bully, dost thou see those Tearers?"  
Taring here = whorish.  
Houza-Women is a slang term for prostitutes, as a Houza is a rake.  
The derivation is from the idea of a noisy, disorderly person.
- p. 169. *You must cry Roast-meat?* Professor Bensly suggests that Lamb recollected this when he wrote: "This game went on for better than a week, till the foolish beast, not able to fare well but he must cry roast meat. . . ."  
*Christ's Hospital five-and-thirty years ago*.
- p. 170. *Some Ruffes*. The ruff is the male of a bird of the sandpiper family, his female being the reeve. Ruffs were accounted a great delicacy. Cf. *The Wild Gollant* (4to, 1669), I, where old Justice Trice boasts: "I have a delicate Dish of Ruffs to Dinner."
- p. 170. *Cram Schiquin*. Cf. Dryden's *The Kind Keeper*, I, 1, where Aldo says: "I have a couple of cram'd Chickens, a Cream Tart, and a Bottle of Wine to offer her."
- p. 171. *Mustard-Alley*. In a London Directory published by J. Osborn in 1740 there is a Mustard Alley, Castle Lane. Horwood's Plan of London, 1799, marks Castle Lane as leading out of Castle Street, Southwark, so Mustard Alley lay to the back of the Bankside.
- p. 173. *Finical*. Affected; over nice. Cf. *World of Wonders*, 1607: "Women gorgeously apparelled, finicall, and fine as fippence."
- p. 173. *Poor innocent Wretch*. Cf. note *supra* p. 250.
- p. 176. *Shock-dog nor my Babies*. A shock-dog is a dog with long shaggy hair, often a poodle. Cf. *Epsom Wells* (4to, 1673), Act I, where Carolina says: "We are already so pester'd with gay Fools, that have no more sense than our Shock-Dogs."  
*Babies, Dolls*. Cf. *The London Cuckolds*, IV: "This Bride is more fit to play with a Bartholomew-Baby than to have a Husband." A Bartholomew-Baby is a doll purchased at Bartholomew Fair. In *Love*

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for *Money*, V, 1, Miss Jenny, eloping with Coopee, "drops a Baby" and bawls out: "Oh law, my Baby, my Baby—I've lost my Baby," i.e. my doll, to which her lover answers: "Ah, 'tis no matter if thou hadst lost it, I'll get thee a better Baby, my Dear." Cf. also Mrs. Behn's *The Younger Brother* (4to, 1696), I, 1: "He thinks me at *Hackney*, making Wax Babies," i.e. playing with dolls. *The Spectator*, No. 500, 1712 (Addison), has: "I can sit in my Parlour with great Content, when I take a Review of half a Dozen of my little Boys mounting upon Hobby-Horses, and of as many little Girls tutoring their Babies."

- p. 177. *Corant*. The "swift coranto," a quick, lively dance of French origin, is described by Sir John Davies in his *Orchestra, or, A Poeme on Dauncing* (18mo, 1596), stanza 69:

What shall I name those currant trauases,  
That on a triple *dactile* foot doe runne  
Close by the ground with sliding passages,  
Wherein that Dauncer greatest praise hath wonne  
Which with best order can all orders shunne;  
For euery where he wantonly must range,  
And turne, and wind, with vnexpected change.

- p. 178. *La Gaillarda*. The galliard was a brisk French dance introduced into England about 1541. Sir John Davies, *Orchestra*, stanza 67, thus mentions it:

But for more diuers and more pleasing show,  
A swift and wandering dance she did inuent,  
With passages vncertaine to and fro,  
Yet with a certaine answer and consent  
To the quicke musicke of the instrument,  
Fiuie was the number of the Musick's feet,  
Which still the daunce did with fiue paces meet.

- p. 178. *Toledo*. A generic name for a sword from the excellence of the Spanish blades, which superfine quality the steel was said to acquire from the particular water in which the metal was plunged when glowing from the forge. Cf. *bilbo*. In *Every Man in his Humour*, II, 4, Brayne-worme's lordliest boast of his sword is: "Nay, 'tis a most pure *Toledo*."

- p. 179. *Y'facks*. Y'facks = in earnest. As an asseveration ifack is a form of i'faith. This mild expression, which was even used by Puritans (e.g. Fondlewife in *The Old Batchelour*), is laughed at by Jonson, *The Alchemist* (1610), I, 2: "I-fac's no oath."

- p. 180. *The Mother found her Daughter in the Oven*. This old saying is quoted by Nicholas in *The Two Angry Women of Abington* (4to, 1599): "The good wife would not seek her daughter in the oven, unless she had been there herself."

- p. 181. *Saraband*. A saraband is a slow stately dance in triple time, said to have been introduced into Spain by the Moors. Cf. *The Devil is an Ass* (1616), IV, 4: "Coach it to Pimlico, daunce the Saraband." And Crowne's *The Countrey Wit*, Act IV, where Sir Mannerly boasts: "I can dance Corantoes, and Jiggs, and Sarabands."

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- p. 182. *Barbadoes*. In reality Hippolita's suggestion was not extravagant. A good deal of kidnapping went on, and one may compare these lines from the Epilogue (broadside, 1683) spoken by Thomas Jevon to Ravenscroft's *Dame Dobson, or, The Cunning Woman*, which is largely taken from *La Devineresse ; ou les faux Enchantements* (sometimes known as *Madame Jobin*), by Thomas Corneille and Jean Donneau de Vise:

Kidnapping has of late been much in fashion.  
If Alderman did *Spirit* men away,  
Why may not Poets then Kidnap a Play?  
Poets are Planters, Stage is their Plantation,  
But tho they are for Trade and Propagation,  
Yet don't like *Thievish Whigs* Rob their own nation. }

- p. 186. *Signior Scaramouchè*. The Italian comedians had long established themselves at the Hôtel de Bourgogne, Paris. Their leader, Tiberio Fiorelli, known as Scaramuccio from his favourite character, to whom reference is here made, brought a company to England in April, 1673, and on the 4 September following the King ordered "to be prepared & delivered vnto Scaramouchi and Harlekin vnto each of them a Medall & Chayne of Gold." Two days later twenty ounces of white plate were sent as a present to "Scaramouchi." This was on the eve of their return to France. In 1675 they appeared in London a second time, when Scaramouch established himself at Whitehall and acted in Inigo Jones' great Banquetting House. Prices were charged for admission, and Marvell, in a letter dated 24 July, 1675, remarks upon "Scaramuccio acting daily in the hall of Whitehall, and all sorts of people flocking thither and paying their money as at a common play house." Even a twelpenny gallery had been built, and it would appear that considerable offence was given to many. 29 September of the same year Evelyn notes, "I saw the Italian Scaramuccio act before the King at Whitehall, people giving money to come in, which was very scandalous, and never so before at Court diversions." In November, 1678, Fiorelli and his company again visited London, where they remained some four months. In the spring of 1683 also Charles was making arrangements for yet another visit of his favourite Scaramuccio.

- p. 186. *Angel*. Genest suggests, and no doubt correctly, that Edward Angel played Don Diego and James Nokes Monsieur de Paris, which would have rendered this dialogue exquisitely diverting.

- p. 187. *Fools have Fortune*. This old saw is alluded to in Killigrew's *The Parson's Wedding* (folio, 1663; general title, 1664), IV, 1, where Wanton exclaims: "Why, this is Fools fortune." Ray, *Collection of English Proverbs*, second edition, 1678, p. 141, illustrates "Fortune favours fools, or fools have the best luck" by *Fortuna fauet fatuis*, and W. Binder in his *Adagia Latina* (1861) quotes: "Fortuna fauet ignavis" (presumably a slip for *ignaris*) from p. 59 of the anonymous *Sprichwörter*, 1615, published at Frankfurt by Vincentius Steinmeyer. Gay, *Fable 12*, has:



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'Tis a gross error held in Schools  
That Fortune always favours Fools.

Cf. Jaques in *As You Like It*, II, 7:

I met a fool i' the forest . . . .  
'Good morrow, fool,' quoth I. 'No, sir,' quoth he,  
'Call me not fool till heaven hath sent me fortune.'

"La fortuna aiuta i pazzi," says the Italian; and the German, "Glück und Weiber haben die Narren lieb."

The "So say old *Senèque*" of Monsieur may be a mere affectation, or it may be an allusion to the following: "ex quo suum diem obiit ille, qui uerum prouerbium fecerat, aut regem aut fatuum nasci oportere," which will be found near the beginning of Seneca's *Apocolocyntosis Diui Claudii*.

p. 189. *Gavanho*. This should be *gabacho*, a term of contempt applied to the French.

p. 189. *Gew-gaw Ribbons*. Both gallants and ladies at the French Court covered their dresses with an immense number of gay ribbons. This is satirised by Madame d'Aulnoy when in *La Bonne Petite Souris* she describes the princess Joliette "qui avoit une belle robe de satin blanc, toute en broderie d'or, avec des diamants rouges, et plus de mille aunes de rubans partout."

p. 190. *Pennyrent*. Rent received in money; income; revenue. Cf. Beaumont and Fletcher, *Wit Without Money* (circa 1614), III, 1, where Lady Heartwell asks Isabella: "what Joynture can he make you, *Plutarchs Morals*, or so much penny rent in the small Poets?"

p. 191. *Grimaces, Agreeables, Adorables*. Grimace was one of the fashionable French words affected by Melantha in *Marriage à-la-Mode*, produced at Lincoln's Inn Fields about Easter, 1672 (4to, 1672), II, 1, when she "said nothing but *ad autre, ad autre*, and that it was all *grimace*, and would not pass." "Agreeable" occurs in Chaucer, *The Hous of Fame*, 1097, "Yit make hit sumwhat agreeable," and Cotgrave, 1611, gives "*Adorable*, adorable, worthy or fit to be adored." Don Diego was objecting to the Frenchified and mincing pronunciation of these words which Monsieur de Paris had adopted and caricatured.

p. 191. *Dear Pantalloon! dear Beltè! dear Sword!* The following anecdote related by Downes is pertinent. Speaking of Shadwell's *The Sullen Lovers* he says: "This Play had wonderful success, being acted 12 days together, when our Company were commanded to *Dover*, in *May* 1670. The King with all his Court meeting his sister, the Duchess of *Orleans* there. This Comedy and *Sir Solomon Single* pleas'd Madam the Dutchess, and the whole Court extremely.

The *French* Court then wearing their excessive short lac'd coats; some scarlet, some blew, with broad wast belts; Mr. *Nokes* having at that time one shorter than the *French* fashion, to act *Sir Arthur Addle* in; the Duke of *Monmouth* gave Mr. *Nokes* his sword and belt from his side, and buckled it on himself, on purpose to ape the French; that Mr. *Nokes* lookt more like a drest up Ape, than a *Sir Arthur*; which upon his first entrance on the stage, put the King and Court to an excessive laughter; at which the *French* look'd very Shaggrin, to see themselves ap'd by such a buffoon as *Sir Arthur*. Mr. *Nokes* kept the Duke's sword to his dying day."

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*Sir Salomon, or, The Cautious Coxcomb*, by John Caryl, is largely founded upon *L'Ecole des femmes*. It was produced at Lincoln's Inn Fields in 1668-9.

- p. 193. *honour the King*. Cf. Swift's *Polite Conversation*, Dialogue I: Col[onel]. Tom, you must go with us to Lady Smart's to breakfast. *Neverout*. Must! Why, Colonel, must's for the king." Vol. XI (1760 ed.), p. 91, Swift's *Works*. Such a turn of phrase seems to have been common.
- p. 194. *Coupee*. A dance step formerly much used: the dancer rests on one foot and passes the other forward or backward, making a kind of curtsey. Hence the word, which is very frequent, sometimes meant a bow whilst advancing. The *N.E.D.* cites this passage as the earliest instance found. In D'Urfey's *Love for Money*, produced at Drury Lane in the winter of 1689, Bowman acted the Dancing-Master, Monsieur Coopee.
- p. 197. *A false right Woman*. A right woman was a cant phrase for a whore. Cf. The Introduction to Duffett's *The Mock-Tempest*, spoken by Haines and Betty Mackarel, a notorious cyprian of the day, who thus addresses the audience: "But if you will be kind, I'll still be right." Also the Duke of Buckingham's alteration of *The Chances* (4to, 1682), IV, 2, where Don John outside the tavern says: "What's here, musick and women? Would I had one of 'em. [*One of 'em looks out of the window.*] That's a whore; I know her by her smile. . . . [*Another looks out.*] Ah rogue! She's right too, I'm sure on't."
- p. 200. *De Scarff*. The military Scarf or Sash was decorative and signified rank or distinction. *London Gazette*, No. 2445-4, 1689, has: "Lost . . ., an Officers Scarf with four gold Fringes round the breast, set on Crimson Silk, and a very deep Fringe at each end."
- p. 201. *Golilla*. In Spain under Philip III (1598-1621) the ruffs had become enormous, whilst the costly lace edging and fine lawn frills made them a most extravagant article of attire. Early in 1623, when Philip IV was issuing his sumptuary laws, a tailor of the Calle Mayor submitted to the King and to his brother Don Carlos a new device, consisting of a high spreading collar of cardboard, covered with white or grey silk on its inner surface and on the outside with dark velvet or cloth to match the doublet. The first idea of this collar, which was at once dubbed *Golilla* (little gorget), was merely as a support for the unstarched linen Walloon, an unpopular form of neck-gear, but soon the silk-lined golilla alone was universally adopted. Philip himself and Don Carlos with many leading nobles wore the new golilla for the first time during the visit to Madrid of the Prince of Wales and Buckingham in 1623, and the new fashion immediately became popular. All Spain, Spanish Italy, and South America forthwith adopted the golilla, which remained the distinctive feature of a Spaniard's dress until in the eighteenth century a French King banned the golilla as barbarous and imposed upon his new subjects the falling lace cravat and modish jabot.
- p. 202. *A Spanish Leg*. A Spanish bow. The common term "to make a leg" occurs as late as *Edwin Drood* (c. xviii): "'I beg pardon,' said Mr. Datchery, making a leg."

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- p. 202. *The Hood does not make the Monk.* In Fragment C of *The Romaunt of the Rose*, a translation somewhat doubtfully ascribed to Chaucer, l. 6192, we have: "Habit ne maketh monk ne frere."
- p. 203. *Bonnets.* i.e. Turbans.
- p. 204. *Forehead-piece of Bees-wax and Hogs-grease.* A cloth, smeared with unguents, worn at night to render the skin white and smooth. So Mirabell in *The Way of the World*, IV, coming to terms with Millimant, makes the proviso, "together with all Vizards for the Day, I prohibit all Masks for the Night, made of Oil'd-skins, and I know not what—Hog's Bones, Hare's Gall, Pig Water, and the Marrow of a roasted Cat."
- p. 204. *Butter-milk and wild Tansie.* A cosmetic wash for the complexion. Tansy, *tanacetum vulgare*, has a strong aromatic scent. It was formerly much used in medicine and cookery.
- p. 204. *Bow-dy-Stockins.* Bow-dy=scarlet. Bow-dye from Bow, near Stratford in Essex, where dyers worked during the seventeenth century. Cf. T. H[ale], *An account of several New Inventions and Improvements now necessary for England*, 2 parts, London, (12mo, 1691). "51, The Invention of the Scarlet or Bow-dye."
- p. 208. *Royally I shall not.* The colloquial use of royally=positively is very rare, and this is perhaps a unique example.
- p. 209. *Cuddens.* An entire fool; a dolt. Cudden was fairly common towards the end of the seventeenth century, and *N.E.D.* cites this as the earliest example. But in Dryden's *Sir Martin Mar-All*, produced at Lincoln's Inn Fields, 15 August, 1667, the Landlord, mocking Old Moody who cries, "Let me down, Sirrah," answers "Yes, *Cudden*." The word is here used three times.
- p. 212. *The Whittings Eye, of old called the Sheeps-Eye.* This old expression for an amorous glance is found early in the sixteenth century and is in use to-day. Cf. *Bartholomew Fair*, V, 4:

Hero . . . seeing Leanders naked legge, and goodly calfe,  
Cast at him from the boat, a Sheepes eye and a halfe.

Also Heywood's *The Rape of Lucrece* (4to, 1608), when Lucrece rebukes the Clown for casting "amorous glances, wanton looks," at her maid, and he rejoins: "To say that ever I flung any sheep's eyes in her face!" For Whiting's Eye cf. the pun in Estifania's speech, Act IV, *Rule a Wife and Have a Wife*:

"And here's a Chain of Whiting's Eyes for Pearles."

- p. 213. *Slur.* A gliding movement in dancing. Cf. Dryden's *Secret Love, or, The Maiden Queen*, produced at the Theatre Royal on Saturday, 2 March, 1666-7, V, where Florimel, dressed as a gallant, boasts, "I can . . . walk with a courant Slur, and at every Step peck down my Head."
- p. 216. *The Fool has reason.* Avoir raison. To be right. Cf. Bedell, *Letters*, VI, 95, 1624: "The King himselfe said aloud that both sides had reason." Also *Sir Martin Mar-all*, III, 1, when the silly knight says to old Moody, "You have Reason, sir," and Moody takes him up with, "There



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- he is again too; the Town Phrase, a great compliment I wiss; you have Reason, sir; that is, you are no Beast, sir."
- p. 218. *I will not be hit in the teeth.* To hit in the teeth is a common phrase for to reproach. The modern term is "to throw in one's teeth." Cf. Brisk's jest in *The Double-Dealer*, I, when Lord Froth sniggers, "He, he, I swear tho', your Raillery provokes me to a smile," and the pert coxcomb retorts: "Ay, my lord, it's a sign I hit you in the Teeth, if you show 'em."
- p. 220. *Hawk foundly.* Hawk is in use both as a substantive and a verb. Dr. Johnson (1755) defines the noun thus: "*Hawk*, an effort to force phlegm up the throat."
- p. 222. *The Honour before the Corant.* An honour is an obeisance, a bow or curtsy. So in *Love for Money*, II, 2, Cooper, the dancing-master (Bowman), "sings a Song to the Minuet he dances with Miss Jenny" (Frances Maria Knight):
- Make your Honours, Misse, tholl, loll, loll,  
Now to me Childe, tholl, loll, loll.
- p. 224. *Great Saint Ellen's Church.* The convent of S. Helen, Bishopsgate, was founded about 1212, the church being one of the few City churches to escape destruction in the Great Fire.
- p. 225. *Sploach.* This is the same word as splotch. It is of obscure origin, and probably merely imitative.
- p. 230. *Old Queen Elizabeth Furniture.* This phrase was generally used to denote anything out-of-date and old-fashioned. Thus in *Sir Martin Mar-All* in order to suit Old Moody's humour Sir Martin is described to him as "no Man o' th' Town, but bred up in the old *Elizabeth Way* of Plainness."
- p. 230. *Flamecolour Gown called Indian.* A loose undress. So in *The Kind Keeper*, or, *Mr. Limberham*, produced at Dorset Garden, March, 1677-8 (4to, 1680), Act V, 1, Woodall, in order to prevent Mrs. Brainsick from being seen by her husband, puts her into Tricksy's room and cries: "Mrs. Tricksy has left her *Indian Gown* upon the Bed; clap it on, and turn your Back; he will easily mistake you for her, if he shou'd look in upon you." And presently Brainsick peeps, and, mistaking his wife for Tricksy, says: "'Tis an Assignment I see: for yonder she stands, with her Back toward me, drest up for the Duel, with all the Ornaments of the *East*."
- p. 230. *St. George for England.* There are black-letter copies of this most popular old ballad in the Pepys and Bayford collections. It was continually reprinted, and may be found in *The Antidote to Melancholy*, 1661; in Part II of *Merry Drollery*, 1661 and 1670; in *Wit and Drollery*, 1682; and in *Pills to Purge Melancholy*, 1707, 1719, etc. In Book IV, v, of *Tom Jones* we are informed that Squire Western's "most favourite tunes were Old Sir Simon the King, St. George he was for England, Bobbing Joan, and some others." "Saint George, that O! did break the dragon's heart" is one of the ballads vended by Nightingale in *Bartholomew Fair*. The date of Pepys's copy is 1612. The burden of the ballad runs:

# THE GENTLEMAN DANCING-MASTER

Saint George he was for England,  
Saint Dennis was for France,  
Sing *Honi soit qui mal y pense*.

- p. 230. *The Knight of the Sun*. The adventures of the Knight of the Sun and his brother Rosclair may be considered as belonging to the Amadis cycle of romance, since King Perion, the parent of Amadis de Gaul, was descended from Trebatius, father to the Knight of the Sun. Part I of the *Espejo de principes e cavalleros, o Cavallero del Febo*, by Diego Ortuñez de Calahorra, appeared as *The Mirrour of Princely deedes and Knighthood: Wherein is shewed the worthinesse of the Knight of the Sunne and his brother Rosicleer*. "Newly translated out of Spanish into our vulgar English tongue by M[argaret] T[yler] (4to, 1578)." Other Spanish authors, Pedro de la Sierra, Marcos Martiñez, and Feliciano de Selva, continued the romance, which was accordingly translated, the English version of the ninth part being issued in 1601. There are references to the Knight of the Sun in *Don Quixote*, and in his English dress he was one of the most popular heroes of chivalry. Rosclair is mentioned in *The Knight of the Burning Pestle* (acted circa 1607-8). Cf. also *The Little French Lawyer* (about 1620), II, when Dinant says of La-Writ, "This is some Cavallero Knight o' th' Sun."
- p. 230. *The Practice of Piety*. A popular little religious manual which with some slight alterations ran through many editions. We have: *Of the Daily Practice of Piety, also Devotions and Praises in the time of Captivity*. London. Printed by J. F. for R[ichard] Royston, at the Angel in Ivy-Lane, 1660. Also: *The Practise of Piety*; directing a *Christian* how to walk. . . . Printed in Twelves; and in a small Volume for the Pocket in Twenty-Fours, 1684. There are cheap editions of these as late as 1709. Cf. Otway's *The Souldier's Fortune*, produced at Dorset Garden in 1680, V, 1, where Courtine, suspecting he may be in a house of accommodation, cries: "If there be ever a *Geneva Bible* or a *Practice of Piety* in the room, I am sure I have guess'd right." Also *The Old Batchelour*, IV, when Bellmour, upon his book *The Innocent Adultery* being found by Fondlewife, mutters: "If I had gone a-Whoring with *The Practice of Piety* in my Pocket, I had never been discover'd." Cf. also Tom Brown's *Letters from the Dead to the Living*, Madam Creswell to Moll Quarles, where the old bawd says: I "had every room in my house furnish'd with the *Practice of Piety*, and other good books, for the edification of my family."
- p. 230. *Checker'd Cellar*. A tavern; the "Checkers" being a very common sign for ordinaries. Cf. A satire "*A New Ballad, call'd The Chequer-Inn*," *Poems on State-Affairs*, III, p. 57, 1704.
- p. 232. *Sparks to Sea are gone*. War against the Dutch was proclaimed in March, 1672, a measure which the Court was very anxious to render popular. This couplet, which predicts that all the sparks and gallants will soon be engaged against the enemy, materially helps to fix the date of the play.
- p. 232. *Lumber-street*. Lombard Street.

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- p. 233. *Jumps.* A jump was a short coat. Randle Holme, *The Academy of Armory*, 1688, thus describes it: "Iumpe extendeth to the thighs, is open or buttoned down before, open or slit up behind half-way: the sleeves reach to the Wrist."
- p. 233. *Chamlet cloaks.* Camlet was a mixed stuff of wool and silk, good substantial wear, and so contrasted with the gayer silk or satin. On Sunday, 1 July, 1660, Pepys notes: "This morning came home my fine Camlett cloak with gold buttons, and a silk suit which cost me much money, and I pray God to make me able to pay for it."
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